

THE
L I F E
OF OUR
Blessed Lord & Saviour
JESUS CHRIST.

A N
HEROIC POEM:
DEDICATED TO
Her Most Sacred MAJESTY.

In Ten Books.

ATTEMPTED BY
S A M U E L W E S S L E Y,
Rector of South-Ormsby in the County of Lincoln.

Each Book illustrated by necessary Notes, explaining all the more difficult Matters in the whole History: Also a Prefatory Discourse concerning Heroic Poetry.

With Sixty Copper-Plates.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Charles Harper*, at the *Flower-de-Luce*, over against *S. Dunstan's*
Church in *Fleetstreet*, and *Benj. Motte* in *Aldersgatestreet*. 1693.



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THE
LIFE
OF
Christ.
An Heroic Poem.

In Ten Books
with Sixty Copper Plates.
London:
Printed for Charles Harper & Benj. Motte.

In his Blest Life
I see the Path; and in his Death the Price;
And in his great Ascents, the Proof Supreme
of Immortality.—Dr. Young's Night Thoughts Night 4

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THE
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H E R O I C P O E M :
D E D I C A T E D T O
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TO
Her most Sacred MAJESTY
M A R Y,
By the Grace of GOD,
QUEEN
OF
Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c.
THIS
P O E M

Is most humbly Dedicated
BY
*Her Majesties most Loyal,
Most Obedient,
And most Dutiful Subject and Servant,*

S. Wesley.

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YOUNG CHILDREN'S PREDICTIONS

Geography

19. *Leucostethus* *leucostethus* (Linné) *leucostethus* (Linné)

10. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* *leucostoma* *leucostoma* *leucostoma* *leucostoma* *leucostoma*

...and the world will be at peace.

and the long narrow island

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*W*hat is the best way to approach the study of the English language?

...and the world will be at peace.

Letzteres ist dann vom d

Geological Map

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THE
PREFACE,
Being an ESSAY on
HEROIC-POETRY.

AJust Heroic-Poem is so vast an Undertaking, requires so much both of Art and Genius for its Management, and carries such Difficulty in the Model of the whole, and Disposition of the several Parts, that it's no Wonder, if not above One or Two of the Ancients, and hardly any of the Moderns have succeeded in their Attempts of this Nature. Rapine and other Masters of Epic, represent it as an Enterprise so hardy, that it can scarce enter into the Mind of a wise Man, without affrighting him, as being the most perfect Piece of Work that Art can produce. That Author has many excellent Reflexions and Rules concerning it in his Discourse, *Sur la Poétique*; but *Boissu* is the first I've seen who has writ a just and perfect Tract thereon, wherein he has in a clear and Scholastic Method amas'd together most that's to be found in Antiquity on that Subject, tho' chiefly keeping to the Observations of Aristotle, which he drew from Homer, and who seems the first that reduced Poetry to an Art. That Faber defines Epic, "An Artificial Discourse, in order to form "the Manners by Instructions, disguis'd under the Allegories of some one important Action, recited in Verse, in a manner probable diverting and admirable; which he thus himself abridges, "Tis a Fable agreeably imitated on some important Action, recited in Verse in a manner that's probable and admirable: In which Definition are contain'd, as he afterwards explains it, the general Nature of Epic, and that double, Fable and Poem: The Master, some one important Action probably feign'd and imitated: Its Form, Recitation or Narration: And lastly, its End, Instruction, which is aimed at in general by the Moral of the Fable; and besides in the particular Manners of the Persons who make the most considerable Figure in the Work.

To begin with Fable, which he makes included in the general Nature or Essence of Epic. This he says is the most essential Part of it; "That some Fables and Allegories scatter'd up and down in a Poem don't suffice to constitute Epic, if they are only the Ornaments, and not the very Foundation of it. And again, "That 'tis the very Fund and principal Action that ought to be Feign'd and Allegorical: For which reason he expressly excludes hence all simple Histories, as by Name, *Lucan's Pharsalia*, *Silius Italicus's Punie War*, and all true Actions of particular Persons, without Fable: And still more home; that 'tis not a Relation of the Actions of any Hero, to form the Manners by his Example, but on the contrary, a Discourse invented to form the Manners by the Relation of some one feign'd Action, design'd to please, under the borrow'd Name of some illustrious Person, of whom Choice is made after we have fram'd the Plan of the Action which we design to attribute to him.

Nor indeed is *Boissu* singular in his Judgment on this Matter, there being few or none who have ever writ on the same Subject, but are of the same mind: For thus Boileau in his Art of Poetry,

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Dans la waste recit d'une longue action
Se soutient par la Fable & ut de Fiction.

Which his Translator I think better ;

In the Narration of some great Design,
Invention, Art, and Fable, all must join.

Rapine too gives his Vote on the same side, *Rien n'est*, says he, *plus essentiel, au Poem Epique, que la Fiction*; and quotes Petronius to that purpose, *Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria precipitandus est Liber Spiritus.* Nor is't only the Moderns who are of this Opinion; for the *Iliads* are call'd in Horace, *Fabula quid Paridis, &c.* And lastly, even Aristotle himself tells us, "That Fable is the principal thing in an Heroic Poem; and, as it were, the very Soul of it." *Ἄριστος ἡ διογένης λογοθεατία*. And upon this occasion commends Homer for lying with the best Grace of any Man in the World: Authorities almost too big to admit any Examination of their Reason, or Opposition to their Sentiments. However, I see no caule why Poetry should not be brought to the Test, as well as Divinity, or any more than the other, be believed on its own bare *ipse dixit*.

Let us therefore examin the *Plan* which they lay for a *Work* of this *Nature*, and then we may be better able to gues at those *Grounds* and *Reasons* on which they proceed.

In forming an *Heroic-Poem*, the first thing they tell us we ought to do, is to pitch on some *Moral Truth*, which we desire to enforce on our *Reader*, as the *Foundation* of the whole *Work*. Thus *Virgil*, as *Boſſu* observes, designing to render the *Roman People* pleased and easie under the *new Government* of *Augustus*, laid down this Maxim, as the *Foundation* of his *Divine Aeneis*: "That great and notable Changes of State are not accomplished but by the Order and Will of God: That those who oppose themselves against them are impious, and frequently punished as they deserve; and that Heaven is not wanting to take that Hero always under its particular Protection, whom it chuses for the Execution of such grand Designs." This for the *Moral Truth*; we must then, he says, go on to lay the general *Plan* of the *Fiction*, which, together with that *Verity*, makes the *Fable* and *Soul* of the *Poem*: And this he thinks *Virgil* did in this manner, "The Gods save a great Prince from the Ruins of his Country, and chuse him for the Preseryation of Religion, and re-establishing a more glorious Empire than his former. The Hero is made a King, and arriving at his new Country, finds both God and Men dispos'd to receive him: But a neighbouring Prince, whose Eyes Ambition and Jealousie have closed against Justice and the Will of Heaven, opposes his Establishment, being assifed by another King despoil'd of his Estate for his Cruelty and Wickedness. Their Opposition, and the War on which this pious Prince is forc'd, render his Establishment more just by the Right of Conquest, and more glorious by his Victory and the Death of his Enemies. These are his own Words, as any may see who are at the pains to consult him; nor can I help it, if either *Virgil* or *Boſſu* happen to be Prophets.

When the *Poet* has proceeded thus far, and as *Boſſu* calls it, *dres'sd* his *Project*, he's next to search in *History* or receiv'd *Fable*, for some *Hero*, whose *Name* he may borrow for his *Work*, and to whom he may suit his *Persons*. These are *Boſſu*'s *Notions*, and, indeed, very agreeable to *Aristotle*, who says, that *Persons* and *Actions* in this sort of Poetry must be *feign'd, allegorical, and universal*.

This is the Platform they lay; and let's now see if we can discover the Reasons whereon they found these *Rules*, being so unanimous for *Fable* rather than *true History*, as the Matter of an *Heroic-Poem*; and, if I mistake not, there are some of the principal.

1. Because they had observ'd the best *Models* of *Heroic-Poems* were laid after this manner; the greatest part of the Action both in *Homer* and *Virgil* being *pure Fable*. *Homer* beginning, and all the rest following his Steps.

2. Because

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2. Because no single Hero, or true *History*, which the Ancients knew was sufficient, without *Fable*, to furnish *Matter* for an *Epic-Poem*. *History*, says *Aristotle*, treats of particular *Things* as they really are; *Poetry*, as they ought to be; and therefore he prefers *Poetry* as the more *grave* and more *instructive*; the *Poets* being forc'd to follow the same Methods with their *Kindred Art*, that of the *Painters*, and gather a great many *Beauties* together, out of 'em all, to steal one *Venus*.

3. A third Reason may be, because, supposing they should have found some one Example from whence to enforce strongly any particular Point of *Morality*, yet it would have mis'd those other Characters of *Epic*, most of its *Agreeableness*, and all its *Power* to raise *Admiration*. A *chaste Historian* must not go about to *amuse* his Reader with *Machines*; and a *Poet* that would imitate him, must have been forced to *thin* his *Stage* accordingly, and disband all his *glorious Train* of *Gods* and *Goddeses*, which composes all that's admirable in his Work; according to that of *Boileau*; *Chaque Virtue devient une divinité*.

And these, if I mistake not, were the main Reasons on which the fore-mention'd *Rules* were grounded. Let's now enquire into the Strength and Validity of them: To begin with *Homer*, he wrote in that manner, because most of the antient *Eastern Learning*, the Original of all others, was *Mythology*. But this being now *antiquated*, I cannot think we are oblig'd superstitiously to follow his *Example*, any more than to make *Horses speak*, as he does that of *Achilles*. 2. If a *Poet* lights on any single *Hero*, whose true *Actions* and *History* are as important as any that *Fable* ever did or can produce, I see no reason why he may not as well make use of him and his Example to form the *Manners* and enforce any *Moral Truth*, as seek for one in *Fable* for that purpose: Nay, he can scarce fail of *persuading* more strongly, because he has *Truth it self*; the other but the *Image of Truth*, especially if his *History* be, in the third place, of it self *diverting* and *admirable*. If it has from its own *Fund*, and already made to his hand those *Deorum Ministeria*, which cost the *Poet* so much in the forming 'em out of his own *Brain*. Nor can we suppose *Fiction it self* pleases; no, 'tis the *agreeable* and the *admirable*, in the *Dress of Truth*; and such a Plan as this would effectually answer both the Ends of *Poetry* in general, *delectari & monere*, nay come up fuller to the End of *Epic*, which is *agreeable Instruction*; and thence it follows strongly, that a *Poem* wrote in such a manner, must, notwithstanding the fore-going *Rules*, be a true and proper *Heroic-Poem*, especially if adorn'd with Poetical *Colours* and *Circumstances* through the whole *Body* thereof.

Now that all this is not *gratis dictum*, I think I can prove, even from most of those very Authors I've already produc'd, as of the contrary Opinion; and that I can make it appear, *Bosu* goes too far in fixing *Fable* as the *Essential Fund* and *Soul* of the *principal Action* in an *Epic Poem*. To begin with *Rapine*, who has this Passage, *Sur la Poétique, Reflex. 5. La Poesie Heroique, &c.* "Heroique Poesie, according to *Aristotle*, is a *Picture or Imitation* of an *Heroic Action*; and the Qualities of the Action are, That it ought to be (among others) *true*, or at least, "such as might pass for *true*: Thus he. And hence it follows, according to him and *Aristotle*, that the *principal Action* in *Heroic*, not only ought to *pass for Truth*, but may be *really true*: For *Horace*, he does indeed call the *Iliads* a *Fable*; but then he does not oblige his *Poet* superstitiously to follow *Homer* in *every thing*, owning that he sometimes doats as well as other *Men*: Further, this may, and I think does, refer rather to the *Dress* and *Turn* of the *Action*, than to the *Bottom* and *Ground* of his *History*, which there's at least as much, if not more reason to believe *true* than *false*: And in the same Sense may we take *Petronius* and *Boileau*; nay, if we don't take 'em thus, I can't tell whether there were ever such a thing as a *true Heroic-Poem* in the World; not so much as the *Fairy-Queen*, *Gondibert*, or *Orlando Furioso*; all which have *Fable* enough in 'em of any reason; but their *principal Actions* might be still *true*, as we are sure was that of the best *Heroic* that ever was written; (I need not say I mean *Virgil*) since few or no Authors ever deny'd that there was such a *Man* as *Eneas*, or even that he came into *Italy*, built *Cities* there, and erected a *Kingdom*, which *Tully* mentions, as a generally receiv'd Tradition

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Tradition in those Parts, and which it seems he thought not frivolous, but true and solid; otherwise he'd scarce have given it a place in his Argument for his Client. Of this Opinion too seems Horace himself, in his *Art of Poetry*, namely, That there's no necessity of the principal Action's being feign'd; for his Direction is, "Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge; Either follow Tradition or Fame, " or else feign what's agreeable thereunto. He makes not feigning essential to Heroic-Action, but gives leave to follow Fame, who is not so great a Lyar, but that she is sometimes in the right. Nay, what if we should after all have Bossu himself of our side, which I'm mistaken if he be not; for these are his Expressions, Lib. I. Cap. 7. *Le Fiction, &c.* "The Fiction may be so disguis'd under the Verity " of the History, that those who are ignorant of the Art of the Poet, may be- " lieve it not a Fiction; and to make the Disguisement well, he ought to search " into History for the Names of some Persons, to whom such an Action has pro- " bably or truly happen'd, &c. Hence 'tis evident, that according to Bossu's own Notion, the main Action may be true; which appears even from Aristotle himself, as quoted by him, 97. *Kavæcæ, &c.* "An Author is not less a Poet, because the " Incidents he recites have truly happen'd; if so be that which happen'd had the " appearance of Truth, and all that Art demands, and be really such as it ought " to have been feign'd. And this Bossu himself illustrates admirably well by an ingenious Simile; "A Statuary, says he, first forms his Design, Posture, Altitudes " which he intends for his Image; but if he then lights on any precious Ma- " terial, Agate, or such like, where the Figure, the Colours, and Veins will not be " accommodated to all he design'd, he regulates his design and Imagination accord- " ing to his Matter; nor ought we to believe, at the same time that these singular " lucky Hits condemn the Justness of his Art. From all which I must leave it to the Reader, whether I ha'nt sufficiently prov'd what I've undertaken; that Fiction is not necessary to the principal Action of our Heroic-Poem; on which I've been something more large, not so much on my own account; for 'tis indifferent to me by what Name any Man calls my Poem, so it answers the great End of Epic, which is Instruction; but because I've heard some Persons have been so conceited as to criticise on our immortal Cowley for this very reason, and deny his *Davideis* the Honour of being an Heroic-Poem, because the Subject thereof is a true History.

And here I should drop the Discourse of Fable, were there not another sort of Persons still to deal with, perhaps more importunate than the former: The first will not like a Piece unless 'tis all Fable, or at least the Foundation of it: These latter run into the contrary extreme, and seem unwilling or afraid to admit any thing of Fable in a Christian Poem; and as Balzack in his Critics on Heinjus his *Baptista*, are frighted, as at some Magical Charm, if they find but one Word there which was made use of by the old Heathens; which, says he, (unluckily as things have since happen'd) is as preposterous as to see Turks wear Hats, and Frenchmen Turbants; the Flower-de-lis in the Musselmens Colours, or the Half-Moon on the Standard of France. He's, however, it must be granted, justly angry with Tasso, as Mr. Dryden since, for setting his Angels and Devils to stave and tail at one another; Alecto and Pluto on one side, and Gabriel and Raphael o't other; as well as with Sannazzarius, for mingling Proteus and David, and calling the Muses and Nymphs to the Labour of the Blessed Virgin. Tho the truth is, the Italian Poets seem more excusable, at least to a Papist, in this Case, than any other Nation, who parted with as little of their Idolatry as they could possible, after they had kept it as long as they were able, making the Change very easie, and turning their Pantheon into an all Saints; much like the good Fathers in the Spanish Conquest in America, who suffer the Natives to keep their Old Idols, so they'll but pay for 'em, and get 'em christen'd; by this means making many a good Saint out of a very indifferent Devil. So far, I say, Balzack is undoubtedly in the right, that Christianity and Heathenism ought not to be confounded, nor the Pagan Gods mention'd, but as such, in Christian Poems. Of which Boileau also says, "They " should not be fill'd with the Fictions of Idolatry; tho he tells us just before,

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*In vain have our mistaken Authors try'd
Those antient Ornaments to lay aside.*

As tho he were afraid least all Poets shou'd be fore'd to turn *Christians*, and yet in the next Lines he thinks it full as bad;

*To fright the Reader in each Line with Hell,
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth and Bel.*

As tho he'd have no *Christian* to be a *Poet*. And much at the same rate is *Monsieur Balzak* very angry with *Buchanan*, for the same reason; nor will he by any means let us substitute *Belzebub*, *Asmodens*, and *Leviathan*, in the room of *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Megara*, which is, in his Opinion, perfect *Pedantism* and *Affectation*; and is extreamly affraid, least any of those Barbarous Hebrew Words should disfigure the purity of the *Latin Tongue*; When surely he cou'd not but know, that this pure *Latin Tongue* it self, for which he's so much concerned is nothing but the gradual Corruption or Barbarizing of the *Greek*; as that of the *Phænician* and *Hebrew* before, and the *Italian*, and his own *French* too, from the *Latin* afterwards, by the adulterous mixture of 'tis hard to say how many Languages: So that between 'em, they'd make it impossible for a *Christian Poet* to write a good *Heroic Poem*, or even a *Tragedy*, on any, but profane Subjects; by taking away all the *Machines*, and therein whatever is admirable. No, says *Balzak*, instead of those hard Words and proper Names, *Appellatives* may be chosen, Words common to all People: As for example, *Ill luck* instead of the *Fates*, and the *Fowl-Fiend* for *Lucifer*; and whether this wou'd not sound extreamly *Heraical*, I leave any Man to judg: It being besides certain, that 'tis *singulars* and *particulars* which give an *Air* of probability, and the main *Life* and *Beauty* to a *Poem*, especially of this Nature; without which it must of necessity sink and languish. However so much of Truth, I must confess, there is in what he says, that I verily believe *Magor-missabib*, or *Maberhalalbashbaz*, wou'd scarce yoke decently in one of our Pentameters, but be near as unquiet and troublesome there, as a *Mount Orgueil* itself. Nor can partiality so far blind my Judgment as not to be my self almost frightened at second hearing of such a thundering Verse, as *Belsamen Ashtaroth Bæltiū Ba'al*: Which seems as flat Conjunction, as :. *Zinguebar*, *Oran*, &c. tho 'tis now too late to mend it. But then there are other *Words* of a more soft and treatable *Cadence*, even in the same Hebrew Language, especially when mollified by a *Latin* or *Greek Form*, or *Termination*; and such as these one may make use of and let others alone: tho neither is our bolder rougher Tongue so much affrighted at them, as the *French* and *Latin*.

But *Boileau* pushes the Objection further, and wou'd make it bear against the *Things* as well as *Words*, persuading himself,

*Our God and Prophets that be sent,
Can't act like those the Poets did invent.*

Tho he too is short in History, how excellent soever in Poetry. For first, the Heathen Poets did not invent the *Names* of their *Gods* and *Heroes*, but had 'em from *Eastern Tradition*, and the *Phænician* and *Jewish* Language, tho deflected and disguis'd after the *Greek* and other Forms, as *Josephus* tells us, which the learned *Bochart* has proved invincibly; and I have made some Essay towards it, in my Sixth Book. Nay further, it seems plain to me, that most, even of their best *Fancies* and *Images*, as well as *Names*, were borrow'd from the Antient *Hebrew Poetry* and *Divinity*, as were there room for't, I cou'd I think, render more than probable, in all the most celebrated *Strokes* of *Homer*, most of the Heathen Poetical Fables, and even in *Hesiod's* blind *Theogonia*. Their *Gods* or *Devils*, which you please, were not near as antient as the *Hebrews*. The

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word *Satan* is as antient as *Job*; nor can they shew us a *Pluto* within a long while of him: *Astarte*, and *Astarte*, are old enough to be Grandmothers to their *Isis*, or *Venus*, and *Bell*, of the same standing with Idolatry. Lawful it must certainly be, to use these very *Heathen Gods* in *Christian*, since they were us'd in *sacred Hebrew Poetry*, in due place, and in a due manner; *Bel boweth down*, *Nebo stoopeth*, says *Isaiab*. And what a noble Discription has the same Prophet of the *Fall of Lucifer*? Nor can I see why it may not be as *convenient* and *agreeable*, as 'tis *lawful* to transplant 'em from *Hebrew Poetry* to our *own*, if we use 'em as they did. And then for *Angels*, *Prophets*, and *Oracles*, it wou'd be strange if they shou'd not *strike the mind* as *agreeably* when *real* and *true*, as the *Dæmons*, or *Oracles*, or *Prophets* of the *Heathens*, form'd, as has been said, partly from mistaken fragments, or *Traditions of sacred Story*, partly indeed from the Juggles of the *Heathen Priests*, and crafty *Ambitious Demons*. On the whole, we have all the advantages they had, and yet more than they, for *Heroic Poetry* in these matters. As for that *Question* of *Boileau's*, "What pleasure can it be to hear, the howlings of repining Lucifer: I think 'tis easier to *answér* than to find out what shew of Reason he had for asking it, or why Lucifer mayn't *bowl* as pleasantly, as either *Cerberus*, or *Enceladus*. And let any one read but his Speech, in *Milton's Paradise*, almost *equall'd* in Mr. *Dryden's State of Innocence*, and I'm mistaken if he's not of the *same mind*; or if he be not, and it gives him no *pleasure*, I dare affirm 'tis for want of a true *tast* of what's really *admirable*.

But *Boileau* comes to a stronger Objection, both against the Names and use of these *Dæmons*, by way of *Machine*, I mean, in *Christian Poetry*:

*The Mysteries we Christians must believe
Disdain such shifting Pageants to receive.*

Thus has his Translator turn'd him; and taking it in that Sence, the meaning must be, that it *disgraces* Christianity, to mix its *Mysteries* with stories of *Dæmons*, *Angels*, &c. But sure it can never be any disgrace, to represent it really as it is, with the frequent *Intervention* of those *invisible* and powerful Agents, both *good* and *evil*, in the *Affairs of Mankind*, which our Saviour has both asserted and demonstrated in his *Gospel*, both by *Theory* and *Practise*: Whence we learn, that there are really vast numbers of these *Spirits*; some tempting, or tormenting, others *guarding* and *protecting Mortals*: Nay, a *subordination* too among them, and that they are always vigilant, some for our *Destruction*, others for our *Preservation*, and that, as it seems, of every *individual Man*; and if this be true in general, I'm sure 'tis *probable* in particular: Nor can it be any disgrace to *Christianity*, to apply *general Probabilities* to particular *Cases*, or to mention these *Dæmons* in *Poetry* any more than in *Divinity*.

But indeed the Translator has here mended *Boileau's Thought*, or at least made it more *plausible* and *defensible*, tho he has *mis'd* his *Sence*; for these are his Lines:

*De la foi d'une Chriſtien les Myſteres terribles
D'Ornemens égayés ne font point ſuceptibles.*

The plain *English* of which, I think is, "That the terrible *Mysteries* of the *Christian Faith*, are not at all *susceptible* of these *gayer Ornaments*. I'll not be too Critical here, tho methinks its but an odd sort of *Gayety* that's to be found in Tales of Hell; *agreeable*, I own, the most *dreadful* thing may be, if well manag'd in Poetry, but he can hardly ever make 'em *gay* without a very strong *Catachresis*. But tho we let that pass, so must not what follows, wherein he further explains his Notion. *L'Evangile*, &c.

*The Gospel offers nothing to our Thoughts
But Penitence and Punishment for Faults.*

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To which it may be first said, that supposing this true, and the Gospel did present nothing else, yet why mayn't *Angels* be us'd in it, to *warn* Sinners to that *Repentance* which we know they so much rejoice in; or *Devils*, to *punish* and *torture* the Guilty and Impious; as in the Case of *Sceva's Son*, and others. But yet further, as to the assertion it self, I know not what *their Gospel offers*, nor I believe are they better acquainted with what *ours* does; but we are sure 'tis far enough from being such a *dismal melancholy thing* as they represent it, since *Immortality* and *Life* are brought to *light* therein. We know that it gives us the *noblest Examples*, the most *divine Law*, the strongest, yet justest *Passions*, the most glorious *Combats*, and *Friendships*, and *Sufferings*, such as neither *History* or *Fable* cou'd ever yet equal. It shews us a *God* really *Descending*, disrob'd indeed of all his more dazzling and *insupportable Glories*, as our divine *Herbert*; but yet clothed with what has more of *true Divinity*, with *Humility* and *Charity*, and *Patience*, and *Meekness* and *Innocence*. Here's *War*, here's *Love* indeed; such as never was besides, or will be more. He lov'd our *Dust* and *Clay*, and even for us, single encounter'd all the *Powers of Darkness*, and yet more, his Almighty Father's anger. But I'll go no farther, least the Reader should think I forget where I am. I must return to *Boileau*, whose strongest Objection is yet behind; *Et de vos Fictions, &c.*

*And mingling Falshood with those Mysteries
Wou'd make our sacred Truths appear like Lies.*

But I hope the Critic knew, that there is a fair difference between a mere *Fiction*, or *Falshood*, and an *instructive Parable* or *Fable*, on one side, or a few more lively *Poetical Colours* on the other. To mingle *Falshoods*, or dull *Legendary Fictions*, without either *Life* or *Soul* in 'em, with our *Saviour's Blessed Gospel*, nay make 'em, in some Sence, *superior* to it. This wou'd indeed incline an *Italian* to be of the same Faith with his Countryman, that 'twas all *Fabula Christi*, in the worst Sence of the Word: But certainly expressing the *Truth* in *Parables*, and mingling these with the *Mysteries of the Gospel*, can't be thought to give it an *Air of Fiction*: nor dare any affirm it does so, without *Blasphemy*, since our *Saviour* has so often done it. Nor only these but deeper Allegories are thought to be made use of in the *Christian Religion*; for Example, the *Throne* and *Temple* of *God* in the *Revelations*, and the Description of the *New Jerusalem*, with all its Gates and Foundations of *Sapphires* and *Emeralds*, and that lovely *Scheme of Trees* and *Rivers*, worthy a *Paradice*: All this, I say, will scarcely be granted *literal*, and consequently must be all an *Allegory*; alluding partly to the Old *Jewish Church* and *Temple*, partly to *Ezekiel's Visionary Representation* and *Propheticall Paradice*. Nor can it, I think, be justly reckoned more criminal, where we have any great *instructive Example*, which has been real *matter of Fact*, to *expatiate* thereon; adding suitable and proper *Circumstances* and *Colours* to the whole, especially when the History it self is but succinctly Related, and the *Heads* of things only left us. And this some great Men have thought was the Method of the *Holy Pen-man* himself, whoever he were, in that lovely a'ntient *Poem* of *Job*; which, that 'twas at the bottom a *real History*, few but *Atheists* deny; and yet 'tis thought some *Circumstances* might be *amplified* in the account we have left us, particularly the *long Speeches* between that *Great Man* and his *Friends*; tho the main *binges* of the Relation, his Person, Character, and Losses, the *malice* of the *Devil*, the behaviour of his Wife and Friends, nay even the *Substance* of their *Discourses*, as well as of that between God and him, and the wonderful *Turn* of his Affairs soon after: All this might, and did, truly happen. Or, if any *amplification* shou'd be here deny'd, does not the *Divine* however every day, *Paraphrase* and *Expatiate* upon the *Words* of his *Text*, inverting their Method as he sees occasion, and yet is still thought unblamable. All the difference is, that he delivers what's *probable*, as only *probable*; whereas the *Nature of Poetry* requires, that such *probable Amplifications* as these, be wrought into the main *Action*, in such a manner, as if they had *really happen'd*; and without this, a man might *Ryme* long enough, but n'er cou'd make a Poem,

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Poem, any more than this would have been one, had I begun with, *Abraham begat Isaac*, and so tagg'd on to the end of all the *fourteen Generations*, much as *Nonnus* has done with *St. John*, and yet often miss'd his Sence too, as *Heinsius* judges.

But enough of *Fable*, and of those who would either reduce all *Heroic Poetry* unto it, or absolutely banish it thence.

Next the *Fable of Epics*, the *Poem* is to be considered; which, after *Boſſu*, is the other part of its general *Nature*, and shews the manner of handling it, comprehending *Thoughts*, *Expressions* and *Verſes*; of which there need not much be said, since the most obvious to every *Reader*. The *Thoughts* must be clear, and just, and noble, and the *Diſtinction* or *Expression* suited to them. The chief Difficulty, as *Rapin* observes, is to keep up the *Sublime*, which *Virgil* has done admirably, even in the meanest Subjects; and which *Aristotle* thinks may be best done by the judicious use of *Metaphors*. There ought to meet, according to him, *Proportion* in the *Design*, *Justness* in the *Thoughts*, and *Exactness* in the *Expression*, to constitute an accomplish'd *Heroic Poem*; and the great *Art of Thought and Expression* lies in this, that they be *natural* and *proper* without *Meaneness*, and *sublime* without a *vivious Swelling* and *Affection*.

The Matter is next in an *Heroic Poem*, which must be some one important *Action*; it must be *important*, *Res gestæ Regumque Ducumque*, with *Horace*. "It only speaks of Kings and Princes, says *Rapin*, by which he must mean that it chiefly and principally turns upon them: for both *Virgil* and *Homer* have occasion for *Traitors*, and *Cryers*, and *Beggars*, nay even *Swinherds* (in the *Odyſſes*) and yet still more, of whole Armies, which can't be all compos'd of Kings and Princes. However, the more there is of these lower Walks in the Plan of a *Design*, the less *Heroic* it must appear, even in the Hands of the greatest *Genius* in *Nature*. Such a *Genius*, I think, was *Homer's*, and yet the Truth of this Assertion will be plain to any who compares his *Odyſſes* with his *Iliads*; where he'll find, if 'tis not for want of Judgment, in the latter a very different Air from the former, in many places much more dead and languishing, and this which I have given, seems one probable Reason on't; not excluding that of *Longinus*, that *Homer* was then grown old, and besides too much of the Work was spent in *Narration*; to which may be added, that he here design'd a wise and prudent rather than a brave and fighting *Hero*; having wrought off most of the *Edg* and *Fury* of his *Youthful Spirit* and *Fury* in *Achilles*, as in *Ulyſſes* he express'd more of *Age* and *Judgment*.

This *Action* must be one and uniform: the Painture of one *Heroic Action*, says *Rapin* from *Aristotle*. It must be, as *Boſſu* from *Horace*, *simplex duntaxat & unum*, that is, the principal *Action* on which the whole Work moves ought to be one, otherwise the whole will be confus'd; tho' there may be many *Episodic Actions* without making what *Aristotle* calls an *Episodic Poem*, which is, where the Actions are not necessarily or not probably link'd to each other, and of such an irregular multiplication of Actions and Incidents. *Boſſu* instances very pleasantly in *Statius's Achileid*; but he tells us there's also a regular and just Multiplication, without which 'twere impossible to find matter for so large a Poem, when as before it's so ordered that the Unity of the whole is not broken, and consequently divers Incidents it has bound together are not to be accounted different Actions and Fables, but only different Parts not finish'd, or entire of one Action or Fable entire or finished: and, agreeable to this Doctrine, *Rapin* blames *Lucan's Episodes* as too far fetch'd, over-scholaſtic, and consisting purely of speculative Disputes on natural Causes whenever they came in his way, not being link'd with the main Action, nor flowing naturally from it, nor tending to its Perfection.

And in this *Action*, the Poet ought, as *Rapin* tells us, to invert the natural Order of things, not to begin with his *Hero* in the *Cradle*, and write his *Annals* instead of an *Epic Poem*, as *Statius* in his *Achileid*, the Reason of which seems plain, because this would look more like *History* than *Poetry*. It's more agreeable, more natural, in some Sence, to be here unnatural; to bring in, by way of *Recitation* or *Narration*, what was first in order of time, at some distance from that time when it really happened,

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pened, which makes the whole look unlike a *dull formal Story*, and gives more scope for handsome *Turns* and the *Art* of the *Writer*. Another Reason why a *whole Life* is not ordinarily a proper *Subject* for *Epicis*, is, because many *trivial Accidents* must be therein recited; but if a *Life* can be found in which is nothing but what's *diverting and wonderful*, tending besides to the perfecting the *main Action*, and the *Order of time revers'd* in the whole, the *Cafe* would be so much altered, that I think their Rules would not hold.

For the *Form of Epic*, which comes next in view, 'tis agreed on all hands to be *Recitation or Narration*. *Bosſu* says, the *Persons* are not at all to be introduced before the Eyes of the *Spectators*, acting by themselves without the *Poet*; not that he'd hereby exclude the *Poet* from introducing the *persons* telling their own *Story*, or some one of them that of the *principal Hero*: for great part of *Epic* is thus far *Dramatic*. And thus *Virgil* manages his *second and third Books* by way of *Recitation*, and that by his *Hero* himself, making him give *Dido* a long *account of the Wars of Troy*, and his own *Actions*, tho thereby he falls into the *Impropriety* of commanding himself, with a — *sum pius Aeneas*. *Vida* takes the same way of *Recitation*, wherein he employs two or three of his *six Books*; and *Milton* follows them both, tho less naturally than either; for he introduces our *Saviour*, in his *Paradise regain'd*, repeating a great part of his own *Life* in *Soliloquy*, which way of Discourse includes, in a *Wise Man* especially, so much of *Calmness* and *deep Reflection*, that it seems improper for the *great and noble Turn* required in such a *Work*, unless in describing a *Passion*, where it may be more *lively*. All that they mean by not introducing the *Parties*, is not doing it as in a *Tragedy*: they are not to be brought in *abruptly* to tell their own *Tale* from the beginning, without the *appearing Help* of the *Poet*, as *Actors* in a true and proper *Drama*. And this *Narration*, says *Rapin*, should be *simple and natural*; but the greatest difficulty is, not to let its *simplicity* appear, lest it thence grow *disagreeable*, and the chiefest *Art* in this, consists in its *Transitions*, and all the *delicate surprising Turns*, which lead the *Reader* from one thing to another without his thinking whether he's going, or perceiving any *Breach* or so much as a *passage* between 'em; after all, the more *Action* there is in *Epic*, still the more *Life* there will be. A *Poet* may, I find, easily fall into *Poorness of Thought* by aiming too much at the *Probability* and neglecting the *Admirable*; whereby he loses that *agreeableness* which is a mixture of both. He ought then to take more care than *some have done*, not to keep himself too long behind the *Scenes*, and trust the *Narration* with another, which, without a great deal of *Art* and *Pains*, will take off much of the *Life* of the *Work*, as *Longinus* has already formerly observed.

And here come in the Qualities of *Narration*, mentioned in our *Definition*, that it ought to be done in a manner *probable, agreeable, and admirable*; 'tis rendered *probable* by its *Simplicity* and *Singularity*, and *admirable* by the *Grandeur* of the *Subject*, the *Figures* and *Machines*, or *διοι διὸν μεγάλης*, much more lawful here than in the *Drama's*; and lastly *agreeable*, as has been said, by a mixture of *b.tb.*

The last thing in our *Definition*, is, the *End of Epic*, indeed the *first and principal* which ought to be intended, and that's *Instruction*, not only, as *Rapin* thinks, of *great Men*, but of *all*. as in *Virgil's Scheme*, which we have already described; and this either by the *principal Moral aim'd* at in the whole, or the *Manners of particular Persons*. Of *Fable* and *Moral*, I've already discours'd, and whether be the more *lively* and *probable* way to *instruct*, by *that* or *History*. But here it may be worth the while to enquire, whether the *principal Hero* in *Epic* ought to be *virtuous*? *Bosſu* thinks not, the *manners* being formed as well by seeing *Errors* as *Beauties* in the chief *Actors*; but yet methinks it seems too much to form a *Hero* that's a perfect *Almanazor*, with not one *spark of Virtue*, and only remarkable for his extraordinary *Strength* and little *Brains*; such was certainly *Homer's Achilles*, of whom I think the *Farber* was in the right when he observes, the *Poet makes him not do one brave or virtuous Action*, all the while he lies before the *Town*: whereas *Virgil's Hero*, is, to tell truth, an *indifferent good Heathen*, and, bating one or two *slips*, comes up pretty well to his *own good word*. The *faine* however may be laid for *Homer*, which our *present*

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present Dramatists plead for their *Excuse*; that he copied his *Hero* from those who were esteemed such in the *barbarous Age* in which he liv'd,

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, &c.*

Made up of *Lewdness, Love, and Fighting*: who, had he liv'd in our days, would have made an excellent *Town-Bully*. I wish there were not too much reason to say a modish Gentleman. But tho' old *Homer* took this way, *Virgil*, who writes with much more *Judgment* and *Exactness*, and follows him in many things, here thought fit to leave him; making his *Hero*, as I've said, not only *brave* and *prudent*, but for the most part *virtuous*. Which would much better form the *manners* of his Reader, than if they were set to spell out *Instruction* from *contraries*, as *Homer* has done. Whence it follows, the more *virtuous* a *Hero* is, the better; since he more effectually answers the true end of *Epic*s. After all, *Rapin* says, the chief Excellency of an *Heroic Poem* consists in the *just proportion* of the *Parts*; that *perfect Union, just Agreement*, and *admirable Relation*, which the *Parts* of this great *Work* bear one towards another; and blames *Tasso* for mingling all the *Sweetnes*s and *Delicacy* of *Elegiacs* and *Lyrics*, with the *Force* of an *Heroic Poem*. But I should think him *miftaken* here, and that this is not the meaning of *Aristotle's ἀνάλογον*. For if we allow not such a *pleasing Variety*, how shall we excuse even *Virgil* himself, who has his *Dido*, as well as *Tasso* his *Armida* and *Erminia*? nay, how shall we manage *Love*? which is usually one great *Episode* of *Heroic*, if not with something of *Delicacy*. I grant *Love* ought to have a *different Air* in *different sorts* of *Poems*; but still if it be natural it must have something of *Sofiness*; and for his *Enchanted Forest*, which this *severe Critic* also blames, I believe there's few who read that part of his *Work*, who would willingly have it omitted, for the sake of a fancied *Regularity*, any more than they would part with Mr. *Dryden's Improvement* on't in his King *Arthur*. However, if it be a fault, 'tis strange so many who have been Masters of the greatest *Genius* should unanimously fall into it; as *Ovid* in his *Palace of Circe*, *Ariosto* in that of *Alcina*, and *Spencer* in his *Acasia's Bower of Bliss*, and several others, who have taken the same Method. I should therefore rather think that this *beautiful* and *marvellous Analogy* which *Aristotle* requires as the best thing in *Epic*, relates rather to the *Harmony* and *Agreement* of the *Parts* with the *Whole*; so that there appears no *Fracture* or *Contradiction*, the *different Parts*, tho' much *unlike*, yet *altogether* making one *beautiful Figure* and *uniform Variety*.

And thus much of the *Definition of Epic*, containing the main Rules thereof, by which the Reader may be able to form a Judgment of this, or any other *Heroic Poem*. Especially if to these *Rules* be added some *Examples* to render them more plain. In order to which I desire to express my *Thoughts* freely of other *Poems*, as I must expect every one will do of mine, always observing that piece of *Justice*, never to *find fault*, without taking notice of some *Beauty* to *balance it*, and giving, where I can find it, the better *Judgment* of other Persons as well as my own. Concluding all with a brief account of my own *Work*.

To begin then with *Grandsire Homer*, this may be added to the particular *Remarks* have been already made. I think none will deny but the *Disposition* of his *Iliads*, is so truly *admirable*, so *regular*, and *exact*, that one would be apt to think he wrote his *Poem* by *Aristotle's Rules*, and not *Aristotle* his *Rules* by his *Poem*. I confess I once thought that he had been oblig'd to his *Commentators* for most of the *Beauties* they celebrated in him; but I am now, on a nearer view, so well satisfied to the contrary, that I can ne'er think his *Poem* writ by *piece-meal*, without any *Connexion* or *Dependance*: wherein *Dionysius the Halicarnassian* very justly praises the *Order* and *Management* of the *Design*, as well as the *Grandeur* and *Magnificence* of the *Expression*, and the *sweet* and *passionate Movements*. Nor is it without reason that *Horace*, *Longinus*, and all *Antiquity* have given him, as the *Model* of *just* and *noble Sentiments* and *Expressions*. I must confess there's something in his *Numbers* that strikes me more than even *Virgil's*, his *Thoughts* and *Expressions* appear stronger than

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than his, tho it cannot be denied but that *Virgil's Design* is much more regular. *Rapin* says a great deal of that *Prince of the Latin Poets*, tho indeed he can never say enough, " He had an admirable Taste, says he, of what's natural, an excellent Judgment for the Order, and an incomparable Delicacy for the Number and Harmony of his Versification. And adds, " That the Design of the Poem is, if we consider it in all its Circumstances, the most judicious and best-laid that ever was or ever will be. There is indeed a prodigious Variety in *Virgil*, and yet the same Soul visible in every Line. His own great Spirit informs his Poetical World, and like that he speaks of,

—totos infusa per Artus
Mens agitat Molem, & magno se corpore miscet.

He's soft with the height of Majesty, his *Marcellus*, his *Dido*, and, I think, above all his *Elegy on Pallas* is very noble and tender. The joints so strong and exactly wrought, the Parts so proportionable the Thoughts and Expression so great, the Compliments so fine and just, that I could ne'er endure to read *Statius*, or any of the rest of the Antient Latins after him; with whom therefore I shan't concern my self nor trouble my Reader. *Ariosto* was the first of the Moderns who attempted any thing like an Heroic Poem, and has many great and beautiful Thoughts; but at the same time, 'tis true, as *Balzac* observes, that you can hardly tell whether he's a Christian or an Heathen, making God swear by *Styx*, and using all the Pagan Ornaments; his Fancy very often runs away with his Judgment, his Action is neither one nor simple, nor can you imagine what he drives at; he has an hundred Hero's but you can't tell which he designs should be chief: *Orlando* indeed seems a wild Imitation of *Homer's Achilles*, but his Character is not bright enough to make him the Principal; and besides he orders it so, that he does more great Actions when he's mad than when sober. Agreeable to this are *Rapin*'s thoughts of him, which, in few words, are, " That he's elevated and admirable in his Expressions, his Descriptions fine, but that he wants Judgment; and speaks well, but thinks ill, and that tho the Parts are handsome enough, yet the whole Work can by no means pass for an Epic Poem, " he having never seen the Rules of *Aristotle*; which he thinks *Tasso* had, and therefore wrote much better, whom he commends as more correct in his Design, more regular in the ordering his Fable, and more accomplish'd in all parts of his Poem than any other of the Italians, whom yet he justly blames, because he has two Hero's *Godfredo* and *Rinaldo*, of whom *Godfredo* seems the principal, and yet *Rinaldo* performs the greatest part of the notable Actions. He seems to imitate *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, but then he raises his *Agamemnon* too high, or keeps him too low, for he hardly lets him do one great Action through the whole Work. He further criticises upon him as mingling too much Gallantry with his Poem, which, he thinks, is unbecoming the Gravity of his Subject. But whether this Censure be just, I know not, for Love and Gallantry runs through all *Virgil's Aeneids*, in the instances of *Helen*, *Dido* and *Lavinia*, and indeed it gives so great a Life to Epic, that it hardly can be agreeable without it, and I question whether ever it has been so. Nor is he more just, I think, against *Tasso*'s Episodes, which he blames as not proper to circumstantiate his principal Action, not entring into the Causes and Effects thereof, but seeking too much to please, tho I think this Charge is unjust, for 'tis in his Episodes, if any where, that *Tasso* is admirable. I might here give several Instances, but shall, at present, only refer my Reader to that of *Tancred* and *Erminia*, and I'm mistaken if he does not dissent from *Rapin* in this particular. *Sannazarinus* and *Vida* were the next who did any thing remarkable in Epic; they both writ in Latin on the same Subject, both Christian Heroics; *Rapin* says they both had good a Genius for Latin the Purity of their Style being admirable, but that their ordering of the Fable has nothing int' of Delicacy, nor is the manner of their Writing proportionable to the dignity of the Subject. For *Sannazarinus* he's indeed so faulty, that one can hardly with Patience read him, the whole Structure of his imperfect Piece, *de partu*, being built on Heathen Fable; yet he has great and vigorous Thoughts and very Poetical Expressions, tho therein *Vida* far excels him, whose Thoughts are so noble, and the Air of his Stile

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Style so great, that the Elogy *Balzak* gives his Countryman *Tasso*, wou'd as well or rather better have fitted him ; " That *Virgil* is the Cause ; *Vida* is not the first ; and *Vida*, that *Virgil* is not alone. It is true, as *Rapin* observes, that his Fable is very simple, and perhaps so much the better, considering the Subject ; tho he forgets not Poetical Ornaments, where there's occasion, if he does not lean a little to *Sannazzarius*'s Error ; for he talks of the Gorgons and Sphinxes, the Centaurs and Hydra's and Chimeras, tho much more sparingly and modestly than the other. He has the happiest beginning that perhaps is to be found in any Poem, and by mingling his Proposition and Invocation, has the advantage of placing one of the noblest Thoughts in the World in the first Line, without danger of falling into the absurdity of *Horace*'s Author with his *Fortunam Priami* : For thus he sings,

Quimare, qui terras, qui cælum numine complex—Spiritus alme, &c.

After the Invocation, in the very beginning of the Poem, he's preparing the Incidents for his Hero's Death ; he brings him to *Jerusalem* at the Passover with *Hofanna's* ; then raises his Machins, and falls to the Description of Hell. He through the whole, uses his Figures very gracefully ; few have bin more happy in Comparisons, more moving in Passion, succinct, yet full in Narration : Yet is he not without Faults ; for in the second Book he brings him to his last Supper in the Garden, from thence before *Caiaphas* and *Pilate* ; which too much precipitates the main Action : Besides, it seems harsh and improbable to bring in *S. John*, and *Joseph*, our Saviours reputed Father, as he does in the third and fourth Book, giving *Pilate* an account of his Life ; not to insist on the general Opinion, that *Joseph* was not then alive. But notwithstanding these few failures, it can't be deny'd, that his Description of our Saviours Passion in the fourth Book, is incomparably fine ; the disturbance among the Angels on that occasion ; his Character of *Michael*, and the Virgins Lamentation under the Cross, and at the Sepulchre, are inimitable. And thus much for *Vida*, on whom I've been more large because I've often made use of his Thoughts in this following Work ; his Poem being the most complete on that Subject I've ever seen or expect to see. And here han't the English more reason to complain of *Rapin*, that he takes no notice of their Heroic Poems, than *Lopez Viga* of *Tasso*, for not mentioning the Spaniards at the Siege of *Jerusalem* : but since he has been so partial, as not to take any notice of our Writers, who sure as much deserve it as their *Dubarras* and *Ronsard* ; We may have liberty to speak of our own, and to do 'em Justice : To begin with *Spencer*, who I think comes the nearest *Ariosto* of any other ; he's almost as *Irregular*, but much more *Natural* and *Lovely* : But he's not only *Irregular* but *Imperfect* too, I mean, as to what he intended ; and therefore we can't well imagine what it wou'd have been, had he liv'd to complete it. If Fable be the *Essence* of *Epic*, his *Fairy Queen* had certainly enough of that to give it that *Name*. He seems, by the account he gives of it to Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, to have design'd one Principal Hero King *Arthur*, and one main important Action bringing him to his Throne ; but neither of these appear sufficiently distinct, or well defin'd, being both lost in the vast Seas of Matter which compose those Books which are finish'd. This however must be granted, the Design was Noble, and required such a comprehensive Genius as his, but to draw the first Scetch of it : And as the Design, so the Thoughts are also very great, the Expressions flowing natural and easie, with such a prodigious Poetical Copia as never any other must expect to enjoy. *Gondibert* methinks wants Life ; the Style is rather stiff than Heroic, and has more of *Statius* than *Virgil* ; one may see every where a great deal of Art, and Pains, and Regularity, even to a fault ; nor is a Genius wanting, but its so unnatural, that an ingenious Person may find much more pleasure in reading a worse Poet. Besides, his *Stanza's* often cramp the Sence, and injure many a noble Thought and Passion. But Mr. *Cowley's* *Davideis* is the Medium between both ; it has *Gondibert's* Majesty without his stiffness, and something of *Spencer's* Sweetnes and Variety without his Irregularity : Indeed all his Works are so admirable, that another *Cowley* might well be employ'd in giving them their just Elogy. His *Hero* is according to the antient Model, truly Poetical, a mixture

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mixture of some *Faults* and greater *Virtues*. He had the advantage of both Love and Honour for his *Episodes*, nay; and Friendship too, and that the noblest in History. He had all the sacred History before him, and liberty to chuse where he pleased, either by Narration or Prophesie; nor has he, as far as he has gone, neglected any Advantages the Subject gave him. Its a great Loss to the World that he left the Work unfinish'd, since now he's dead, its always like to continue so. As for *Milton's Paradice Lost* its an Original, and indeed he seems rather above the common Rules of *Epic* than ignorant of them. Its I'm sure a very lovely Poem, by what ever Name its call'd, and in it he has many Thoughts and Images, greater than perhaps any either in *Virgil* or *Homer*. The Foundation is true History, but the turn is Fable: The Action is very Important, but not uniform; for one can't tell which is the Principal in the Poem, the Wars of the Angels, or the Fall of Man, nor which is the Chief Person *Michael* or *Adam*. Its true, the former comes in as an *Episode* to the latter, but it takes up too great a part thereof, because its link'd to it. His Discourse of Light is incomparable; and I think 'twas worth the while to be blind to be its Author. His Description of *Adam* and *Eve*, their Persons and Love, is almost too lively to bear reading: Not but that he has his *inequalities* and *repetitions*, the latter pretty often, as have, more or less, all other Poets but *Virgil*. For his antique Words I'm not like to blame him whoever does: And for his blank Verse, I'm of a different mind from most others, and think they rather excuse his *uncorrectness* than the contraries; for I find it's easier to run into it, in that sort of Verse, than in *Rhyming Works*, where the *Thought* is oftner turned; whereas here the Fancy flows on without check or controul. As for his *Paradice Regain'd*, I nothing wonder that it has not near the *Life* of his former Poem, any more than the *Odysses* fell short of the *Iliads*. *Milton*, when he writ this, was grown *Older*, probably *poorer*: He had not that scope for Fable, was confin'd to a lower Walk, and draws out that in *four Books* which might have been well compriz'd in *one*: Notwithstanding all this, there are many strokes which appear truly his; as the Mustering of the *Partbian Troops*, the Description of *Rome* by the Devil to our Saviour, and several other places.

And now I've done with all the rest, I may take liberty to say something of my own.

For the *Subject* I dare stand by it, that 'tis fit for a better *Heroic Poem* than any ever was, or will be made; and that if a *good Poem* cou'd not be made on't, it must be either from the *weaknes* of the *Art* it self, or for want of a *good Artist*. I don't say the *Subject* with all its *Circumstances* is the *best* for *Epic*, but considered in it self, or with a *prudent choice* out of the *vast Field* of Matter which it affords.

The *Action* is *Important*, if ever any was, being no less than the *Redemption* of the *World*, which was not *accomplish'd* till after our Saviours *Death* and *Resurrection*. The *Ascension* I confess shou'd be left out, according to the common *Rules* of *Heroic Poetry*, but I had not the same *reason* for *omitting* it, as others have for not coming to the *End* of their *History*, a little short of which they generally *stop*, because after the *main Busines* is over, nothing *great* remains, or however not *greater* than has already past. And if any thing mean followed, the Reader wou'd leave off *dissatisfied*. But I've as *great* and *remarkable* an *Action*, as any in the whole story, yet upon my *Hands*, and which if I had omitted, I had lost many very *moving Incidents* that follow'd the *Resurrection*; and besides, *Vida* before me, has carry'd it yet *further*, to the *actual Descent* of the *Holy Ghost* on the Disciples, and the *Spreading* the *Christian Name* all the *World* over; which I've done only in *Prophecy*.

The *Action* is I think *uniform*, because all the *Episodes* are part of the *main Action*, the *Redemption* of the *World*; to which his *Incarnation*, and *Divine Conception* were absolutely necessary, and so were his *Holy Life*, *Doctrine*, *Miracles*, and especially his *Sufferings* and *Agonies*. My principal *Hero* was *perfect*, yet *imitable*, and that both

The PREFACE.

in active and contemplative Life. He leaves his own Kingdom to save and conquer another, endures the greatest hardships; is reduc'd to the lowest ebb, nay is at last forc'd to suffer Death it self. Yet after all, he emerges from his Misfortunes, conquers all his Enemies, fixes Laws, establishes Religion, Peace, and his own Empire, and is advanced higher than any Conquerour ever was before him.

The other Persons are Heroical enough, Angels, Kings, High Priests, Governours, Councillors, nay even the Apostles themselves were more than Kings, for they were thought and call'd Gods by the People. The Moral I find not make it, in a true Example, which others are forc'd to Form in Fable; " That we ought to do Good, to suffer evil, submit to the Divine Will; to venture or lose a Life for a Friend; to forgive our Enemies.

Yet further I desire to recommend the whole of the Christian Religion; all the Articles of Faith; all that System of Divinity and Morality contain'd in the Gospel of the Blessed Jesus, to the Study and Practice of Persons of Ingenuity and Reason; to make his Divine Person, which is already infinitely Amiable, if possible, actually more Ador'd and Lov'd; and to Vindicate his Mission, his Satisfaction, and his Divinity, against all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics; which sure are the most proper Ends that can be propos'd in a Work of this Nature: Which may be agreeably and admirably done, if 'tis not the Poets fault; for here's all the marvellous that cou'd be wish'd for, already done to my Hand, and all sacredly True, Angels and Daemons, and Miracles, with Voices from Heaven.

Now the Subject being so fit for a good Heroic Poem, I shall have the less excuse, if this be a bad one. And here I must ingeniously confess, I had seen none of these Rules given by the Masters of Epic, when I laid the Scheme of this Poem, tho I wish I had, for I might probably then have done it better, or not at all. I knew not the hazard of the undertaking, but greedily embrac'd it, when first propos'd by some Friends, who were ignorant of what they put me upon. Being full of the Design; wherein, the earnest desire I had to see it accomplish'd, and either a lucky Chance, or the Happiness of my Subject, may perhaps in some Instances, have supply'd the want both of Rules and Genius. All I will say of my own performance is, that I now know the Faults on't, tho I am not oblig'd to point 'em out to my Reader, who will but too soon find 'em. That I wou'd have mended much that's now amis, had I liv'd in an Age where a man might afford to be Nine or Ten Years about a Poem. And in the mean time this satisfies me, whatever is the success, that I've done all that cou'd be done by one in my Circumstances towards the rendering it more compleat and freer from Faults, and only wish that my own Reputation may suffer, by the weakness of the Work, and not the Dignity of the Subject.

I cou'd plead for my self what Longinus says on Works of this Nature, woud it not look like Arrogance, " That even the greatest Genius may sometimes sink into meanness, when the force of their Spirits is once exhausted: That its very difficult for height of Thought to sustain itself long in an equal Tenour; and that some Faults ought to be excused when there are more Beauties. But if none of these will pass, I hope it will not much mortifie me, since I think the World and I have no great matter to do with one another. I'm sensible my Poem wou'd have had fewer Enemies, had I left out some Passages in't. But as mean as the worst of this are, I wou'd not buy their good Word at such a rate. I had almost forgot to mention the Gravers Work, which is not without Faults, particularly he has err'd in the Posture of the Disciples at the last Supper, whom he has made Sitting, when they were really Declining, or Discumbent. But its now more than time to conclude my long Preface, which I shall do in few Words. Since the chief Design in this Work, is to advance the Honour of my Hero, and next to that, the entertainment of Pious and ingenious Minds; for the truth of which, I hope I may appeal to the great Keurus the xagdias. I shall not be much concern'd for the success it may meet with in the World.

To

To Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY on his Divine Poem *of the Life of CHRIST.*

AS when some *Prophet*, who had long retir'd,
Returns from Solitude with Rapture fir'd,
With full *Credentials* made securely bold,
To listning Crowds do's Charmingly unfold
What Angels him in awful Visions told ;
With wond'rous Truths surprizing ev'ry Breſt,
His sacred Mission is by all Confeſt.

So you, great *Bard*, who lay till now conceal'd,
Compiling what your Heav'nly Muse reveal'd,
No sooner quit the Shade, but strike our Eyes
With *Wonder*, and our Mind with *Exſtasies*.

Ev'n we, the Tribe who thought our ſelves inspir'd,
Like glimm'ring Stars in Night's dull reign admir'd ;
Like Stars, a *num'rous* but a *feeble Host*,
Are gladly in your Morning-luſtre lost.
When we (and few have been ſo well inclin'd)
In Songs attempted to Inſtruct Mankind,
From Nature's Law wee all our Precepts drew,
And ev'n her Sanctions oft perverted too ;
Your ſacred Muse do's *Revelation* trace ;
And *Nature* is by you improv'd to *Grace*.

Verse is a Tribute due to *sacred Writ*,
But ſeldom paid, or, not in currant Wit ;
The Undertakers fail in *Zeal* or *Art*,
They want the Genius, or they want the Heart :
To Crown your pious Off'ring both combine ;
At once your Numbers and your Theme divine.

The Race of Poets, while a *virtuous Train*,
For Inspiration never call'd in vain ;
But fail'd in *Wit*, their ſtock of *Virtue* spent,
And as they grew Debauch'd, grew Impotent.
'Tis in their own, and in Religion's wrong,
When Beauty, Wealth or Pow'r employ's their Song.
But if they trespass who are only *Vain*,
What *Punishment's* reserv'd for the *Prophane* !

How shall the *Panders* scape, who foul *Desire*,
In Poetry's alluring *Charms* attire?
Too guilty, while, like *Emp'rics* they employ
Their baneful *Skill*, and privately destroy;
But when the publick *Teeming Press* they ply,
Thro' all the *Realm* their poysn'd *Papers* flie;
Not *rural Nymphs* are safe in their *Retreats*,
Th' *Infection* reaches the remotest Seats.
Who once the *Poets Function* thus betray,
What *Helicon* can wash their *Saints* away!
Such *Lepers* wou'd make *Jordan's Stream* impure,
But *Jordan's Stream* can ne'er such *Lepers* Cure.

What just *Encomiums*, Sir, must you receive,
Who *Wit* and *Piety* together *weave*.
No *Altar* your *Oblation* can refuse,
Who to the *Temple* bring a *spotless Muse*:
You, with fresh *Laurels* from *Parnassus* born,
Plant *Sion's Hill*, and *Salem's Tow'rs* adorn;
You break the *Charms*, and from prophane *Retreats*
Restore the *Muses* to their *Native Seats*.

Mr. *Milton*. Our leading * *Moses* did this Task pursue,
And liv'd to have the *Holy Land* in view;
With vig'rous *Youth* to finish the *Success*,
Like *Joshua* you Succeed, and all *Possess*.

Deep *Learning's Stores* to raise this *Pile* are brought,
Bright *Fancy* after *Judgment's Model* wrought:
The *vast Idea* seem'd a subject fit
To exercise an able Poet's *Wit*;
But to *Express*, to *Finish* and *Adorn*,
Remain'd for you, who for this *Work* was Born.
The temper'd *Stile* not too remiss or strong,
But suited to the *Subject* of the *Song*;
Which, varying, always shews a *Master's Skill*,
Sweet as a *Vale*, or lofty as a *Hill*.

Here, pious *Souls*, what they did long desire,
Possess their dear *Redeemer's Life* intire:
Here, with whole *Paradise* regain'd they meet,
And *Milton's noble Work* is now compleat.

June 28. 1693.

N. Tate.

Too

To the Ingenious Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY on his
Poem of the Life of CHRIST.

R Edeem'd ? It's true ; the happy Muse no more
Can her *Egyptian* slavish Chains deplore ;
No more shall spurious Gods or Heroes rais'd
In pow'ful Numbers, be devoutly Prais'd ;
Verse form'd 'em Idols, while Immortal Verse
Wou'd Fancy's Dreams in weighty Lines rehearse ;
Perverted Poetry cou'd with ease controul
The wiser Passions of the thoughtful Soul ;
And into Mischiefs force the Passive Throng,
Hurry'd by the impetuous Witchcraft of deluding Song.

Thy Muse, a Convert made, in nobler Strains
Sings that great God who in himself contains
This spacious A L L, whose active Word commands
The Prince of Idols with his gloomy Bands
Down to those Deeps, where endless Torture dwells,
Beneath the solid darkness of a thousand Hells.

God's and his *David*'s Son, the wond'rous Heir
Of Heav'n and Earth, thy tuneful Rhimes declare :
No Man of Sorrows now, nor meanly Crown'd
With blushing Thorns, nor barbarous Fetter bound,
But in immense *Eternal* Brightness plac'd,
With all his Fathers ancient Glories grac'd ;
Great, Pure, Immortal, always Blest, Sublime,
Before the *first*, beyond the *last* of Time ;
Where to the Name of their triumphant King,
Hymns sweet as *Thyme*, extatick Angels sing.

What poor Evangelists prescrib'd of old,
And studious Priests still to their Flocks unfold ;
Was, till of late, by pious Crowds admir'd,
Their Tales Authentick as their Minds Inspir'd ;
Now Damn'd as plain and low, tho' mystick all,
Truth must before the Dagon Nonsense fall.

A dull lewd Song to *Celia* dubs the Wit,
When, with his Title proud, the senseless Chit

And

Defies his Maker, and his Dictates scorns,
And Heav'n to ridicule and banter turns :
Truth for his Fancy must be gayly drest,
Like the *May* Lady at some Country Feast.

In thy smooth Verse stands that unchanging Truth,
With Beauties varnish'd and adorn'd with Youth ;
Drest in Poetick robes of Flame and Light,
Pleasant as Morning, and as Mid-day bright ;
Thy Verse may Charm him who the Preacher flies,
Reform the Brute, and make the Senseless Wise.

So when a Devil malignant *Saul* possest,
And broke the quiet of his tortur'd Breast ;
When Rage and Folly in his Thoughts combin'd,
Diseas'd his Body, and disturb'd his Mind ;
His Harp the gay *Jeſſean Psalmist* strung,
And to his Harp some sacred *Anthem* sung ;
So smooth his Voice, so swift his flying Hand
Did trembling Notes and chiding Strings command ;
So much of Heav'n did the black Spirit confound,
Nor cou'd his Hell support the charming sound ;
But from his Throne the proud Usurper flew,
While Musicks Terrors did his flight pursue,
And *Saul's* rebellious Thoughts and inward Rage subdue.

*Sic puer Elkanides Domini resupinus in Æde
Summissâ æthereos excipit aure sonos,
Afflatuq; sacro Divinos concipit Ignes,
Et subito in vatum proruit Ipse modos :
Tu, Juvenis, rapis Arma prior, Musasq; profanas
In pia Christicolum, maxime, castra refers.
Macte animis Wesleie tuis, repetitaq; Christi,
Gesta subacta magis pensa secunda dabunt.*

Raptim.

L. Milbourne.

To

To my Ingenious Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY,
on his Poem the Life of CHRIST.

Christ's Life! And sung in English Poesie!
Who of our Bards durst e'er essay't till thee!
Their Pens are *idly busie* for the Stage,
To humour there the *Genius* of the Age;
Their cheif design is still to please the *Pit*,
And there expoile the *Folly* of their *Wit*;
But every Theme that's Noble and *Divinie*,
With *awkward Modesty* they still decline:
About the sacred *Ark* they trembling stand,
But dare not touch with their *unhallow'd Hand*;
They plead, alas! They've too prophane a *Muse*,
And urge their very *Crimes* for their *excuse*.
Dryden alone, swoll'n with a nobler *Pride*,
Out of the common road once step'd aside;
Bravely went on where *Milton* broke the *Ice*,
And sweetly mourn'd the *loss of Paradise*;
Richly *embroyder'd* his old fashion'd *Ground*,
And still refin'd the golden *Oar* he found;
Each *Comeliness* up to a *Beauty* wrought,
Polish'd each *Line* and *heighten'd* every *Thought*;
What *Mortal* cou'd have been with him compar'd,
As he began had he but *Persever'd*!
Cowley indeed (his Works sufficient proof)
For this great Theme —

At once was *Poet* and was *Saint* enough.
Had he the *blessed Jesus* made his *choice*,
He'd *Heav'ny Skill* to sing, and *Heav'ny Voice*;
But on his *Type* he rather chose to write,
His *shadow*, yet himself a glorious Light;
David, that mighty Man, employ'd his pains,
He *David* sung, and sung with *David's strains*;
Scarce cou'd the Musick of his *charming Lyre*
Of whom he sang, more *please*, or more *inspire*:

But

But ah ! While he too nigh to *Heav'n* did soar,
The *Angels* caught his Soul o'th' *Wing*, and bore
To their blest *Quire*, whence he return'd no more :
Around him strait the wond'ring *Seraph's* throng,
And beg from him a more *Seraphick Song* ;
He sang, their high tun'd *Harps* they higher raise,
And strive to play a *Consort* to his *Lays* ;
But such high *Notes* immortal *Cowley* sings,
As stretch'd their *lowl*, their everlasting *Strings* ;
So his great *Hero's* drawn but to the *Waft*,
And but the *Scheme* of what shou'd follow cast !
Yet all must needs *admire*, when it they view,
Both what he *did*, and what he *meant* to do.
O that some happy *Muse* wou'd yet go on,
~~And finish~~ what so nobly is *begun* !
But *Davideis* must (I fear) remain,
Wish'd to be *finish'd*, but ne'er *underta'en* :
Yet thou from *Cowley* hast this *Honour* won,
He sang but *David*, thou his *greater Son* :
A bold *Attempt*, yet manag'd so by you,
We must your *Courage* praise, and *Conduct* too ;
So great the *Theme*, and yet so sweet the *Song*,
The *God* thou sing'st doth sure *inspire* thy Tongue :
Thou open'st all the *Treasuries* above,
And shew'st the *Wonders* of *Almighty Love* :
How the *eternal Father* made a *Child*,
With awful *sweetness* in the *Manger* Smil'd ;
The various *bazards* which his *Nonage* ran,
Until the *Infant God* grew up to *Man* ;
Then drawing o'er his *radiant Head* a *Cloud*,
To shew the *Man*, a while the *God* you shrou'd ;
And to a *Scene* of *Sorrow* guid'st our Eye,
The mournful *Glories* of sad *Calvary* ;
They raise him to the *Cross*, and there deride ;
The Holy *Jesus* pitty'd them, and *Dy'd*.
Then how the *World* its *Makers death* bemoan'd,
Heav'n wept, Winds sigh'd, Earth quak'd, whole *Nature* groan'd ;
Next how that *Death* our *Sins* did *Expiate*,
How great the *Purchase* ! But how dear the *Rate* !
This, and much more thy *Muse*, great *Wesley*, sings,

Thy

Thy *Flow'rs* are more, and sweeter than the *Springs* ;
Which with fresh beauties ev'ry *Verse* adorn,
Sprightly as Light, and fragrant as the Morn ;
Thy lofty *Wit* 's by solid *Judgment* fix'd ;
Thy fruitful *Fancy* with deep *Learning* mix'd :
Their mingled Glories sparkle in each *Line*,
Each Word both speaks thee *Poet* and *Divine*,
Go on, great *Bard*, still let thy tuneful *Lyre*
Strike Envy dumb, and teach her to admire.

Thomas Taylor.

c To

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY,
on his Excellent Poem call'd the Life of Christ.

SURE there's some dearth of Wit starves every Age,
And few yet felt the true Poetic Rage.
Each Pagan Clown engross'd the Muses care,
And like his fellow Beasts, was dub'd a Star ;
Huge brawny Limbs claim'd all the Poets song,
And 'twas exceeding Virtue to be strong ;
But now — The God, the God! — Be gone Prophane !
Nor with unhallow'd Gifts the Altars stain :
Saturnian Days again enrich the Year,
And promis'd Months in golden Orbs appear.
Again the Mantuan Genius charms the Plains
With more than mighty Maro's lofty strains.
Big with prophetick Fury, Virgil taught
Th' astonish'd World, what Wonders shou'd be wrought.
Under dark Types he veil'd the Heav'nly Birth,
And brought the Godlike Infant smiling to the Earth.
Each beauteous Line the future God confess,
At length amaz'd, to Wesley left the rest.
So the bright Guardian Star with pointed Ray,
Shone thro' the East and gilt the dusky way,
And told the Sages where their Saviour lay ; }
Then conscious of its Trust, withdrew from sight,
That they might pay their Offrings, where that pay'd its light.
Here, here, the God to Wesley's Charge repairs,
And with his Presence crowns the Poets Cares :
Wesley ! A Name which in just numbers Shines !
A Name immortal as his sacred Lines !
To thee, great Bard, the darling Muses owe
That freedom which on others they bestow.
Touch'd with the Beauties of Seraphick Love ,
Unbody'd and unchain'd from flesh they move.
Nor Phyllis now, nor Strephon's Plaints prevail,
The wretched burthen of some whining Tale ;
But the chast Sisters now their Dross refine,
Poets are truely Priests, and Poetry's Divine.

See !

See ! How in tuneful Verse the Infant reigns,
And with soft Looks beguiles his Mothers pains !
Pleas'd with thy Song, he less Attentive hears
Th' harmonious Musick of the charming Spheres ;
Bids Angels cease their Notes, that *Wesley's Lays*
May urge with more effect their young Redeemers praise.
O more than Man ! Whence comes this sacred Fire,
That doth with sparkling Rage thy Breast inspire ?
Sure thou'lt a second Rape on Heav'n perform'd,
And with arm'd Hands Æthereal Forges storm'd :
Nought but the Gods own flames cou'd thus dispence
So healing and so kind an Influence.

Beauties shine thro' the Work, adorn the whole,
Chain up the Sense, and captivate the Soul.
Whether thou sing'st the dying Hero's fame,
And in loud sighs groan'st forth thy Maker's Name,
When tyr'd with Flesh, he quits the humane load,
And Heav'n, and Earth, and *Jews* confess the God;
Or thy bold Muse with heighten'd Pinnions flies,
And brings her Charge exalted to the Skies ;
Thy Verie thro' starry Hosts the God convey,
And with new Glories paint the milky way.

To thy great Name what Altars shall we raise ?
None but the God thou sing'st can give sufficient praise.
As when of old some pious Saints essay'd
To please high Heav'n, and annual Off'rings paid,
Struck with the sacred Horror of the place,
And prostrate on the Ground, they veil'd their Face.
With awful distance, and with trembling bows,
Their Wonder fully paid their promis'd Vows :
So we amaz'd at thy vast Work retire,
And where we ought to Sacrifice, admire.

William Pittis,

June 23. 1693.

Fellow of New-College in Oxon.

To his Reverend Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY,
on his Poem of the Life of CHRIST.

Tίτα θεός, τίν' Ἡρώα, λένε αὐδεῖς, Κελαδήσομεν. Pindar.

WHilst others write of *Criminal Amours*,
And how they vainly spend their vacant Hours,
Your *Phansy's* more sublime, it soars above
The mean Intrigues of their inglorious *Love*:
Wretchedly they debase a *noble Art*,
And only touch the *Ears*; but you the *Heart*.
You, (with *Columbus*,) not alone descrie,
But conquer (*Cortez-like*,) new Worlds in *Poetry*.
Sure 'twas the same great *Master* of the *Quire*
That did direct the *Royal Psalmist's Lyre*, }
Who your *Seraphick Breast* did thus inspire:
A *God Incarnate* is a *Theme* so *Great*, }
It shou'd be manag'd at no vulgar Rate;
Nor have you done it. For, in ev'ry *Line*,
We read (at once) the *Poet*, and *Divine*:
The *Muses* thus to you the *Grace's* be,
And thus *Parnassus* is *Mount-Calvary*.
You (modestly Ambitious of fair *Fame*)
Take a sure course to immortalize your *Name*.
For, till this Fabrick of the *World* shall end,
And a devouring *Conflagration* blend
Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* together; till we see
Time swallow'd up of vast *Eternity*;
Till then, your *Verse* shall be preserv'd alive,
And almost *Nature's* aged self survive.

June 23. 1693.

Henry Cutts.

To

To Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, on his Poem of the
Life of CHRIST.

Blest are the Bards who, fill'd with Godlike Fire,

Dare, like its Flames, to native Hear'n aspire,

Commence here Angels, and, in equal Lays,

Praise him alone whom Saints and Seraphs praise:

On sacred Themes a sacred Rage they use,

Advance their Art, and deifie their Muse.

These, Poets are! Thou, Wesley, than art blest;

No mortal Beauty fires thy glowing Breast;

Thy Heart, thy Soul with the whole God possest.

No Spurious God, such as at Delphos spoke,

And dubious Answers sold for impious Smoke.

But that bright infant Sun whose dawning Ray

Drove Shades, and Sprights, and Gods of Night away;

Who his true Godhead at his Birth display'd,

And crush'd, at once, Hell's dreadful Serpent's head;

Who bears, with ease, this pond'rous Fabric's load,

Makes conscious Nature tremble at his Nod,

And Hear'n, and Earth, and Hell confess the God.

Who out of Nothing swarms of Worlds cou'd bring,

Of Light invisible th' unfathomable Spring;

Sole, first, and last, still round himself he rouls

In th' undivided Triple-stream; above the reach of Souls.

Hold, headstrong Muse, nor, in thy scanty Verse,

Attempt his boundless Wonders to rehearste;

Nor, offring Incense with unhallow'd Fire,

Like Nadab in revenging Flames expire.

The Right, the Pow'r of chanting such a Song

To none but consecrated Bards belong.

None but Apelles Alexander drew;

A nobler Draught to nobler Hands is due.

So, Wesley, when we thought, with pious Awe,

No Pencil fit thy suff'ring God to draw,

Perform'd by thine the mighty Task we see;

Or he, thy Lord, has done the Work by thee.

Thy

Thy Choice, like pious *Mary's*, is the best,
While Others live with *Martha's* Cares opprest;
When once engag'd, unknowing to go back,
Yet doom'd each Hour their wearied Minds to rack,
To sooth a dull, ungrateful, impious *Age* ;
Th' eternal Drudges of the *Press* and *Stage*.
Baffled this Moment, thoughtless of the past,
Still rich in Hopes, and wretched to the last ;
Witty by Fits, but oft'ner dull than wise,
And fond of Fame, which yet they sacrifice.

Ah ! cruel Fortune ! Tyrant of my Life,
To Fools so kind, with Poets still at strife,
Thou may'st constrain thy Slave to lose his Right
To dear-bought Fame, the Poet's best Delight ;
But never, *never* shall my Honor be,
Thou Prostitute, a Prostitute to thee.
Nor will I use a Spark of heav'nly Fire
Chast Flames to quench, and kindle loose Desire ;
Or, to mean Flatt'ry and worse Falshoods bent,
Poison the Weak, and stab the Innocent.

Ah ! must I never, in bold Numbers, sing
Britain's great Rulers and Heav'n's greater King !
Ev'n our wing'd Brother-Poets of the Grove
Strive here below to Rival those above.
Each Morning they their warbling Voices raise,
Inspir'd by Nature Nature's God to praise.
The lab'ring Hind by them beguiles his Cares,
Yet by his Arts their callow Brood ensnares.
Then blinded, taught t' unlearn their native Strain,
And cag'd for Life, the Wretches sing for Grain.

So 'tis with us : Alike by Nature free,
Our Lays were Sacred as our Deity ;
But by a selfish World enslav'd, while young,
Blinded by Vice, we're taught a meaner Song ;
Kept close and *bare*, we ne'er enjoy the Spring,
The Town our Cage, where we must starve or sing.

Much happier *Wesley* ! wiser grown betimes,
Thou left'st its Hurry, for more peaceful Climes ;
Nor, while thy Mind a short Repose enjoy'd,
Was thy chaste Muse on trifling Themes employ'd :

Tales of an angry Warrior's sullen Grief,
The tedious Voyage of a crafty Chief,
Troy, which a Horse could conquer in a Night,
Or a false Wand'rer's fatal Loves and Flight:
These ne'er could pay the Poet's Cares and Toils,
The costly Seeds were lost in barren Soils.
Nobler thy Choice, and happier thy Essay,
Modest yet bold, Majestic and yet gay ;
As Autumn ripe, yet flourishing as *May*.

But here, my Friend, thou check'st my zealous Muse,
And bid'st me for thy God my Incense use ;
Thou shun'st the Praise which thy own Virtue draws,
And can't deserve, but can't not hear Applause.

Know, 'tis beneath thy Friend to make thee vain ;
I praise thee not : Yet must I praise thy Strain,
I may — Since Men, when they applaud thy Lays,
The Prophets great Inspirer only praise.

Yet tho' to God alone the Praise belong,
With him and thee we share the pleasing Song.

Thus *Aaron* Incense on its Altar laid,
And, while attending *Israel* bow'd and pray'd ;
The balmy Steams, for Heav'n alone prepar'd,
The Priest, the People, and the Godhead shar'd.

Peter Motteux.

ERRATA.

[I B. 1. p. 11. v. 386. for on read f. n. p. 21. v. 770. r. as well as he. Lib. 2. p. 43. l. 29. r. much admiring round her. p. 51. v. 690. r. bands. p. 54. 780. r. desire. v. 787. r. humble. p. 58. v. 928. thus r. this. p. 64. v. 1107. the r. your. p. 70. v. 879. expir'd r. retir'd. p. 51. v. 1076. wandring. wan-ing. Ib. after Eastern bound add of Egypt. Lib. 3. p. 92. v. 740. r. stern. p. 97. v. 964. r. Saven's. p. 103. v. 1171. shall r. shalt. p. 104. v. 1210. the r. ub'. p. 106. v. 1436. r. cou'd no longer. p. 107. v. 1681. dele as it is already said in the Preface. p. 108. v. 631. lengthens r. weakens. p. III. v. 1115. r. hardly need tell. p. 112. v. 1153. r. 3068AN. v. 1182. *Grotius* r. *Gratius*. Lib. 4. p. 116. v. 11. r. Tho pres'd. v. 34. Royal r. Loyal. p. 122. v. 270. lov'd r. lowd. p. 133. v. 674. dargeth r. dazzling. p. 135. v. 732. r. inexorably. p. 128. v. 52 for Art of Poetry. r. Essay upon Translations. p. 141. v. 508. r. *Sephir Tephillim*, *Sephir Hamassar*. Brice r. Pirke. there r. thou. shall r. shalt. p. 142. v. 578. r. *Bata-nea*. v. 585. Vipers r. Witches. v. 639. r. if I have. p. 143. v. 724. Proselytes r. Roylelets. Ibid. Twelve hundred r. One hundred. Lib. 5. p. 148 v. 109. rov'd r. row'd. p. 151. v. 241. Whom r. Who. v. 245. r. endu'd. p. 154. 359. Chance r. Change. p. 155. v. 381. r. frightened Parents. v. 401. r. Ré-verse. p. 156. v. 428. he r. they. v. 429. r. resolve. p. 160. v. 599. this r. that's. p. 163. v. 708. she r. the. p. 164. v. 733. nor r. not. p. 164. v. 764. prov'd r. mov'd. p. 165. v. 794 the r. your. Lib. 6. p. 187. v. 122. r. soft signs of pity. v. 147. r. State wou'd better. p. 189. v. 215. those r. show. p. 192. v. 316. r. nights. v. 319. dele the. v. 322. in les then r. are scarcely v. 332. divide r. derive. p. 205. v. 855. oner on. p. 209. v. 1020. with r. wish. p. 210. v. 1053. the r. their. p. 226. v. 436. Meliter r. Methter. v. 452. r. near Samos. p. 231. v. 740. dele Taurus. v. 835. r. in his time S. Paul wou'd. Lib. 7. p. 238. v. 94. hear r. fear. p. 234. v. 151. unfashion'd r. unfathom'd. p. 240. v. 418. Dublets r. double. p. 248. v. 746. of r. I'll. p. 257. v. 467. a thousand Towns r. thousands of the. Lib. 8. p. 269. v. 308. world r. word. p. 276. v. 586. Elysian r. Eteian. p. 277. v. 655. mountains r. mansions. p. 282. v. 840. learn'd r. Scorn'd. p. 289. v. 621. r. or give it unconsecrated. Lib. 9. p. 292. v. 46. the r. in. p. 311. v. 783. angles r. axles. p. 315. v. 330. Sword r. Blood. p. 317. v. 727. Circumstances r. Proof. Lib. 10. p. 329. v. 301. Regions r. Legions. p. 335. v. 539. faith'ul r. faithles. v. 569. Was r. Has. p. 343. v. 865. the r. ye.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE First BOOK.

THE Proposition. *The Invocation. Our Saviour's Ascent on Mount Tabor, with his three Disciples; whence they take a View of the Country about it. The Transfiguration. After which our Saviour descends from the Mount; and after having foretold his Passion, going through Galilee approaches Jerusalem. And, in his Passage thither over Mount Olivet, raises Lazarus from the dead: Then being invited by Simon the Leper to a Feast, in whose House the Destruction of Sodom is described on a Suit of Hangings; Mary Magdalen there anoints his Feet. The next day he descends to Jerusalem, and makes his triumphant Entry into the City, attended by vast Crouds of People, bearing Palms, and singing Hosanna's. Whence he retires in the Evening to Mount Olivet; which is described, with the Country about it. The Description of the Garden near Gethsemane, and our Saviours usual Employment there. A Digression concerning Divine Love, and virtuous Friendship. A Character of the three Disciples, Peter, James, and John. Their Descent from the Mount to Jerusalem; where in the Temple, they are met by Joseph of Arimathea, who formerly, in the Country, had seen many of our Saviour's Miracles. Hence he takes 'em with him to his pleasant Garden on the side of Calvary; where being met by his Friends, Nicodemus and Gamaliel, they put them on a Discourse of our Saviour's Life and Miracles. Which ends the First Book.*

THE

I

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A N
Heroic Poem.

BOOK I.



Sing the *Man* who reigns enthron'd on Proposition.
high; 1 Eph. 20.

* I sing the *God*, who not disdain'd to *dye*: 21.
Him, whom each *modest Seraph* trembling Phil. 2. 6,8.
A&S 20. 28.
sings,

The most *afflicted*, yet the best of *Kings*:
Who from th' *Eternal Father's* side came down,
Stript of his *Starry Diadem* and *Crown* ;
From *Satan's* *Chains*, to ransom *captive Men*,
And drive him to his own *sad Realms* agen.
What *Pain*, what *Labour* did he not endure,
To close our *Wounds*, and *Happiness* secure?

John 8. 42.
Rev. 12. 10.
Rev. 5. 9.

He still was doing *Good*, and let us see

^{1 Pet. 2. 21.} By his *Example*, what we ought to be:

Taught us a *perfect Law*, unknown before;

Did by his *Merits* the lost *World* restore,

^{1 Pet. 2. 24.} And gave his *Life*, when he could give no more:

Hence a *new Race* of *Times* and *Men* began,

And *happy Years* in decent Order ran:

Hence *Faith* and *Truth* agen to Earth return,

And lost *Astraea* we no longer mourn.

^{Mat. 20. 48.} So vast the Work, *Apostate Man* to save!

20

^{Mar. 10. 45.} So great the Price our dear *Redeemer* gave!

^{1 Cor. 6. 20.}

Nor will he his *propitious Aid* refuse,

The same my *God*, my *Hero* and my *Muse*,

Who sing his *Life*; a *Work* immense and rare,

Too heavy for an *Angel's strength* to bear:

The mighty *Masters* of the tuneful *Throng*,

Whose numerous *Souls* are struck with *sacred Song*,

Whose *Names* the *World* out-last, the *Sun* out-shine,

Immortal *Cowley*, *Herbert* all divine *

Beheld the *weighty Task*, but durst not stay,

And wisely shrunk their *conscious Arms* away:

How then shall I, a *nameless Thing*, presume,

Unmark'd, unknown, to fill their *sacred room*;

Sunk in the *useless Crowd* by *Birth* and *Fate*,

Sunk lower by *unequal Fortune's Weight*?

30

Invocation.

O Thou, whose Word this *ALL* of nothing made,

And when thou hadst each *beauteous Scene survey'd*,

^{Gen. 1.4,10.} Pronounc'd it *Good*; Let thy kind *Spirit* shine

^{12, 18, 21.} Through every part of this *New World* of mine!

^{25, 31.} Both *Light* and *Being* by thy *FIAT* give,

^{33.} And This through *Thee*, as long as *Thine* shall live!

40

Two *Worlds* already did our *LORD* confels,

And sure the *Third*, his *Own*, could do no less:

Glad *Earth* and trembling *Hell* just *Witness* gave,

^{Mat. 21. 9.} These to *subdue*, and those he came to *save*:

^{Mark 11. 9.} His ransom'd *Subjects* loud *Hosanna's* sing,

^{Luk. 19. 38.} John 12. 13. His *Rebels* fled, and knew their angry *King*:

^{Mat. 8. 18.} Mark 5. 7. Already he in Desarts wast and wild

^{Luke 8. 27.} &c. In God-like *Innocence* severely mild,

^{Mat. 1. 10.} Had met the *Tyrant* of the *Realms* below,

^{11.}

50

And

And conquer'd Hand to Hand the mighty Foe :
Cursing he fled , as when transfix'd he fell,
With all the doubled Spite and Rage of Hell :
Heav'n does at last in its own Cause appear ;
The strongest Forces must maintain the Rear :
Th' Inhabitants of those bright Realms of Day,
Must Homage to their mighty Master pay ,
Tho' veil'd in humble Robes of Mortal Clay :

Tabor the Place to prove his Mission true,

60 Where Heav'n and Earth must have an Interview :

That Mount of God, as Sinai long before,
The upper Worlds whole Weight descending bore :
Lovely it look'd like some Divine Abode ,
All beauteous as the Paradise of God :
Steep is th' Ascent, but when the Top you gain,
It more than recompences all your Pain ,
Presenting the pleas'd Eye an even Plain ;
And underneath, around the spacious Coast
The noblest Prospect Jury's Land can boast :

Mount Tabor describ'd.

Exod. 19. 20.

70 If East inclin'd to North you cast your Eye,
* Royal Tiberias thence with Ease you'll spy ,
Whose wealthy Citizens their pleasure take
In numerous Boats upon the neighb'ring Lake ;
While Ships of greater Bulk with decent Pride
Their Penons waving, Sails extended wide ,
Traverse its length, or run from side to side :
Beyond whose Eastern bounds far off you see
With pleasant Horror Stony Arabie :
Kishon to South, whose Banks new Waters fill ,

80 When past by Western Hermon's gentle Hill :
A noble River now , tho' not so large
As when the Stars on Israel's side did charge ;
When o'r its Crimson Waves , a ghastly throng ,
Bodies and Shields and Helms promiscuous roll'd along :
From thence 'twixt West and North it onward goes ,
And near the Walls of little Naim flows ,
Whence Carmel's Mount and Grove its Waves entice
To add new Beauties to that Paradise :
Where when the Prophet Baal's curst Priests did slay ,

Judg. 5: 20.
21.

90 It wash'd their Blood, and Israel's Stain away :

1 Kings 18.
40.

Both hurry'd swift to the great *Western Flood*; *
 Within whose *Arms*, more *North*, rich *Tyrus* stood;
 Her *Walls* so strong, nor *Sea*, nor *Land* they fear:
 And farther on, her Sister *Sidon* near,
Under fair Libanus you might descry
 Where *Clouds* at once and *that* obstruct your *Eye*:
 Thence back to *South* direct your *Sight* again,
 You'll *Jezreel* see, and rich *Megiddo's* Plain:

^{1 Kings 21.} Proud *Jezreel*, where unhappy *Naboth* fell, *
^{6, 7, &c.} Whose guiltless *Blood* cost that of *Jezebel*.

100

To this fair *Mount* did our blest *Lord* ascend; }
^{Mat. 17. 1.} Three *Witnesses* must thither him attend, }
^{2, &c.} Two, destin'd *Martyrs*, and the third his *Friend*; }
^{&c.} *Zebedee's* happy *Sons*, whose mighty *Name* }
^{Luke 19. 28.} From awful *Thunder*, scarce more *active*, came; }
^{&c.} *Cephas* before 'em both in *Zeal* and *Fame*: }
 These with his more *peculiar Favour* blest,
 He with him takes, and leaves beneath the rest.

Scarce had the cheerful *Harbinger of Day*
 Clapt his bright *Wings* and warn'd the *Shades* away,
 E'r our still watchful Saviour, who denies
 The *Sun*, his *shade*, before himself should rise,
 Had conquer'd *Tabor's* hoary top, and there
 Yet higher mounts in ardent *Hymns* and *Pray'r*:
 No *earthly Thought*, no *sublunary thing*
 Could clog his tow'ring-Souls Seraphic Wing:
 He pass'd through all the glittering *Guards* on high,
 Who staid their *Songs*, and *bow'd* as he went by;
 Nor stop'd but at his *Father's* radiant Throne,
 "The great *Three-One* — * 110

He *ask'd* and had, and *beckon'd* thence away,
 (Gladly all *Heav'n* his lov'd *Commands* obey:)
 Two of the brightest *Saints* which fill the *Place*
 Ay-gazing on the *Beatifick Face*:

That faithful *Leader* of the chosen *Band*
 Who Nature sway'd with his *Almighty Wand*; *
 Whom quaking *Sinai* shew'd so much before,
^{Exod. 19. 18.} That *Heav'n* it self could hardly now do more:
^{Heb. 12. 18.} And him who on the glorious *Wings* of Morn
^{2 Kings 2.} In a bright wondrous *Car* to *Bliss* was born;

120

Whose

130

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Book I. Pag:5.

The TRANFIGURATION.

*MAT. V.
MARK
LUKE*

On Mount TABOR.

Whose Soul of Flames as *pure* as *warm* was made,
As those which him to his *Reward* convey'd :

E L I A S, who to *Heav'n* triumphing rode,

* *M O S E S*, expiring with the *Kiss of God*:

* Thus *Law* and *Prophets* their Perfection find

In him, the *Hope*, the *Price* of lost Mankind :

Meeker than *Moses*, whilst his *Zeal* flam'd higher,

Than his who shew'd the *Way* to Bliss in *Fire*:

Upon the shivering *Mountain's Brow* they walk'd,

140 And things *unutterable* look'd and talk'd :

* Talk'd of his wondrous *Passion*, wondrous *Love* ;

A *Riddle* pos'd the very *Blest* above :

They knew their *L O R D* so long *enthron'd* on high,

They knew he *must*, yet knew he could not die ;

The *Light* of *Light* hymn'd by the *Heav'nly Quire*,

The *Coessential Son* of his *Almighty Sire*.

Mat. 17. 1.

to 9.

Mark 29. 2.

to 8.

Luke 9. 28.

to 36.

While thus new *Mysteries* they still discern'd,

And more than *Heav'n* it self could teach them, *learn'd*,

Dull Slumbers the three *Witnesses* surprise,

150 And heavy shameful *Sloth* fast seal'd their Eyes :

Luke 9. 32.

With their short *Vigils* tir'd, *supine* they lay,

Till them their Master turning did *survey* ;

From his lov'd *Face* he shot a *piercing Beam*,

Which rous'd them all from their inglorious *Dream* ;

They *gaz'd* a while, but found the *Scene* too bright,

And fled again th' *insufferable Light*.

Thus, when at the last dreadful hour of *Doom*

Th' *Arch-Angel's Trump* shall wake each *silent Tomb* ;

When *God's Pavilion* in the *Clouds* is spred,

160 Keen *Rays* of *Lightning* wreath'd around his *Head* ;

O'rburthen'd *Nature* at the sight would fly,

Again would be *entomb'd*, again would die.

But now our Lord his *Glories* part repress'd,

And mildly *veils* and *mitigates* the rest :

Again they look'd ; what wond'rous things they saw ?

Not they themselves the shining *Scene* could draw,

If yet alive—What *Glory* and what *Grace* !

Daz'ling his *Form*, ineffable his *Face* :

That *Prophet's* who from trembling *Sinai* came,

170 Was dress'd in a far less *Illustrious Flame* ;

Exod. 34. 35.

The

The Sun shrunk back his Head but newly shewn,
Eclips'd with stronger Splendor than his own :
 Like those eternal Youths which ever dwell
 Near Light's and Beauty's unexhausted Well :
 Young Cherubs look thus glittering and thus gay, }
 Adorn'd in all their festal Robes, when they }
 Some mighty Message to the World convey : }
 His seamless Robe than new fall'n Snow more white,*
 One radiant Pillar all of sparkling Light :
 Far did it Mortal Art's best strokes outshine,
 All o'r the Workmanship of Hands Divine :
 But Heav'ny things we to base Earth compare,
 So Night like Day, Shades like the Sun are fair :
 So the bold Painter's Art pretends to show
 Beauteous as those above, feign'd Clouds below.

Next him the two great Prophets them surprise
 With modest Glories, only less than his :
 Such as the twinkling Stars clear Silver Ray
 To th' stronger Lustre of the Golden Day.

An Heav'ny Joy seiz'd each Disciple's Breast,
 Too big or to be stifl'd or exprest :
 Reason at Revelation must expire ;
 What wonder if the Sun should damp the Fire ?

Thus when young Prophets have a Vision seen,
 Or labour with th' unequal God within ;
 With sacred Rage inspir'd they're now no more
 Mild, calm and peaceful as they were before :
 New Wildness in their Looks and Eyes we find,
 And ev'ry Mark of a disorder'd Mind ;
 Nature does then beyond it self appear ;
 Thus Cephas look'd, thus the blest Pair look'd here :
 All that they knew was Pleasure mixt with Pain,
 All that they fear'd was losing it again :
 When Cephas thus — “ Dread Master, if we e'r
 “ Were thy peculiar Love, and tend'rest Care,
 “ In this blest Place for ever let us stay,
 “ Rather than Us, O take our Lives away !
 “ Three humble Tabernacles soon we'll rear
 “ For Thee, and these Illustrious Strangers here :
 “ Nor has ev'n God himself disdain'd to dwell

180

190

200

210

“ In

The Life of CHRIST.

7

"In the poor Tents of his lov'd Israel.

Exod. 11.18.

34.

Scarce from his Lips, the last swift Accent flies
E're still new Scenes of Miracles arise!

For lo! a Cloud wafts through th' enlight'ned Air,
Those which a Summer Ev'ning dress, less fair;
A wond'rrous Cloud, the Morn it self less bright,
Wove from the finest Threads of Heav'nly Light:

Mat. 17. 5.

Mark 9. 7.

Luke 9. 34.

Such as far off in those blest Regions stray,
Where God's high Throne scatters eternal Day:

220 Such that strange Cloud that made the World's first Morn, Gen. 1. 3.
Before the Stars or Sun itself was born:

Exod. 13.21.

That Pillar such which did from Egypt come,
And piloted the chosen Nations home;

From Earth to Heav'n did its broad Top aspire,
Miraculous Mixture! 'twas both Shade and Fire:
And lo, it comes, and lo, they strive in vain;
Their fault'ring Knees their Bodies can't sustain:
Celestial Lustre ev'n through Clouds survey'd
Must sink the strongest Frame of Matter made.

230 Blunted with Wonders and exhausted all

Their Spirits forsake their Task—so down they fall;
So down they fall, dissolv'd in reverend Fear;
But first a Voice, an awful Voice they hear,
The Voice of God, in Thunder drest no more,
As when he stoop'd on Sinai heretofore;
Thunder and Darkness then the World did fright,
But now the Voice is calm, the Cloud is bright:
"Th' Eternal Father, First o'th' great Three-One
"Mildly attesting his Eternal Son;

240 "Whate'er he spake, not Truth it self more clear,

"Commanding them and all the World to hear:

They hear, but dare not him who speaks it meet,

So down they fall; and kis their Masters Feet:

Nor long his kind and speedy Succour stays;

He touch'd, whose very Touch the Dead can raise,

Their lifeless Limbs, and him they rising praise:

Around they look'd, but could no more descry

That Heav'nly Pair, whose happy Company

They late enjoy'd, return'd to Bliss, to show

250 To those above, what they had learn'd below:

Thus

Thus *Holy Souls* from *dregs* of *Sin* refin'd,
 Whose *Frames* are little less than *perfect Mind*,
 Whose *Converse* and *Acquaintance* with the *Blest*
 Commences here, and half their *Heav'n's* possest :
 Thus, when to these through *Sleeps* thin *Curtains* shine
Angelic Essences, and *Forms Divine*,
 They sighing wake, and clasp the *empty Air* ; }
 Thus *Cephas*, thus the *Zebedean Pair*,
 And would have *griev'd*, had not our *Lord* been there ; }
 Who, free from worldly *Glories* vain desire,
 Unwarm'd at fond *Ambition's* foolish *Fire*,
 What they had seen commands 'em to *conceal*,
 Nor to the World those *sacred Truths* reveal,
 Till, when he conquer'd *Death*, and broke its *Chain*,
 That *Faith* to this, as this to that might gain.

260

Wond'ring they long revolv'd his deep intent,
 Nor fathom'd what those *strange Expressions* meant :
 How can he suffer sad *Rebuke* or *Pain*,
 How can he either *dye* or *rise* again ?
 With a kind *Doubt* they these *sad Truths* receive : } 279
 And what they *must* fain would they *not* believe :
 Till quitting *Tabor* he the same exprest
 To those beneath, with the same *Griefs* opprest :
 His *Pains*, his *Wounds*, and that sad *Scene of Woe*
 He for th'ungrateful *World* must undergo :
 How he must enter *Death's* uneasy *Gate*,
 The *Son of Man* must suffer *mortal Fate* :
 How then the *Son of God* must break the *Chain*
 And on the third glad *Morning* rise again.

279

Deep was the *Sorrow* seiz'd each *Loyal Breast*, } 280
 When *Truths* so terrible their *Lord* express'd :
 All gladly, if they dur'd, would him *reprove*,
 As *Cephas* did with his too forward *Love* :
 Mat. 16. 23. Mar. 8. 33. Mistaken men ! your kindness soars too high ;
 Or *He*, or you and all the *World* must die :
 Eph. 1. 4. 1 Pet. 1. 20. He knew the fatal *Price* that must be paid
 Long long before the *World's Foundations* laid ;
 Rev. 13. 8. He knew the *Hour*, and thither did proceed,
 Where *He*, th' atoning *Lamb*, must mildly bleed ;
 To proud *Jerusalem*, out-stretching high

280

Her

290

- Her lofty *Turrets*, glitt'ring in the Sky ;
Charg'd with so many a *Prophet's* Blood before
The Guilt of *his* could only sink 'em more.
Through *Galilee's* wild Coasts his *Progress* takes,
But *unproclaim'd* and silent Journeys makes :
In vain, alas, he strives to be *conceal'd*,
He's like the *Sun* by his own *Rays* reveal'd :
See where from far the *crowding Regions* meet,
And cast th' *infirm* and *desp'rare* at his feet !
- 300 Where these from old *Bethabara* they bring,
And these from Father *Jordan's* double Spring :
Nor *Devils* nor *Diseases* longer stay,
When warn'd by his Almighty Voice away.
The *Lame* their Feet without their Crutches find,
* His *Word*, as to the *World*, gives Light to th' *Blind*,
Such *Light* as cheers at once their *Eyes* and *Mind*.
What *Angel's Eloquence* cou'd equal prove
To all the *Wonders* of his *Pow'r* and *Love* ?
- How oft, with the long *Days* *fatigues* opprest,
310 His *Works* the *God*, his *pain* the *Man* confess,
His toilsom *Labour* call'd for gentle *rest* ?
Oft least *officious Crowds* shou'd him *surprise*,
He from the *Sea* seeks what the *Land* denies,
In a *small Boat* of fair *Béthaida's* Town
* Which *Zebedee* and faithful *Cephas* own :
These, once when length'ning *Shadows* warn'd away
From the dim *Heav'n* the *dying Lamp* of *Day*
He bids forsake the *Galilean Shore*,
And with his *faithful Household* waft him o'r
- 320 * For *Gadara's* strong *Turrets*, rais'd so high
As *Heav'n* and *Earth*, they'd both at once *defy* :
They *lancht*, whilst he his *humble Cabin* takes
And *sleeps*, tho' all his *Guard* of *Angels* wakes :
When strait a thick *black mist* began to rise
Still dark'ning more and more the *disappearing Skies* :
Old *Zebedee* by long experience, wise,
When first intent he view'd the thick'ning *Air*,
Calls up his *Mates*, and bids for *Storms* prepare ;
He to the *Helm*, he knew to *guide* it best,
- 330 And to their well known *Quarters* all the rest :

Nor needless was his *Caution* or their *Hast*,
 With one black *Mantle* strait all *Heav'n's o'rcast* :
 Whether the *Enemy* assay'd in vain,
 What he had lost at *Land*, at *Sea* to gain ;
 Or hop'd he by *surprizal* might prevail,
 Where by *fair Force* he durst no more *assail* :

- Mark 4. 38. Or whether *Nature* only sent the *Storm*
 T'experience what her *Master* cou'd perform ;
 Suffer'd by him whose Word can *Storms* remove,
 To shew his God-like *Pow'r*, and God-like *Love* :
 But whether it from *Nature's Storehouse* fell,
 Or issu'd from the *baleful Caves* of Hell ;
 Still more and more its *threatning Rage* prevails,
 And from the *Mast* soon rends the *Paper-Sails* :
 The *Dead-Sea* roars , and sulph'rous *Vapours* come * 340
 In rolling *Flames*, from its *Infernal Womb*,
 From Regions wide away loud *Ruine* bear ,
 As gathering *Thunders* bellow round the *Air*.
 Old *Jordan* hears, its *Water's* backward run
 (As thrice before) the fatal Shock to shun, * 350
 Against the *Stream* rolls in th' *unnatural Tide*,
 And *should'ring Seas* upon each other ride :
Wind against *Wind*, *Floods* dashing *Floods* arise,
 One *Whirlpool* all the *Waves*, one *Whirl-wind* all the *Skies* :
 Cold *sleet* from every *Quarter* driving comes,
 And *Fear* as much each trembling *Hand* benums :
 While from the *Hollow* of a dreadful Cloud, 360
 Fates angry *Messengers* for passage crowd ,
 And o'r *affrighted Mortals* roar aloud :
 Broad *Sheets* of ghastly *Flame* from thence are sent
 Discovering either *wrathful Element*,
 Whose *Horrors* strike their Eyes with cruel *Light*,
 Thro' the dire *Chasms* of interrupted *Night* :
 They saw the boyling *Deep* roll wide away,
 While *Nature's* secret *Chambers* open lay :
 So vast the *Gulph*, it shew'd a *horrid Shore*,
 And *Rocks* and *Sands* and *Paths* unknown before ;
 Aloft black low'ring *Worlds* of *Water* rave,
 And *greedy Death* broods o'r each threat'ning *Wave*,
 Thither on *Surges tumultuous* they rise,

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350

360

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And



Book I. Pag: 10. The Tempest on the Dead Sea or Lake of Tiberias. ^{No. 8}

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And hang on Pyramids, amidst the Skies.

Whence they look down on *Fate*, which will not stay,
But on the next *curl'd Billow* hastens away;

Nor more his *Art* can the wise *Steersman* show,

The *Helm* is gone, and the next *staggering blow*

Drives in some treach'rous *Plank*, and down they go:

Half fill'd with *Waves*, they on their *Master* think,

One dreadful Cry they make—*We sink! we sink!*

All pray'd, but *Judas* most, and dreading *Fate*,

380 Invoke the Saviour's *Aid*, if that not now too late.

He *rose*, he came, he hear'd their *gasping crys*,

He came with *Love* and *Pity* in his *Eyes*.

Chid the mad *Waves*, rebuk'd the blust'ring *Wind*;

These gently roll, that murmurs *soft* and *kind*,

The *Billows* sink, not into a *Gulph*, but *Plain*,

And mild *Etesian Whispers* on the *Main*:

All in a moment hush't and quiet laid,

Still'd by his *Word*, as when the *World* he made:

When *Sooty Waves* did first thro' *Chaos* roar,

390 Whose *turbid motion* knew no *rest* nor *shore*:

Till the *Almighty Word* its *Bosom* prest,

And hovering o'r *dispos'd* to gentle *rest*,

With a *fair Birth* thence did it pregnant prove,

* And *Light* was born to *Chaos* and to *Love*.

Thus here — when reaching strait the *wiſht-for shore*,

All trembling kneel, and their dread Lord *adore*.

Soon known the guilty *Dæmons* shun his sight,

And sink, confessing, down to conscious *Night*:

Yet more illustrious Wonders him attend,

400 When *last* to *Salem* he his *steps* did bend,

The *Sun* looks biggest near his *Journeys end*:

For now, o'r *lofty Olivet* they go,

And see far off the *clust'ring Town* below:

Descending thence, among the *Trees* they spy

Thy happy *Walls*, delightful *Bethany*!

A *Villa* where good *Lazarus* was Lord,

And often at his *Hospitable Board*,

With *Plenty* and with *Welcom* spred did see

* Our Saviour and his *faithful Family*.

410 Nor cou'd they pass his *Gates*, invited in

* By *Martha* and *repenting Magdalen*:
Wife Martha still kept *home*, and safer there
Her Brother's Household made her *humble Care*.
Fair Magdalena had at *Court* been *bred*,
On Pleasures downy *Pillows* laid her *Head* ;
There found her Virtue but a weak *Defence*,
And lost her Fame, and lost her *Innocence*.
Her Soul by *Vanity* and *Pride* possest,
And many a blacker foul Infernal Guest ; }
All which our Saviour's Word expell'd her Breast. } 430

7. Devils.

Each Hell-bred Fiend at once he chas'd away,
Chas'd all the ugly Mists, and let in *Day* ;
By a severe Repentance did restore,
And made her Soul far *brighter* than before :
Thus an illustrious Penitent she prov'd,
And much she pray'd, and much she *wept* and *lov'd* :
To Bethany then back did *grieving* come,
By her kind Brother gladly *welcom'd* home ;

Who now, beneath a *Fever's* mortal Rage,
Beyond the feeble power of *Art* t' asswage,
For Life, just gasping lay ; and by his *Bed*
The pos'd Physician sadly shakes his *Head*,
Thence with slow steps in *silence* walks to th' *door*,
Gives him for gone, his *Skill* can do no *more* :
Tho' first with Grief confus'd and *hurry'd* all,
Their absent Guest at length to mind they call ;
To him in hast a *Messenger* they send,
To come, if not too late, and *save* his *Friend*,
Him whom he lov'd. He bids 'em not despair,
“*There was no danger*, and he'd soon be there:

John 11. 6.

But whilst he in the *neighb'ring Regions* staid
And from his gasping Friend his help delaid,
His Soul from *mortal Misery* was fled,
And his cold Corps entomb'd among the dead ;
The Funeral Pomp t' his *widow'd House* return,
And his sad Sister's Loss condole and mourn :
While deeply they remain'd lamenting here,
Tidings at length were brought, our *Lord* was near :
The Sisters rise their *God-like Guest* to meet,
And prostrate thrown with tears embrace his *Feet*,

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And

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Book I. Pag: 13.

Iv:n

The Resurrection of Lazarus.

603 And tho' they cannot doubt his Love or Care,
Both join in this——
“ Their Brother had not dy'd, had he been there.
The Jews, who the two Mourners still attend,
So good a Neighbour, and so kind a Friend
Justly lament, all his good Actions tell,
And own there's few that liv'd or dy'd so well :
With such a general Tide of Grief opprest,
Our Saviour groan'd and wept among the rest :

John 11.35.

470 He own'd himself a Man, his Passions mov'd
Like ours, he wept the Loss of what he lov'd :
Agen he wept, agen did inly groan :
When at the Grave arriv'd, a pond'rous Stone
After the antient Rite its Mouth secur'd,
(The Body in a spacious Vault immur'd)
This Jesus bids remove, when Martha cry'd,
“ 'Tis now so long, dear Master, since he dy'd,
Such putrid Steams must needs infect the Air,
“ As neither these, nor you his Friend can bear :

480 To whom our Lord——“ Believe and Wonders see,
“ Believe and leave the rest to Heav'n and Me.
The Stone remov'd, to Heav'n he lifts his Eyes,
And prays a while, then bids his Friend, Arise !
Tho' dead, the Son of God's dread Voice he knows,
Tho' dead, at his Almighty Voice he rose ;
A Shout th' Croud amaz'd around 'em gives,
“ Dread Son of God, they cry, he lives, he lives !
Upon his Neck the ravish'd Sisters fell,
And almost need another Miracle,

490 Them from their furious Transports to revive,
Half dead with Joy, that he's agen alive.
Nor here would our meek Saviour longer stay,
But from the faithless Croud withdraws away ;
Withdraws the Elders Envy to repress,
And shelters in the lonely Wilderness.
In doing good his happy hours he spent,
and scatter'd Miracles where e'r he went :
Here liv'd retir'd, till the great Pasch was nigh,
When he, th'immaculate Lamb, was doom'd to die.

John 11.54.

Then mildly back returns, devoted still
 To do or suffer his great Father's Will.
 Descending from the Olive-bearing Hill.
 Rich Simon him accosts ; nor long before
 Our Lord did him to humane Sight restore,
 A frightful Leper he, recluse remain'd,
 Till by his Word he Health and Ease regain'd.
 On his Estate now splendid lives , and great,
 Near Bethany his fair Paternal Seat :
 Nor has he yet forgot how much he ows,
 But due Respect t' his great Physician shows.
 Him passing near, he gently did arrest,
 And tells him, he that Night must be his Guest,
 Since he a little Banquet did prepare,
 And Laz'rus and his Sisters would be there,
 He and his Twelve : Nor did our Lord deny
 His hospitable Wish to gratifie.
 Never morose or supercilious he ;
 His Converse always open was and free ;
 Life's moderate Pleasures tafts, if in his way,
 If not, could as content, without e'm stay.
 In a cool Summer Parlor all they found
 Prepar'd, rich Tyrian Carpets spread the Ground,
 Hangings as rich adorn'd the stately Room,
 The dear-bought Work of Sidon's noble Loom :
 On which, whilst on the Couch good Simon plac'd
 Our Lord and his, unsatisfi'd they gaz'd,
 Which Sodom's Fate inscrib'd so lively bore,*

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Gen. 19. 24. It look'd almost as dreadf'l as before :
 The Workman's Art did here so happy prove,
 You'd think the very Figures weep and move :
 And there so plain the flaming Cities show,
 Spectators fear, lest they should Statues grow ;
 Like Lot's Apostate Wife — See where she stands,
 And backward throws her longing Eyes and Hands !
 Her Eyes and Hands, from whence warm Life was fled,
 These with a careleſs stroke left pale and dead.
 That Cheek that's nearest fresh and ruddy shows,
 T' other, as seems, each moment paler grows.
 Her Hair part hast'ning Fate did slowly bind,

530

And

- 530 And part still faintly waver'd in the Wind :
One Foot seems rais'd, as thence its Load 'twould bear,
But t' other, like a Statue's rooted there :
Just half transform'd, as yet an equal Strife
Betwixt Death's chilling Frost and strugling Life :
'Till by degrees she seem'd of Sense bereft,
And still the more you look'd, the less was left ;
Yet in her Face, Fear, Anger, Pity strive,
As skilful Artists make their Marble live :
Not far before the good old Man appears,
540 Thence by his Angels hasten'd, and his Fears ;
The small Remains of Sodom with him bears,
And moistens with his Tears his Silver Hairs :
See him scarce reach'd to little Zoar's Walls,
When from black Clouds the ruddy Vengeance falls :
(Big drops of flaming Gold profusely spent
To th' Life the fatal Show'r did represent :)
See where the curst Inhabitants look pale,
As down it drives on Siddim's guilty Vale !
See where with fearful Shrieks they pierce the Sky !
550 Almost you'd think you heard the wretched Cry
For what they long despis'd ; now all too late,
Deep swallow'd in inevitable Fate.
Next see old Jordan from above prepare
With Silver Streams, (true Silver Streams they were)
To wash their Walls ; but when he heard the News,
As fain he would the hated Task refuse,
See where a while his Fate and theirs he shuns,
* And bending back by strong Macherus runs !
His Fate in vain he shuns by this short stay, }
560 Relapsing through the Vale he glides away, }
* And makes a black uncomfortable Bay :
Here wand'ring Birds above forget to fly,
And there the glitt'ring Fishes floating lie, }
Choak'd with Sulphureous Fumes they gasp and die : }
The Fields around, the Regions of Despair ;
No Beast durst graze, no Shrub or Herb grew there :
Above, these Words —
Writ in the antient Hebrew Character :
“ Learn, Mortals hence, to dread the Immortal's Ite !

Gen. 19.

“ Here

"Here fiery *Lust* was purg'd with hotter *Fire*.

570

Here gaz'd they till good *Lazarus* was come
With his fair *Sisters* to the *festal room*;

When thence their *Eyes* unwillingly they take,
And from the pleasant *Ecstasie* awake :

The twice-born Youth a low *Obeisance* made,
And for his *Life* his *Thanks* devoutly paid :

Now on their *Seats* are plac'd each cheerful *Guest*,

All but wise *Martha*, who directs the *Feast*,
And *Magdal'en*, who fell with *Sighs* profound

And plenteous *Tears* effus'd upon the ground,
At *Jesus* feet ; that *Place* she'd have or none,

Unworthy ev'n of that herself must own :

A Viol of rich *Essence* with her brings,

Which once she thought a *Ransom* ev'n for Kings,

When 'twas her *Life*, her *Heav'n* to charm and please,
Dissolv'd in lawless *Luxury* and *Ease* :

This o'r his *Feet* she breaks, thence crowding pour

Of precious *Drops* a rich, a fragrant *Show'r* ;

Which with inestimable *Sweets* perfume

And scatter all *Arabia* round the *Room* :

590

Then her bright *Hair*, which oft in *Curls* displaid,

At once had *Nets* and *Chains* for Lovers made,

She better now employs, whilst from her *Eyes*

Profusely *wash't*, with that his *Feet* she dries :

Some murmur'ing cry , this *Cost* had been employ'd

To better use, it by the *Poor* enjoy'd ;

Iscariot chief, then did the *Fiend* begin

In his *base Soul* to scatter *Seeds* of *Sin* :

Not so our *Lord*, who with an equal mind

Declares, against his *Funeral* 'twas design'd :

And that this *liberal kindness* on him shwon,

Shou'd ever be to *after ages* known :

Trembling those *fatal Words* th' Apostles hear,

And deep agen revolve with anxious *Fear*.

600

That Night at pleasant *Bethany* they stay,

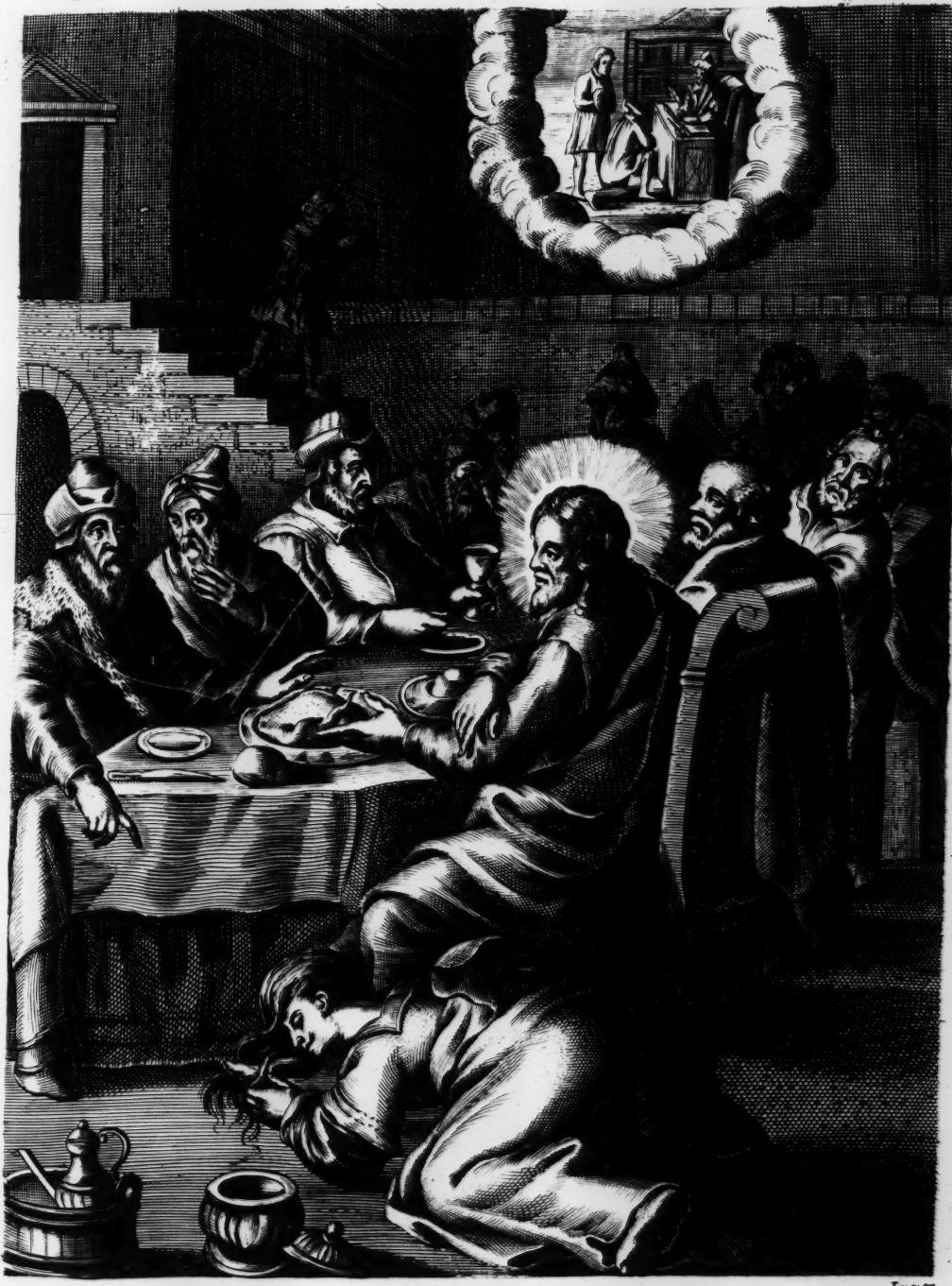
Waiting our *Lord*, who the succeeding day

T'wards the fair *Town* his careful *Footsteps* bends

At *Bethphage* met by Crowds of wond'ring *Friends*.

See there the hight to which he e'r aspir'd !

See



Luc. 7

Book I. Pag: 16.

Christ at Simon the Leper's House & Mary Magdalene
anointing his Feet.

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Book 1. pag: 17.

Mat: 21
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Luc: 19
Ite: 11

Christ riding to Jerusalem.

- 610 See there the highest *Pomp* he e'r desir'd !
No *Horse*, no *Chariot* him to *Court* must bring ;
But a mean *Ass*, bear Salem's *bumble King*.
See where the *giddy Crowd* just *Homage* pay,
With nat'r al *easie Pomp* prepare his way !
Branches and *Cloaths* through all his *Paths* are thrown,
Borro'wing the *Palms* fair Garments with their own :
* *Hosanna* all the Cry, *Hosanna* loud
Is now the *Breath* of all the *giddy Crowd*,
Which soon they'll change to a far *diff'rent Cry* ;
- 620 Soon their *Hosanna* will be *Crucifie* !
To him not hid, so well who all things knows,
His fickle *Friends*, and firm invet'rate *Foes* :
Who oft *unmov'd* had turn'd the *Leaves* of *Fate*,
Who meets *unmov'd* their *Flatt'ry* as their *Hate* ;
When all around hecwith a *Sigh* survey'd
Which in unpity'd *Dust* must soon be laid,
And his great *Father* to avert it, pray'd,
He back his *careful Steps* did thence convey
From the hoarse *Tumults* of the *Town* and *Day* ;
- 630 Behind, the *noisie Crowd* and *Streets* he leaves,
Him, *Night* approaching, *Bethany* receives ;
His humble *Couch* by *Innocence* prepar'd,
While his own *Menial Angels* mount the *Guard*.
What tho' all *Act*, tho' all pure *Mind* they be,
Scarce are they *earlier* at their *Hymns* than he.
An *Hill* there is, which fronts with decent *Pride*
Illustrious *Solyma*'s bright *Eastern* side :
With *Groves* of *Olives* crown'd, and thence did claim
From times unknown its everlasting *Name* ;
- 640 Whose three *Degrees* each other higher bear
Rivalling the three *Regions* of the *Air* ;
Whence those who to the third proud *Top* will go
May see the *City* and the *Clouds* below.
A lovely *Vale* creeps gently winding down
And fills the *Space* betwixt the *Hill* and *Town* ;
Or whose green *Breast* deceitful *Kidron* flows,
* A *Torrent* now, and now a *Brook* she shows ;
And when the *Earth* scorch'd by the *Dog-stars beams*
Most wants her *Moisture*, most she hides her *Streams*.

Zach. 9. 9.
Math. 21. 9.
John 12. 15.

(True Map of *worldly Joys*, so short their stay,
So imperceptibly they glide away.)

650

By *Chemosh* and by *Moloch* first it runs,

1 Kings 21. And the wise *Kings* disgraceful *Follies* shuns :

4, 5, 7. Weak'ned by *Age*, and by his *Wives* betray'd
Them first his *Idols*, then their *Gods* he made.

Due East from these a little *Villa* leaves,
Which flows with *Oil*, and thence its *Name* receives.

Gethsemane they call't, and by its side *

Full on the Edge o'th' Mountains *Second Pride*,
Lies a sweet *Garden*, pleasantly retir'd,

660

Not for large barren *Walks* and *Art* admir'd ;

No *Beauties* forc'd or *regular* appear,

A lovely charming *Wildness* revels here.

Brown *Walks* and *Allies* green around it ran,

Where *Nature* scorn'd to ask the Aid of *Man* ;

Where the rich *Olives* fruitful *Arbors* grow,

And *Physic*, *Food* and *Ease* at once bestow :

Or the triumphant *Palm*, for *Victors* made

Cross the sweet *Walks* projects its *lovely Shade*.

["Let others Lautels court, the *Palm* be mine,

670

" Which yields in barren *Wafts* both *Fruit* and *Wine* ;

" Which rises prest, whose faithful *Branches* bend

" O'r *Rocks* and *Floods* to meet its charming *Friend*.]

Here, while the *World* lay drown'd in *thoughtless Rest*,

Nor dreamt of *Joys* which *he* and *his possest*,

E'r *Heav'n*'s fair *Lamp* did o'r the *Hills* aspire

Powd'ring their *Silver Heads* with *Golden Fire*,

Drawn by *Celestial Love*'s far brighter *Flame*

He and his chosen *Twelve* not seldom came :

Celestial Love they think, they talk, they sing,

" And on the *Cherub-Contemplations Wing*

680

In *Joys* that *Earth* can neither *take* nor *give*

Eternal Love's bright *Face* they *see*, and *live*.

Love is pure *Art*, its *Task* is never done, *

This and the other *World*'s true *Soul* and *Sun* ;

Not that weak foolish *Fire* which rears its *Head*

In mortal *Breasts*, no sooner born than dead;

But immaterial, bright *Celestial Love*,

" Kindled on sight of those fair things above ;

Where

- 690 Where holy *Souls*, all made of *that* and *Fire*,
“Loud Praise incessant sing, and never tire.
But ev’n as our *dim Globe* immers’d in *Night*,
From dregs of *Chaos* made, first robb’d of *Light*,
Can yet reflect bright *beauteous Beams*, and send
Those *Rays* to *Heav’n*, which *Heav’n* at first did *lend* :
So *Love Divine*, whose *Circles* farther run
Than that eternal *Wanderer*, the *Sun*,
From yon, fair *Fund* of *Bliss*, fair Realms of Day
First throws its *Seeds* around our *humble Clay* :
- 700 How sweetly thence they *spring* ? how *kindly rise* ?
Claim their *high Birth*, and mean their *native Skies*,
Which *humbler* here, and *loftier* there we see ;
Smile in a *Flow’r*, and *flourish* in a *Tree*,
And lend sweet *Philomel* her pretty *Throat*,
Answer’d around by every *Rivals Note* ;
On *Bushes*, *Trees* and *Plains* their Voice they raise,
And teach forgetful *Man* his *Maker’s Praise*.
The *heav’ly Lark* from yon green *Turf* up-springs, }
How do I envy both her *Voice* and *Wings* ? }
- 710 Mounts like an *Angel*, like an *Angel sings* ;
But little *Weight* so little *Matter* bears,
Soft-wafted on her own *harmonious Airs* ;
From thence surveys at the first opening *Dawn*
Each smiling *Field*, and every gilded *Lawn* :
With her each *Soul* whom *heav’ly Ardors* please,
Shakes off base *Slumber* and inglorious *Ease* :
How *beauteous* the *Creation* now, how *bright* ?
Thus rose the *infant World* from old *Original Night*,
And thus look’d *Paradise* — .
- 720 Thus, clearest *Beam* ! that e’r on Earth did shine !
O loveliest *Efflux* of the *Light Divine* !
Thus didst thou all thy happy *Morns* improve,
Thou Height of *Heav’ly Power* and *Heav’ly Love* !
Whether tall *Tabor* stoop’d his Head to meet
And welcom thither thy *triumphant Feet* ;
Or thou by hollow *Kidron’s* tumbling *Spring*
Didst with thy faithful *Twelve* high *Anthems sing*,
Hymning th’ eternal *Father*, who look’d down
And his *wing’d Courtiers* sent their *Lord* to own,

Whilst all around th' attentive Angels hung
 Devouring ev'ry Accent of thy Tongue,
 And each blest Ode in a full Chorus sung.

730

Nor are, great King ! (thy mighty Conquests o'r,
 And thou receiv'd where high enthron'd before)
 Sweet Fields disdain'd, nor need the Man despair,
 Who early seeks ev'n yet to find thee there.

Yes, thou art here, my Master, thou art here !
 My busie Heart foretold my Love was near.
 Let Earth go where it will, I'll not repine,
 Nor can unhappy be , while Heav'n is mine.
 Forget not, if that Freedom won't offend,
 (O that he could deserve the Name !) your Friend.
 Divinest Saviour, of a spotless Maid,
 The spotless Son, your humblest Suppliant aid !
 Who, e'r the dappled Morn has drel'sd the Skies,
 To your blest Palace lifts his longing Eyes !

740

Whether in old Ferne's angry Seas, *

Near Mona Isle, or the blue Hebrides ;

Or from the Face of Men remov'd away,
 In a mean Cot compos'd of Reeds and Clay,
 Wasting in Sighs th' uncomfortable Day :
 Near where th' unhospitable Humber roars
 Devouring by degrees the neighb'ring Shores :
 Or by dear Mother Isis stretch'd along,
 Or Father Tame he twist the Sacred Song ;
 Which, if your Name eternity can give,
 Shall down to Twenty long long Ages live ?

750

Return, my Muse, and sacred Friendship sing !
 That most Divine, yet most forgotten Thing.

Shadow of Heav'nly Love ! which thou dost shew
 I'th' clearest Type that we have left below :

760

But where ? Ah where is that to th' Life exprest ?
 Unfusly'd, or by Vice or Interest ?

Where, if on Earth, but in our Saviour's Breast ?
 Then we were sure of Thee , tho' since unknown,
 Whether with him agen to Heav'n th' art flown ;
 In him, who far above all Mortals blest

John 13:23 Repos'd him soft on Love's and Friendship's Breast ;
 The lov'd Disciple, who his Soul might see,

And

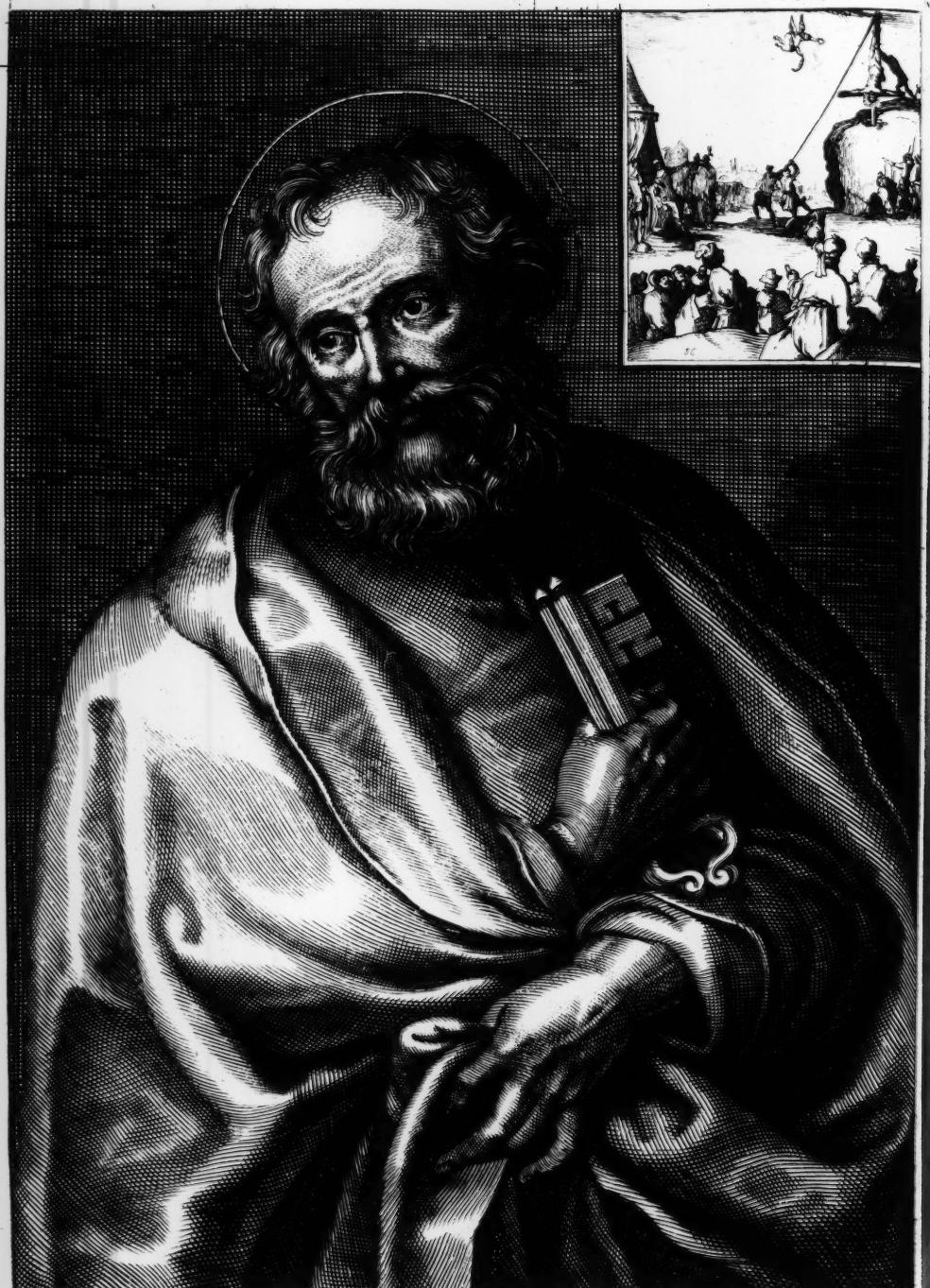
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S^t. JOHN:

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Book 1. pag: 21 N^o. 2.

S^t. PETRVS.

2

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Book 1. pag 21 N^o 3

S. IACOBVS MAIOR.

- 770 And knew his *Heart* almost as well *He*.
How closely knit? most *intimately* one,
Next the Eternal Father and his Son:
A *Cesar's* Title less my *Envy* moves,
Than to be styl'd the *Man whom Jesus loves*.
What *Charms*, what *Beauties* in his Face did shine,
Reflected ever from the *Face Divine*!
Love in his *Eyes*, *Love* in his *Face* and *Air*;
Scarce was the *Mind* within more *sweet* and *fair*.
Silent and deep as *Crystal Waters* flow,

780 Where *Noise* above *Shallows* are found below:

Love is not *loud*, and if he lets *express'd*,
Yet *Time* will tell h' has more than all the rest:
The Service for the *Loaves* he did not chuse,
He *Jesus* lov'd, and they the *King o'th' Jews*,
Who might their *Countries Enemies* disperse,
And triumph o'r the conquer'd *Universe*.
Of these the Chief did *zealous Cephas* hold,
Oft in his Masters Cause too *warmly bold*:

John 18.15,
19. 26.

Like hasty *Uzzah*, when it seem'd to nod,

790 His forward *Hand* would prop the *Ark of God*:

2 Sam. 6. 6.

Thus *Weakness* does *Devotion* oft supply,
And *Faith's* too low, when the *Pulse* beats too high.
Ting'd with the old *Traditions* of their Land,
The *holy Books* they could not understand.
How *bad* the *best* of men, how *dark* the *Mind*,
Where heav'nly *Truths* clear *Rays* have never shin'd!
Mildly our Saviour did their *Weakness* bear;

He knew ev'n his *Disciples*, *Mortals* were:

He knew 'twas *well-meant Zeal* had them betray'd,

800 And soon forgave those *Faults* which *Love* had made:

What if good *Cephas* warm and eager be?

None *dar'd*, none *did*, none *suffer'd* more than *He*:

So much his gracious *Master* him *approv'd*,

None but the *lov'd Disciple* more was *lov'd*,

Who, with his Brother *James*, of that *great Three*

Blest *Witnesses* of his *Divinity*,

Made the first Rank of *Worthies*, grac'd to stand

I'th' head of *David's Son's* immortal *Band*.

An active *Principle* inform'd their *Breast*,

2 Sam. 23.8,
&c.

The

The Love of Jesus would not let e'm rest. 810

Let Thirst of Glory meaner Souls inspire,

And haunt their Dreams ! these, nobler Things desire ;

Nor envy such as Bodies only bind,

While they in Truth's soft Chains secure the Mind.

Thus when their Hymns were o'r, and they came down

From Olivet to view the Sacred Town,

(Nor would their Master always private dwell,

Or rob the World t' enrich a lonely Cell,)

Like him, the only busines they design'd,

Was th' universal Good of all Mankind : 810

Their Charity no narrow limits pent,

Open and free, as Light or Element ;

And as their Lord himself did not disdain

The Sinner and the humble Publican,

So would their Conversation often be

With worse than both, the haughty Pharisee,

Vain, Supercilious, damning all beside,

Yet oft as full of ignorance as pride,

Oft did his Saint-like Face fowl lewdness hide : }

But, as some Tares mix with the purest Grain,

Their Heaps of Dross some Sparks of Gold contain :

Such as not obstinately clos'd their Eyes,

When the bright Sun of Righteousness did rise ;

Some glimm'rings in their Souls, some whispers there

Would Jesus the Messiah oft declare ;

Or, if their Infant-Faith but dawning be ,

They wish'd tho' they could scarce believe, 'twas He.

John 3.2. Weak Nicodemus, not his Saviour's sight *

Could make his bashful Faith endure the Light :

Ibid. Yet him a Teacher sent from God confess'd,

And gladly from his Lips wou'd learn the rest.

Gamaliel in the Sacred Pandects read,

By which a Life unblamable he led ;

Severely wise, and would known Truths receive,

But Truths well weigh'd, before he'd them believe :

Both in the Sanhedrim of Name and Note ;

Both us'd to sway the Senate's weighty Vote :

To these was Joseph joyn'd—

Joseph, for Wisdom and for Counsel fam'd,

830

840

Of

- 850 Of his fair Birth-place, antient Rama, nam'd :
Rama of old, but Time which changes all,
The Place does now Arimathea call,
Who near the Town had a convenient Seat,
Still and retir'd, 'twas pleasant all and neat,
Tho' not with pompous Statues proudly great : }
Nor poorly mean, but proper to supply
The wants of Nature, not of Luxury :
* There borrow'd Streams from Siloam's neighb'ring Well,
In artificial Showers rose and fell ;
- 860 With unknown Spring still blest'd the happy Ground,
And spread eternal Verdure all around.
* There antient Gilead's odoriferous Balm,
(Mixt with tall Cedar and triumphant Palm)
* Rich Balm, Judea's Native, frequent grows,
And with big fragrant Tears inestimably flows.
A few choice Friends, with modest Mirth and Wine,
* From Gaza's or Sarepta's noble Vine,
Here would he sometimes meet, and wear away
In no unactive Ease the scorching day :
- 870 Nor Vices fly Intrusion could they fear ;
Intemp'rance could not hope to enter here ;
For, as the wise Egyptians at their Feasts,
* Serv'd up a Skull before their cheerful Guests,
Around 'em they the same grave Objects see :
The Garden's on the side of Calvary,
Won from the Wast of Death, and wisely there
Good Joseph built himself a Sepulcher.
Who e'er like him is virtuous, wise and brave,
Dares to be cheerful, tho' he sees his Grave :
- 880 Who sees his Grave, all Thoughts must needs disdain,
Unworthy, Eternity to entertain.

Here Joseph did his happy Hours employ,
And, here himself, and here his Friends enjoy :
Their Conversation noble and refin'd,
Fit to divert and yet improve the Mind.
The Rules of Just and Right, their Weights and Bounds,
And fix'd eternal Truth's eternal Mounds ;
What known of God by Reason's darker Sight,
And what by Revelation's noon-day Light ;

Matth. 27:
60.
Mark 15:
46.

What

What of himself the divine Plato knew,
What from the sacred Hebrew Fountains drew ;
How short of their great Legislator came,
Who ev'n to Gentile Worlds extends his Name,
* By antient Orpheus sung ; —
What Rules of Life, couch'd in their Sacred Law,
What distant Truths their antient Seers saw,
Chiefly the promis'd Prince, so oft foretold
By all the Holy Oracles of old.

890

Vid. Lib. 2. His groaning Country's heavy Chains t' unbind ;
If this the Age of his Appearance be,

900

Or if already come, and Jesus He :
Whose Miracles they uncontested saw,
Greater and more than what confirm'd the Law ; *
Who spoke as never Mortal did before,
Yet all his own pure Doctrins liv'd and more.
All speak their Sense, no angry Bigot there,
Less for themselves than Truth concern'd they were,
And that and Reason only held the Chair.

Them thus employ'd the lov'd Disciple found
In the still Limits of their happy Ground,
Who with the other Two, the Cause the same,
Not uninvited nor unwelcome came ;
Whom near fair Rama or old Gibeon's Wall
By Gilgal, Jericho, or Jordan's Fall
Joseph had seen the trembling Fiends obey,
And crouding Regions Jesus own, while they
In sacred Water wash'd their Sins away ;
These in the Temple met he with him brought
To teach his Friends what them their Master taught ;
His Birth, his spotless Life, his Sacred Law,
And all the wondrous Things they heard and saw ;
For now the Fourth swift Year declining ran *
Since He his weighty Office first began.

910

920

The End of the First Book.

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK I.

* *Sing the God*] I must expect an Attack from the *Criticks* on account of my *Proposition*, who may complain, that it speaks too advantageously of my *Subject*, representing it as an *immense Work*, too *heavy* for an *Angel*; and that nothing more can be found in the whole *Book*, when I talk of — *Singing the God*, &c. even in the second *Line*. To the latter I may answer, That I had *injur'd* my *Heroe* had I describ'd him other than *God* as well as *man*; but yet even there, I make him, as he was, a *suffering God*: and indeed the greatest part of the *Proposition* is taken up with his *Exinanition* and *Humiliation*, his *Troubles* and his *Sufferings*, which the Masters of *Epic Poetry* recommend as the most proper *matter* for that part of a *Poem*. Nay, I have carried him lower than ever any *Poet* yet did his *Heroe*, and yet all agreeable to *Truth*, in that *Verse*, “*And gave his Life when he could give no more*.” For the former *Objection*, giving so great an *Idea* of the whole *Work*, as well as the principal *Hero*, I hope that too may be easily defended, since ‘tis in order to two *Advantages*, the first in the *Proposition* it self, viz. mentioning the *Author* of the *Poem* with that *Moderity* which both *Truth* and *Decency* require, “*How then shall I*, &c. The second in the natural *Connexion* of the *Proposition* with the *Innovation*, by introducing the *Divinity* to my assistance, “*O thou whose Word*, &c.

* *By his Example*] One great End of our *Saviour's coming into the World*, was undoubtedly to set us a good *Example*, that his *Followers* might learn from him to do *good*, and suffer *evil*: But to say, that was the chief or only *End*, or that *Man* could be sav'd, or *God aton'd* by his *Example*; that his *Example* could be a *Propitiation*, an *avilavgy* for the *Sins* of *Mankind*, is just such *Reason* as those who pretend so much to be *Masters* of it frequently put upon the *World*. I therefore instance in the other *Ends* of our *Saviour's coming*, teaching a more *perfect Law*, the *Law of Faith*, as *S. Paul* stiles it; and principally redeeming *Mankind*, and appeasing his Father by his inestimable *Merits* and painful *Death*; whereby, as our *Church* expressly asserts in the *Consecration Prayer* at the *Communion*, “he made a full, perfect and sufficient *Sacrifice*, *Oblation* and *Satisfaction* for the *Sins* of the *whole World*.

* *And happy Years in decent Order ran.*] This with those following, “*Lost Astraea*, and the *End* of the *Proposition*, “*So vast the Work*, &c. are all *Imitations* of *Virgil*, as any that ever read him might easily discern.

* *Immortal Cowley, Herbert all divine, Beheld the weighty Task —*] Cowley in his beautiful Description of the *Angel's Annunciation*, and *Incarnation* of our *Saviour*, in *David's Dream* or *Vision*: and *Herbert* in his excellent *Sacrifice*. I might have added more, as *Crashaw*, *Milton*, and others, but all that I've seen are no better than *Fragments*; a *compleat Work* of this *Nature* having never yet, that I know of, been attempted in our *Language*. E * The

* *The Mount of God*] The Mount of the Transfiguration is called the *Holy Mount* by S. Peter in his Epistles. Nor is there any great doubt but that this was Mount *Tabor*, the *Itabrium* of *Josephus*, since most of the *Moderns* and *Antients* are of that Opinion. The Primitive Christians undoubtedly believed it, which they might easily have, by Tradition, from the *Disciples*: and accordingly the Empress *Helena* built three *Oratories*, as 'tis suppos'd, in the very place of the *Transfiguration*, of which more below.

* *Lovely it look'd.*] Most of *Palestine* is, even now, described, by those who have seen it, as so beautiful, that it's impossible for Poetry to mend it; particularly this Mount *Tabor*, which all Travellers represent as one of the most delicious Places in the World. Among many see *Surius's Pieux Pelerine*, p. 316. "Le Sommet de l'Acce Sacre Mont, Fort agreeable, &c. The Top of this *Holy Mount* is extremely agreeable and pleasant. 'Tis situated in the great Plain of *Esraelon*, about three Leagues from *Nazareth*, in form like a *Sugar-Loaf*, with a curious pleasant Plain on the Top, from whence to the Foot of it, 'tis all cover'd with *Flowers*, *Trees*, and *Shrubs* (*qui sont tousjours verdoiyants*) which are always green or flourishing, as *Balsom-Trees*, *Olives*, *Lawrels*, *Roses*, &c. the very natural Beauty of the Place, as it were, inspiring a Man with Devotion. And Lower, "This Mount seems to have one of the most beautiful Prospects in the World: to the East you may see the *Sea of Galilee*, part of *Stony-Arabia*, and the *Mount of the Beatitudes*. To the West, *Mount Carmel*, and the *Great Sea* (the *Mediterranean*). North, *Bethulia*, and *Mount Libanus*. South, the *Plain of Esraelon*, Mountains of *Gilboa*, *Hermon*, *Endor*, *Naim*, &c.

* *Royal Tiberias.*] Then a *New Town*, built by *Herod* on the West side of the Lake, which bears its Name (see next Note) in honour of the Emperor *Tiberius*, whence 'twas called, as *Cæsarea Philippi in Auranitis*, by his Brother *Philip*.

* *In numerous Boats upon the Neighbouring Lake*] The Lake of *Gennesaret*, so famous in the New Testament for many of our Saviour's short Voyages; for which reason we'll here once for all give a full account of it. It has several Names both Proper and Common. 'Tis called a *Lake* for the most part in S. *Luke*, because a *Conflux* of fresh Waters, *Jordan* falling into it about the North-East Corner by *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, and, as Travellers report (which the Reader may, if he please, believe to prevent further Trouble) passes unmixt through the midst. It's called a *Sea* by the other *Evangelists*, not only for its *Largeness*, as our great Lakes in *England* are stiled *Meers*, which seems much the same; but according to the *Idiom of the Hebrew Language*, which gives the name of *Sea* to all gatherings together of *Waters*, as the *Sea of Jazer* East of *Jordan*, nay even the *Brazen Sea* belonging to the *Temple*. It has Four Proper Names in the Scriptures, one in the Old Testament, the *Sea of Cinneroth*, either from a *Town* so called on its Borders, or from its *Form*, something like a *Harp*, in the Hebrew *Cinner*. In the New Testament 'tis stiled the *Lake* or *Sea* of *Gennesaret*, *Galilee*, and *Tiberias*; *Gennesaret*, either from *Gaz Hortus*, and *Nazar* a *Flower*; or compounded of two Languages, a thing common enough, from *yn Terra*, and *Nazareth*, a famous neighbouring *Town*, or perhaps some small District thereabout: Lastly, the *Sea of Galilee*, from the *Country* so called, walking most of its *Eastern side*, and especially the *Towns* of *Tiberias*, standing between *Jotopata* and *Taricheæ*, the latter of which *Josephus* says had much *Shipping*. At the North-West Corner of this *Sea* or *Lake* stands *Bethsaida*; on the East side *Gadara*, which made such a desperate Defence against the *Romans*; and near that *Gerasa* or *Girgase*, which names that whole side of the *Country*, being all the Remains of the old Nation of the *Girgashites*, destroyed by *Joshua*. *Josephus* makes this *Lake* an hundred *Furlongs* in Length, and six in Breadth, describing at large thereon the famous *Sea-Fight* of that *Country-People* with the *Romans*. Our *Biddulph* says 'tis twenty four Miles long and fifteen broad; my Pilgrim twelve long and six broad; measuring it, I suppose at different places.

* *When past by Western Hermon's, &c.*] *Kishon*, here described, is reckoned by Geographers the noblest River in *Palestine* next *Jordan*. It has two *Heads* and two *Falls*, unless my Authors are mistaken; its largest Head rises South of *Tabor*, near

near *Sebaste* or *Samaria*, and passing this *Western Hermon*, a small Mountain so called on the West of *Jordan*, not far from *Gilboa*, just at the foot of *Tabor* it joins the other Stream which comes from the North of that Mountain, called by some little *Kishon*. Its two Falls are one into the *Lake of Tiberias*, South of *Tarichea*, the other into the *Mediterranea*, called in the Scriptures the *Western Sea*, and the *Great Sea*, to distinguish it from their Inland Seas, and the great *Mar Eoum*, behind *Arabia*.

* *Bodies and Shields and Men promiscuous roll'd along.*] An Imitation of that noble Image in *Virgil*,

— *Ubi tot Simois correpta sub undas
Scuta Virum, Galeasq; & fortia Corpora volvit.*

* *Whence Carmel's Mount and Grove its Waves entice,
To add New Beauties to that Paradise.*] 'Tis indeed described like a Paradise by *Fuller* and others: for thus he in his *Pisgah*, Lib. 2. p. 161. "As for *Carmel* " in general, 'twas so delicious a Place, that more Pleasure was hardly to be fancied than here to be found. It consisted of *Higg Hills*, a fruitful Vale, the pleasant River of *Kishon*, and a goodly Forest. From which *Carmel*, as the Plat-form of *Pleasure*, many other delightful Places are so named.

* *Within whose Arms, more North, rich Tyrus stood.*] *Palatyrus*, or *Old Tyre*, was built on the Sea-shore, which was destroyed by *Nebuchadnezzar*, as Sir *W. Raleigh*, after thirteen years Siege, tho he got nothing by it but the bare Nest, the Inhabitants flying by Sea to their Colony at *Carthage*. After which *New Tyre* rose like a *Phœnix* out of its Ashes; whence some have thought both *Name* and *Fable* take their original. 'Twas built within the very *Arms* of the *Sea*, the *Mediterranean* coming quite round it, by the Advantage of which Situation it sustain'd a Siege of some time even from *Alexander* himself, who at last took it with almost infinite Pains and Labour, being forc'd to make a *Causway* into the *Sea* to get at it, tho well paid for his Labour by the incredible Riches he found therein: tho now 'tis well alter'd, nothing of all its proud Buildings being left, besides about an hundred miserable *Huts* of *Turks* and *Moors*, among vast *Heaps* of *Ruines*.

* *You'll Jezreal see.*] From a Corruption of which Word I suppose 'tis that the large *Champaign* Country thereabouts is called the Plain of *Esdraelon*.

* *Two destin'd Martyrs.*] *S. Peter*, crucify'd at *Rome* with his Head downward; *S. James*, beheaded by *Herod*.

* *From awful Thunder.*] So 'tis interpreted by the Evangelist himself, " *Bosner-ges*, that is, Sons of Thunder. Because, says *Walker* oddly enough, " they had more Mettle and forth-putting than any of the rest.

* *Ay-gazing.*] Here once for all I tell the Reader, that 'tis not out of necessity I make use now and then of some of those old Words, whether out of a *vitios* Imitation of *Milton* and *Spencer*, I amn't so proper a Judge. All T'll-say of 'em is, That I own I've ever had a fondness for some of 'em, they please me, and sound not disagreeably to my Ear, and that's all the Reason I can give for using 'em.

* *Almighty Wand.*] 'Tis a bold Epithet, but 'tis, I think, *Mr. Cowleys*, and therefore I'm not to answ'er for't, nor, if he writ it, can it need defending.

* *Moses, expiring with the Kiss of God.*] 'Tis a pretty Tradition of the Rabbies, That God came to *Moses* in Mount *Pisgah*, and took away his Soul in a *Kiss*.

* *Thus Law and Prophets their Perfection find, &c.*] 'Tis an Observation of some of the Fathers, That by the Appearance of *Moses* and *Elias* to our Saviour, was figured the *Harmony* betwixt the *Law*, the *Prophets*, and the *Gospel* which he then came to deliver. And indeed there seems to be more of *Solidity* in this than in most of thole *Allegorical Fancies*.

* *Talk'd of his Wondrous Passion.*] Seethis most clearly *S. Luke* 9. 31. "They appear'd in Glory, and spake of his *Decease*, which he should accomplish at *Jerusalem*. The Word we render *Decease*, is in the Orignal θέσθαι, which may also relate to his *Resurrection* and *Ascension* into *Glory*, alluding perhaps to the Children of *Israel's* θέσθαι Passage or Departure out of *Egypt*, the Book which is so

called describing their Conquests as well as Hardships, till they were at length led by *Joshua*, or *Jesus*, into *Canaan*, the Type of Heaven.

* His seamles Robe, than New-fall'n-Snow more white.] In S. Matth. 17. 2. 'tis, his Face did shine as the sun, and his Raiment was white as the light. There's little doubt but the same Splendor or Glory with which his Face shone, was also communicated to all his Blessed Body, from whence he shin'd through his Cloaths, they receiving Light from him now, as Virtue at other times, whence they must needs appear white, as Mr. Boyle, and common Observation tells us the Clouds do when the Sun pierces 'em with his Rays.

* Three bumble Tabernacles.] One wou'd as little expect to find the Relics of those three Tabernacles that S. Peter would have made upon the Mount, as to see Joseph's Hem, or the Archangel's Feather. But there is a certain Communion in the World which has many of thes Advantages to elevate and surprize, beyond all Faith, Sense or Reason. Agreeably to which plenitude of Power amongst 'em, one Breidinbachius, a Writer of theirs, quoted both by Walker and Fuller, having travelled up the Mountain, tells the World very gravely, "Ibi etiam hodie ostenduntur, &c. Even "to this day are shown there the Ruines of those three Tabernacles, built according to S. Peter's desire, &c. But our honest Pilgrim explains all the Mystery, and says, they were only the Remains of three Oratories, built by S. Helen in that place, once cover'd with a Magnificent Church, and afterwards erected into a Bishoprick.

* Such the strange Cloud that made the World's first Morn.] 'Tis generally thought that this Light which was created the first Day, and distinguish'd Day and Night by its Circumvolution, till the fourth Day when the Sun was made, was no other than a Body of Light, collected out of the Chaos, of whose Creation we read before in Gen. 1. 2. and after distributed into Sun, Stars, and perhaps other lucid Bodies.

* That Pillar whicb did from Egypt come,
And Piloted the chosen Nations home, From Earth to Heaven, &c.] It may properly be said Piloted, because of those vast Seas of Sand they were to pass, far more uncertain in their ebbing and flowing than the proper Sea, and sometimes, as Historians tell us, swallowing whole Armies. Of this Cloud Philo gives us a very beautiful and noble Description, much to this purpose, "That it rose up over the Tabernacle or midst of the Camp, in form of a glorious Pillar, mounting to such an Height, and spreading to so vast an Extent, that it gave a cool and comfortable shade to the whole Army.

* Which Zebedee and Cephas.] If I should be mistaken in the joint Owners of this Ship, I hope none of their Heirs and Executors will call me in question for't. But 'tis probable enough the Ship might belong to either of 'em; they were fishing very near one another when our Saviour first called four of his Disciples, S. Matth. 4. 18, 21. two of which were Zebedee's Sons, and in a Ship together with him.

* The Dead-Sea roars.] I confess 'tis a pretty way off the Lake of Gennesareth; but I don't affirm the Seamen heard it thither. There's an odd Story in Kircher's China, of a Lake somewhere in that Country, on the Top of a Mountain, of a black Colour, into which if any thing is thrown, a horrid Tempest immediately arises. However Nitro-sulphureous Vapours which form Thunder and Lightning, could not be fetch'd any where more probably than from this Lake of Sodom.

* Or whether Nature only, &c.] We are sure that there are natural Storms, even in Inland Meers, or Lakes: thus Harlem Meer, as I've been inform'd by Eye-witnesses, will sometimes be as rough as the Sea it self.

* As thrice before.] Once to *Joshua*, Josh. 3. 16. once to *Elijah*, 2 Kings 2. 8. then to *Elisha*, ibid. 14.

* And Light was born to Chaos and to Love.] Love was the eldest of the Gods, in Hesiod's Genealogy.

* Our Saviour and his faithful Family.] They might be all faithful yet, though Judas afterwards corrupted: or if not, the old Denominatio a majori, will be a sufficient Plea.

* By Martha, and repenting Magdalene.] I know it's controverted whether this Mary were the repenting Magdalene; 'tis enough for me that some have been of that Opinion.

* Our

* Our Saviour groan'd and wept among the rest.] *Groan'd*, Joh. 11. 33. *Wept*, 35. And here I need not tell any judicious Reader that I feel my self fall infinitely short of the History, which I think has the most Tenderness in it of any in the whole Bible, excepting perhaps that of our Saviour's commanding his Mother to his Friend from the Cross, in the ninth Book, the Description of which I'm more satisfied with than this here. Nor can any thing be a greater Argument of our Saviour's Kindness and Goodness to Mankind than his being thus concerned at his Friends Misfortunes, even when he knew he should so soon remove them.

* Rich Simon him accosts.] He's called *Simon the Leper*, Mar. 14. 3.

* Which Sodom's Fate inscrib'd.] 'Tis impossible to furnish a Poetical House well (I don't mean a Poet's) without a Suit of Hangings; and if it be objected against mine, that the Jews were against Pictures, much more will it bear against Mr. Cowley's Colossus over Saul's Gate; but his Excuse will serve so well for both, that I'll borrow it in his own Words, in Notes on lib. 1. where speaking of the civil use of Images among the Jews, he adds, "Whether it be true or no, is not of importance in Poetry, as long as there's any appearance of Probability."

* Bending back by strong Macherus runs.] Near Jordan's fall into the Dead Sea, stands the strong Castle of Macheras. West of which the River passing toward the Lake of Sodom, makes a considerable Flexure, bending backwards to the North-East; which Pliny seems to hint at, when, speaking of Jordan, he says, "In invitus Asphalitum Lacum, &c. He falls unwillingly into the Asphaltite Lake, for which Nature it self seems to have an Aversion and Horror."

* And makes a black uncomfortable Bay.] This is excellently described by Solinus, cap. 38. "Longo ab Hierosolymis recessu tristis sinus panditur, quem de celo tactum testatur humus nigra & in cinerem soluta. Duo ibi oppida, Sodomum nominatum alterum, alterum Gomorrhum, apud quae Pomum lignum, quod habeat speciem, licet maturitatem, mandi tamen non potest, nam fuliginem intrinsecus favillaceam ambitio tantum extimae cutis cohibet, quae vel levi tactu pressa, fumum exhalat, & fatigat in vagum pulverem."

* Borrowing the Palm's fair Garments with their own.] A custom among the Jews to spread their Garments under Great Persons, as an high token of Honour; and, as it seems, a Ceremony of Inauguration, and due only to Regal Dignity: for thus did the Captains to Jebo, when they agreed with God's way of Disposal, and acknowledg'd him King. 2 Kings 9. 13.

* Whose three Degrees, &c.] Mount Olivet consists of three Degrees or Risings; which, I think, Fuller, for 'tis much after his way, compares to Chancel, Church, and Steeple.

* O'er whose green Breast, deceitful Kidron flows.] Those that write of Palestine, tell us, the Brook Kidron, or Cedron, is nothing but a Mass of Waters made out of Rains which descend from Mount Olivet and Mount Moria, between which it runs, separating 'em from each other, and falling thence into the Vale of Jebosobat; that 'tis ordinarily quite dry unless in very wet Seasons, and about two or three days in the year, when there are violent Rains, and hardly any else, when the People make provision of Water, which they preserve in Cisterns a long time in its Freshness and Purity.

* By Chemosh and by Moloch.] See the melancholy History of Solomon's Apostacy and Idolatry, in 1 Kings 4, 5, 7. This Hill fronts the Temple, and is before, or to the East of Jerusalem, touching upon the North; being called to this day the Mount of offence or scandal; of Chemosh we have little in Scripture, but that he was the Abomination of the Moabites, as Milcom or Moloch (of whom vid. Lib. vi.) of the Children of Ammon.

* Which flows with Oyl, &c.] That Etymology is generally given of it: and the Pilgrim says 'tis call'd to this day the Garden of Olives, from nine great Olives still growing in it, tho he places it on the lowest Hill, and East of it, Fuller on the second to the North-West thereof, whom I follow.

* Love is pure Act, &c.] If this Digression of Divine Love be thought too long, 'tis easily turn'd over, tho I could not persuade my self to strike it out, because it may please a pious Mind.

* Whether

Whether in old Ierne's angry Seas, &c. &c.] The Irish Seas, about Anglesey, Man, &c. Where the Author began this Work, since compleated in several parts of England.

* *Gamaliel in the Sacred Pandects read.]* 'Tis certain our Saviour himself as well as his Disciples, convers'd with several of the Pharisees, nay he did sometimes eat with one of the chief of them. 'Tis as certain Gamaliel was not very averse to his Doctrine, from his Discourse in the Acts concerning it. From whence 'tis probable he might be present at those Conferences concerning our Saviour, and I'm oblig'd to take care for no more.

* *From his fair Birth-place, ancient Rama nam'd.]* Ramahaim Zophim, in Ephraim, where Samuel liv'd, and whence most agreed Joseph was nam'd.

* *There borrowed Streams from Siloam's neighbouring Well.]* The Well or Fountain of Siloam rises at the North-West Corner of Jerusalem, if the Scale and Maps are right; not above five hundred Paces from the foot of Calvary.

* *Rich Balm, Judæa's Native.]* Ubi terrarum Judææ concessum, says Pliny of this Balm, that is, it only grew there originally, for 'twas afterwards transplanted to Rome and other places.

* *From Gaza's, or Sarepta's noble Vine.]* Famous among Heathen Authors, whence Sidonius,

*Vina mibi non sunt Gazetica, Cbia, Falerna,
Quaque Sareptano palmite missa bibas.*

* *What of himself the Divine Plato knew.]* Vid. Notes on Lib. vi.

* *By ancient Orpheus sung.]* That his 'Teognis' is Moses, few question, and that the Verses which bear his Name contain at least his Traditions, is, I think as generally granted.

* *For now the fourth swift year.]* An Imitation of that of Virgil, in the Conclusion of his First Book,

— *Nam te jam septima portat
Omnibus errantem terris & fluctibus aetas.*

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Second BOOK.

ST. Peter begins the Relation of our Blessed Saviour's Life, which he opens with the Prophecy of the Messiah's Birth, the Accomplishment of Daniel's Weeks, the Sceptre's departing from Judah, and the Tyranny of Herod; where St. John reminds him of the Preparations for our Saviour's Birth, the Angel's Salutation &c. which he thereupon repeats at large, as Joseph, the Husband of the Blessed Virgin, had formerly done it to Zebedee and him. Joseph's Character of her before their Marriage, whom having obtain'd of her Father Heli, before they came together she was found with Child of the Holy Ghost. His Passion thereupon, and Resolution to be divorc'd, till admonish'd by an Angel of her Purity and Innocence and the manner of her Conception: on which he asks Pardon for his unjust Censures, and desires her to give him an account of that miraculous Transaction. The Virgin relates the Appearance of the Angel, his Ave or Salutation, and her conception by the over-shadowing of the Holy Spirit. Joseph goes on and gives the Character of a good Wife in the Blessed Virgin, and the History of his travelling with her to see their Cousin Elizabeth, who tho old and barren, the Angel had told her should shortly have a Child. The Way to Geba, near which liv'd Zachary and Elizabeth. The Description of Zachary's pleasant Seat, whom they find dumb at their Arrival. The Salutation of Elizabeth to the Blessed Virgin. Two Digressions, to the Virgin Mary and her present Majesty. The Birth and Circumcision of John the Baptist: his Father Zachary recovers his Speech, and gives an account of the Occasion of his strange Silence, and the Angel's Prophecy concerning his Son: his Song from the first of St. Luke. Joseph and the Virgin return to Nazareth, and make Preparations for her Son's Birth: whence being recalled by the Edict of Augustus, they go for Bethlehem: a Description of the pleasant way thither, and of the most remarkable places on the Road, Rachel's Tomb, David's Well, &c. They arrive at Bethlehem late at Night, and can find no Lodging. Her Travail approaches. Joseph's concern for her. He conducts her into a Cave without the Town. Our Saviour's Birth. The Angels attend him. The Shepherds come to the Cave early in the Morning to adore him; and on Joseph's wondring how they heard the News, two young Shepherds, Strephon and Claius, give him the Relation, after they had sung a Caroll on that Subject. The Angel's Song at the Nativity. The Presentation of our Saviour at the Temple, where old Simeon finds

finds him. His Song or the Nunc dimittis. The Testimony of Anna the Prophetess: the Journey of the three Kings, conducted by a Star to Jerusalem, and enquiring of the place of our Saviour's Birth, which Herod, pretending Devotion, asks of the Sanhedrim; Gamaliel remembers the passage and repeats their Resolution in the Prophecy of Micah, and that 'twas to be at Bethlehem. Thither Herod directs the Kings, desiring they'd let him know as soon as they found him, on pretence he'd follow and worship him. They find the Infant, adore and present him; but warn'd by a Vision, return incognito to their own Country, not calling at Jerusalem. Herod being disappointed and enraged, orders the Murder of the Innocents. Joseph is warned by an Angel to fly into Egypt with the Child and his Mother. As they are going by Night they look back from a Hill near the Town, and, by the Light of Torches in the Streets discover the Massacre of the Infants: whence they hasten to Egypt. The Way thither, Syrbon Lake, Tomb of Pompey. They pass by Memphis, and the Pyramids, and fix at Babylon. The Death of Herod. Their Return, and Retirement to Nazareth, for fear of Archelaus Herod's Son. Our Saviour's Carriage in his Childhood: his going to Jerusalem at the Passover with his Parents, and Disputation in the Temple with the Doctors and Heads of the Sanhedrim, which Nicodemus calls to mind, and that he presided in the Schools at that time, giving a Character of our Saviour. St. John tells 'em how much he was since advantageously altered, and so affectionately describes him, that Nicodemus is desirous to wait on him, and St. John offering to conduct him thither, the Company break up, having appointed to meet again the next Morning, in order to hear the rest of our Saviour's Actions.

THE

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A N
Heroic Poem.

BOOK II.

*  L L silent stood , when Rama's Lord had done ,
 Till in the midst Bar-Jonas thus begun : Mat. 16. 17.
 * So , when our Prince shall Israel's Throne regain ,
 So may I by his side for ever reign ,
 As nought but chaste and sacred Truths I tell ;
 Chaste as that Virgin-womb wherein he once did dwell :
 Admir'd by Friends , by Enemies confest , Luke 8. 18.
 * Which these , which Fame , which all the World attest :
 By Reason voucht , and many a mighty Sign ,
 10 By Humane Faith and Oracles divine ; John 1. 45.
 To & 10. 43. Acts 3. 18.

To you not bid : for *Israel's Masters* can't
 Of what all *Israel* knows, be ignorant :
 Nor can we doubt, but *clearly* you discern
 Those *sacred Truths* which from your *Lips* we learn ;
 That now the promis'd *happy Days* appear,
 That the *Messia's Kingdom* must be near :

Dan. 9. 24. This *Heav'n-lov'd Daniel's* mystic *Weeks* contain,

Vid. *Mede* Whose end begins th' *anointed Princes Reign*,

in Loc. From whose wise *Books* his sacred *Name* we gain:^{*}

Ibid. v. 25. That *Period past*, our *Rabbies* all declare,

And come he is, or we must now *despair*.

This *Israel's Groans* confess, their *freedom* broke,

And *shoulders* worn beneath a *foreign yoke* ;

By that fell *Idumean Wolf* opprest, *

Gen. 25. 25. Who *red* with *blood* his *savage Sire* confess,

Who did revenge old *Esaū's* shame and stain,

Gen. 27. 35. And his *supplanting Lord* *supplant* again

36. Dissembling *Piety*; our *Temple* rais'd, *

But that *himself*, not *God*, might there be *prais'd* :

With *human blood* the blushing *pavement* dies,

And makes th' *High-Priest* himself a *Sacrifice* : *

And big with *crimes*, O *shame*, O deep *disgrace* !

Vid. *Joseph.* Destroy'd the *Hasmonean Royal Race*:

Antiq. & de Bell. Judaic. By him our *total Bondage* did begin;

He first inviting the fierce *Romans* in;

Their *Idol-Eagle* to our *Temple* brings, *

Antiq. Lib. Who *pearcht* on proud *Antonia*, claps his *Wings* :

17. cap. 8. *Juda* no more gives *Laws*, no more is *Israel free* ; *

Gen. 49. 10. Nay, scarce enjoys the *Name of Liberty* :

Luke 2. 1. *Enroll'd* and *tax'd*, and *humble Clients made*,

Vid. *Joseph.* Our *Substance* *feiz'd* for the *Imperial Aid*; *

Antiq. Lib. All that the *Tyrant* left, we had our *share*,

18. Cap. 15. Which my *fierce Country* cou'd not tamely bear :

You know the rest, Our *unsuccessful fight*

Acts 5. 37. And *slaughter* under the bold *Gaulonite* :

Not so our *Princes* *humble Parents*, they

Had learn't, like him, to *suffer* and *obey*:

Tho' both *deduc'd* from *David's Royal Stem*,

And the true *Heirs* of *Israel's Diadem* ;

20

30

40

And

- 50 And either House their clear Succession brings
From a long Race of Prophets and of Kings :
So great a Change by Fate and Time is made ,
From David's glitt'ring Throne toth' meanest Trade ,
For such good Joseph us'd, with honest pain
His small, yet sacred Household to sustain,
'Till thence by th' Edict call'd —— But first declare
Says John, what our great King's Forerunners were ,
(If all our words for credit may prevail ;)
The wond'rrous message, and the wond'rrous Hail !
- 60 Well interrupted, fervent Cephas cries ,
None better can relate those Prodigies ;
Which oft I've heard the Good old man repeat ,
Joseph himself, as on an Oozy Seat
Against the sounding Beach repos'd we lay ,
To taste the gentle Breeze, after a scorching day :
What wonders did the rev'rend Sire declare ?
Once I remember Zebedee was there :
We prest him both to tell us what he knew ,
He yields, and vows by the great Name 'twas true :
70 Then thus began ;— When Youths fresh Bloom was past ,
* And brought of seven Sabbatic Years the last
Advis'd by Friends, I sought a virtuous Wife ,
To share and soften the Fatigues of Life :
From all that Nazareth accounted fair ;
(And many a blooming Beauty triumph'd there)
Old Heli's Daughter did the Garland bear :
* From the same Spring our kindred blood we drew ,
And what's our Rife can be unknown to few :
From David, he by Nathan brings his Line ,
80 And I, by Solomon, deducing mine
As did the Root, so now the Branches join :
Gladly he gives, what I as gladly take ,
Agreed, we soon the solemn Contract make :
All envy'd me, all thought divinely blest ,
When of the charming heavenly Maid possest :
For she was fair beyond all Mortal Race ,
And something more than human in her Face :
Endu'd with all her Sexes Charms and more ,
Whichever without their Vanity she wore .

Matth. 1.
Luke 3.

Vid. Euseb.
Eccl. Hist.
Mat. 13. 55.

Matth. 1. 18.
Luke 1. 27.

Never a *Mind* so *humble* and so *great*, 90
 Since *Eden's loss*, so fair a *Body* met :

Nay, had ev'n *Eve's* been such, our *Sire* had been content ;

And scarce cou'd *Eden's Loss* it self lament : *

" *Tender*, not *fond*, *prudent*, yet not *precise* ; *

" *Tho' wise*, not thought her self for *me too wise* :

" *Content* with our low *state*, nor vainly stood

" Upon her *Royal Race*, or antient *Blood* :

" *Secrets* in *hers*, as safe as in my *Breast* ;

All *form'd* beyond my *wish*, to make me *blest*.

But what did most of joy and triumph bring,

Th' illustrious *Gem* in her bright *Virtues ring*

Was her *Angelic Chastity* ; not *Eve*

Gen. 3. 1, 2. E're she did *Adam*, her the *Fiend* deceive,

3, 4, 5, 6. When first she sprung from our great *Parents side*,

Gen. 2. 22. Not she her self a purer *Virgin-Bride*.

Guess but how strangely then I was *amaz'd*,

Nor could believe my eyes ——— agen I gaz'd,

When in my *Arms* the trembling *Fair* I claspt ;

But started back agen ———

As one who in green *Herbs* a *Serpent* graspt :

When on the first triumphant *Nuptial Night*

Matt. 1. 18. I found her *pregnant*, now 'twas plain to *sight*. *

When she was *false* ———

Whom *all* did above all her *Sex* prefer,

What did I then, *blaspheme* of *them* and *Her* ?

What *Vengeance* for my *injur'd Love* debate ?

And yet that *Love* deny'd to let me *hate*.

Resolv'd, tho' yet I knew not *how*, to part ;

" And, if I could, free my unlucky *heart* :

Resolv'd to tear the *perjur'd Charmer* thence,

120

Ibid. v. 19. *Divorc'd* from her, as she from *Innocence*.

Thus, *stung* with *Indignation* and *Despair*,

Not ev'n her *Tears* could longer keep me *there* :

Far from the *Nuptial Room*, I rush't away ;

" And on the ground a *widdow'd Bridegroom* lay :

Where gentle *sleep*, tho' call'd, long from me fled ;

My *restleſs thoughts* uneasie as my *Bed* :

And twice the cheerful *Harbinger* of *Day*

Had clapt his *Wings*, and warn'd the *Shades* away,

Warn'd

- 130 Warn'd me, as usual, but in vain to *rise*,
E're *watchful Grief* once let me close my *Eyes* ; }
'Till sudden *slumbers* me at last *surprise*. }
I *dreamt*, —but sure 'twas *more*, as by th' *Event*
Appear'd, I saw a *glorious Watcher* sent,
Glorious as e're to *Man* glad news did bring ;
He *touch't* and *rais'd* me with his *Purple Wing*,
Then thus began, —“ *Great Branch of Jesse's Stem* !
“ *Heir of thy Father David's Diadem* !
“ What *restless thought*, or what *unhandsom Fear*,
140 “ From thy *unspotted Bride*, detains thee here ?
* “ On whose fair *Soul* no thought of *Ill's imprest* ;
“ Pure as the *Flame* that warms an *Angels Breast*.
“ As for the *root* of all thy *jealous cares*,
“ That wond'rous *sacred Burden* which she bears ;
“ The *divine Spirit* alone, did that *infuse*,
“ And I my self was sent to tell the *news*
“ To her, as now to thee ; and e're the *Moon*
* “ Five *Courses* more thro' her *short Orb* has gone, }
“ She shall be blest with a *miraculous Son* ; }
150 “ *Jesus* his *sacred Name* long since *design'd*,
“ The mighty *Saviour* he of *lost Mankind*.
He said : *I trembling wake* : no more h' appears.
But his *last words*, methought, still sounded in my *Ears* :
Rouz'd from my humble *Couch*, I softly come
With sacred *Horror* to the *Nuptial Room* ;
Fix'd more than half a *Statue* at the *Door*
I *saw* and *lov'd* far fiercer than *before*, }
And *gaz'd* and *sigh'd*, but *dar'd* attempt no more. }
Her *Beauty* fed, but *reverence* checkt my *Fire* ;
160 And still I *lov'd*, but durst not still *desire*.
Heav'n ! how she *looks* ? how *lovely* still appears ?
For still, methinks, I see — how *charming*, ev'n her *Tears* !
* (Thus the sweet *Rose* new paints its *heav'nly hue*,
When *bending* with big *drops* of morning *dew*).
Nor cou'd I gues, till I approacht more nigh,
Whether they sprung from *Grief* or *Extasie* :
She *blusht* and in my *Bosom* hid her *face* :)
(The *modest Blush*, confess not *guilt*, but *Grace*).

Matt. 1. 20.

Luke 1. 30.
35.

Matt. 1. ult.

Conjuring me, by all I once thought dear,
E're I condemn'd her, her defence to hear :
Insist no more, I cry'd, on thy defence !
Heav'n has already clear'd thy Innocence :
An Angel-Form, not you your self more fair,
Did late th' indubitable Truth declare :
Bright, injur'd, lovely Maid ! no longer grieve !
Dry those vain Tears, and, if you can, forgive !

Then Heav'n has shewn, she said, what I conceal'd ;
 The mighty Secret, is at last reveal'd :
 A Secret, which who e're attempts to tell,
 Wou'd need t' oblige belief another Miracle.

By our chaste Loves I cry'd, much injur'd Fair !
 And by that sacred Burthen which you bear,
 Conceal not ought, nor my suspicions fear,
 Since nothing now, but I'm prepar'd to hear.

She yields, and thus begins —

Three Moons are gone,
 And now the fourth swift Orb is rolling on,
 Since in my Father Heli's house I sate
 Revolving deep those dark Decrees of Fate
 Our sacred Books contain, that wond'rous year,
 Which all our learned Rabbies think so near ;
 Above the rest then claim'd my thoughts and care,
 Our promis'd Prince, and Heav'n's Almighty Heir ;
 Who Faith and Truth and Justice shall maintain,
 And bless all Nature with his peaceful Reign :
 While from the Rocks live streams of Honey flow,
 And voluntary Palms and Roses grow :

Psal. 85. 10, Thrice happy oft I call'd and counted her, *

Ila. 9. 6. & Who at her Breast the Infant King should bear ;

Ila. per tot. As oft I thought what humble Gifts I'd bring,

65. 25. What Presents to adore the Infant King :

How blest, if in my Arms I might but hold,

Or in his Cradle, innocently bold

Cant. 8. 1. Seize the young Conqu'ror, and by sweet surprise
 Might kiss his lovely Cheeks and heavenly Eyes !

Thus musing, sudden Glories me surround :

From the cleft Skies a youth with Sun-beam's crown'd

170

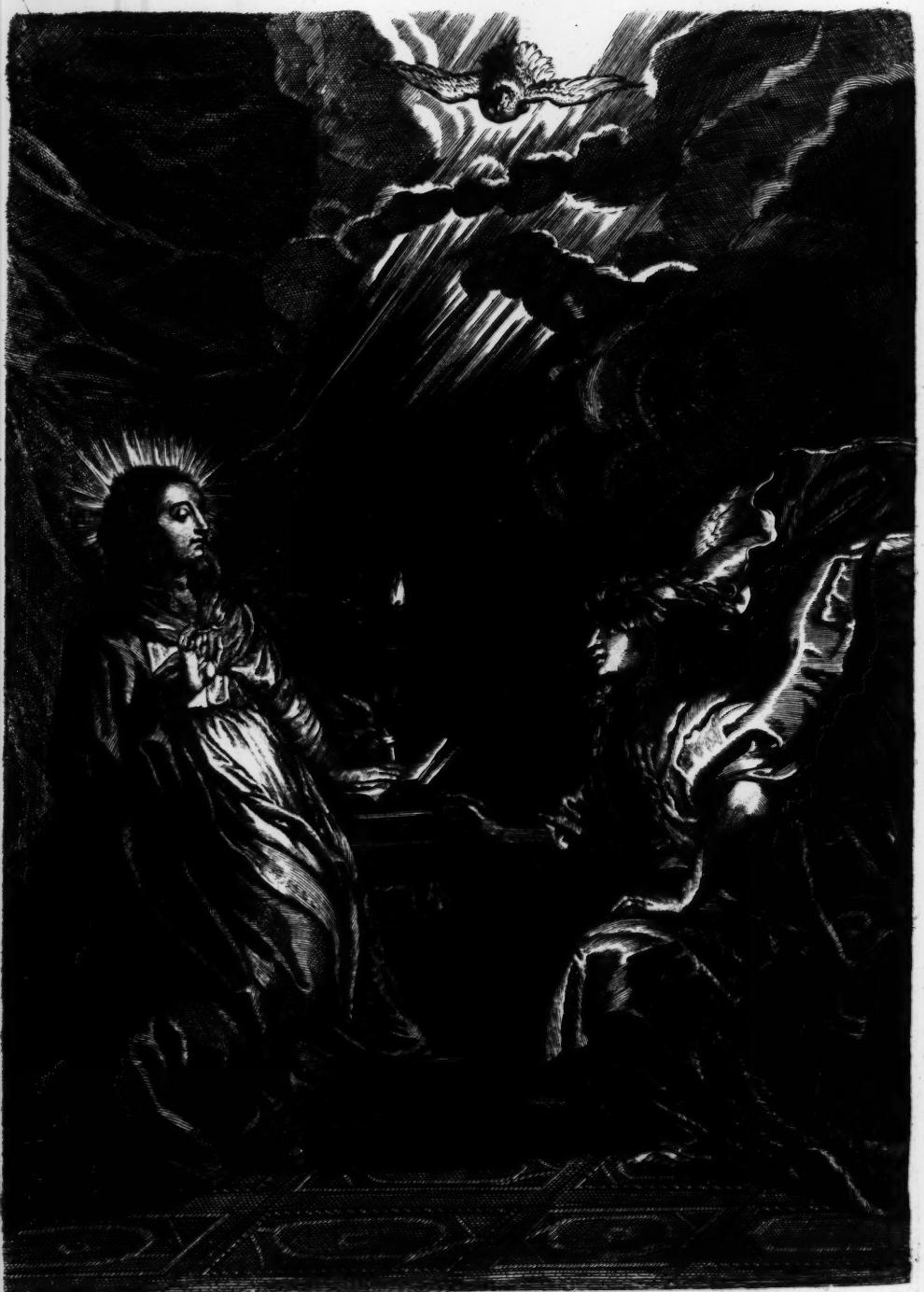
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Book 2. pag: 39. *The Annunciation.*

L:1

- 210 More lovely far, than all the Race of Man,
Descending swift, bow'd low, and thus began :
* " All hail ! belov'd of Heav'n ! and full of Grace !
" More blest, more lov'd than all thy charming Race !
" Who, thou, thy self must that great Mother prove,
" Which was so late thy Envy and thy Love.
" Nor startle at the Message I declare !
" Thy Virgin-womb an Infant God must bear :
" That promis'd Prince who shall the World regain,
" And over all his Father's Empires reign :
220 " The Divine Spirit, Author of Joy and Love
" Breathing Conception on thee from above :
" Jesus his sacred Name long since design'd :
" The Mighty Saviour he of lost Mankind ; {
" Th' Eternal God in mortal mould confin'd : {
" And if thy Infant-Faith wants Evidence,
" Indulgent Heav'n has sent thee proof from Sense :
" Aged Elizabeth, who did despair
" Like Sarah, ever to embrace an Heir,
" Six Moons already past, is pregnant grown,
230 " And shall be blest with a miraculous Son !
" Believe me, Sacred Maid ! My words are true,
" For he who sent me here, can all things do.
He said, and, whilst an Answer I prepare
He wings his way to Heav'n thro' trackless Air :
I after gaz'd, as o're the Clouds he trod,
And cry'd — O loveliest Form ith' Host of God !
* My Faith I not refuse, nor yet suspend
To what my Reason cannot comprehend :
Be thy great Masters words without delay
240 Fulfill'd — 'Tis his to order, mine t' obey. 38.
Scarce had I said, and he no more appear'd,
When strait a still small whisp'ring sound I heard,
Like that a solitary Ear perceives,
When gentle Zephyr stroaks the velvet leaves :
With this, celestial fragrances perfume,
And scatter Paradise around the room :
Enwrapt i'th' od'rous Cloud, a while I lay,
Whilst a soft air thro' all my veins did stray,

The Annun-
tiation.
Luk. 1. 28.

v. 30.

31.

32, 33.

35.

Ibid. &
Matt. 1. 23.

36.

37.

38.

Conception.

Thro' my *warm Heart* in new strange pulses move,
And melt my *ravish'd Soul* with heavenly *Love*: *
Hence this *strange Burthen* now so plain to view,
Which *Heav'n* its *Author* has reveal'd to you ; }
And from that moment, I a *Mother* grew.

She said, new *Aves* I almost prepare,
Nay, hardly *Adoration* cou'd forbear :
Thence to my *wishes* and my *arms* deny'd,
A *Virgin-Mother* and a *Virgin-Bride*,
She grac'd my humble *Roof*, and blest my *Life*,
Blest me by a far greater *Name* than *Wife*: * 250
" Yet still I bore an *undisputed sway*, *
" Nor was't her *task*, but *pleasure* to obey :
" Scarce thought, much less cou'd *act*, what I *deny'd* ;
" In our *low house* there was no room for *Pride*: *
" Nor need I e're *direct* what still was *right*,
" Still *study'd* my *Convenience* and *Delight*.
" Nor did I for her *Care ungrateful* prove,
" But only us'd my *Pow'r*, to shew my *Love* :
" What e're she *askt* I gave, without *reproach* or *grudg*,
" For still she *Reason* askt — and I was *Judg*: 260
" All my *Commands Requests* at her *fair hands*,
" And her *Requests* to me, were all *Commands* :
" To others *Thresholds* rarely she'd *incline* !
" Her *House* her *pleasure* was, and *she* was *mine* ;
" Rarely *abroad*, or never, but with *me*,
" Or when by *Pity* call'd, or *Charity* ;

Luke 1. 39. These did to old *Elizabeth* invite,
Friendship's and *Kindred's* Bonds with these unite :
O'repowr'd at length she yields, and my *consent*
And company obtain'd, we onward went : * 270

Judith.

The fam'd *Bethulia* soon behind us leave,
And *Kishon's Fords* our weary *Feet* receive :
Thence fatal *Gilboa's* high *Cliffs* we crost, *

2 Sam. 1. Where *David's* much *lamented Friend* was lost :
Thro' *Ephr'im's* Lot our course directing down

1 Kings 16. Near the *new Walls* of *Shemir's* antient *Town*, *

^{24.} See Gen. 34. By *Shechem* where good *Jacob* once did *dwell*,

1. Near *Dothan's Plain* and *Sychar's* antient *Well*, *

John 4. 5.

250

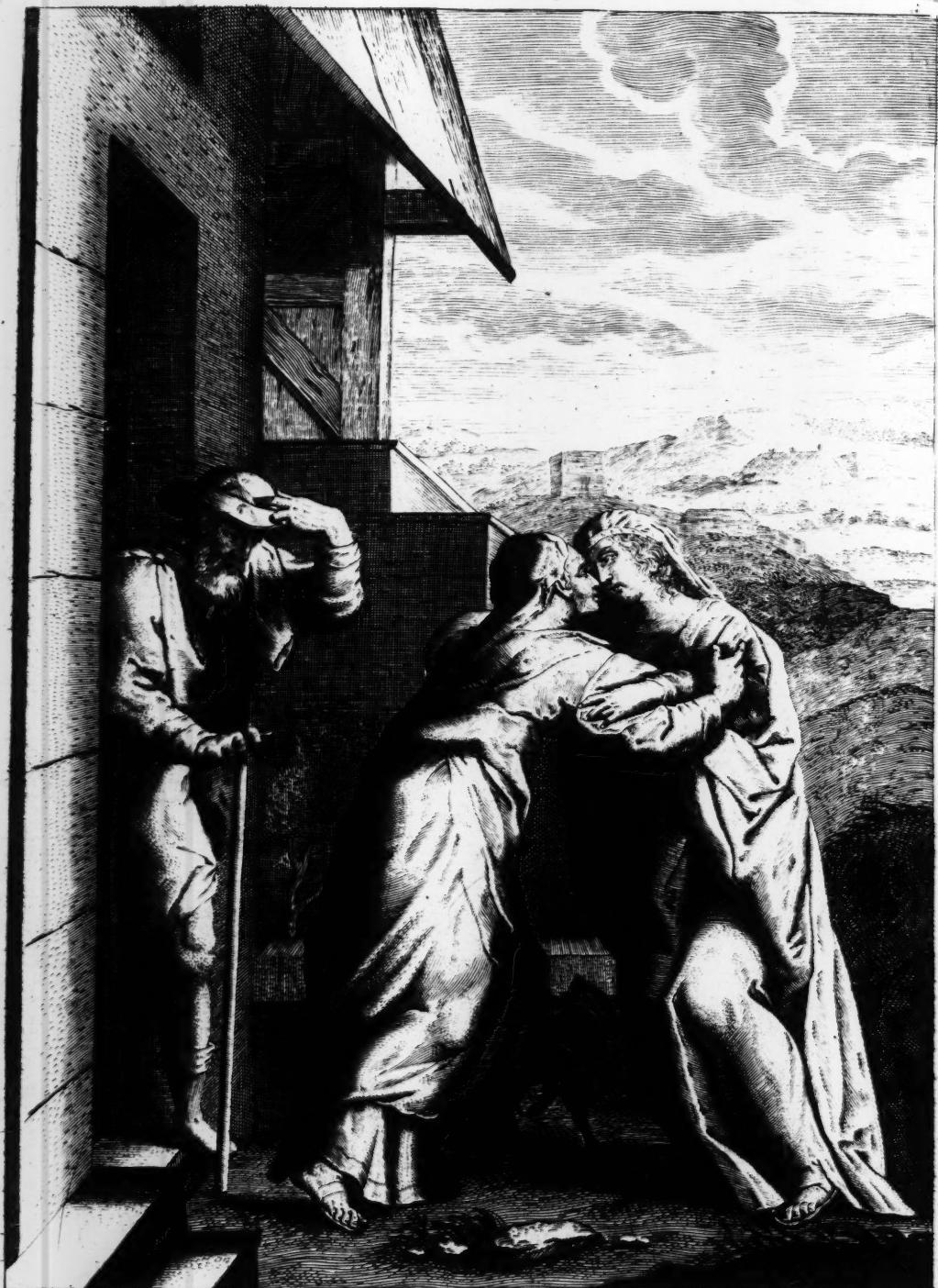
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Book 2. pag: 41.

The Interview of Mary & Elizabeth,

Lu: 1

- * And Gerizim's proud Altar, rais'd in spite,
290 Accur's'd by every faithful Israelite :
By Jericho and Bethel next we past ; And soon we
The first went thro', and near us leave the last ;
* And the third Noon, where Siloam gently falls
Discover antient Salem's sacred Walls ;
Which leaving on the left, our course we bend
* To Geba-Ton our little Journeys end :
Near which, upon an easie Hill we see
* The pleasant Seat of aged Zacharie :
'Twas neat, not proud ; for Use, not Pomp or Fame ;
300 * Such as an humble Country Priest became :
He saw rich Fields below, which should be his,
Detain'd by Sacrilege and Avarice :
For Geba did of right to th' Priests belong,
Tho' Power and Time must justifie the wrong :
He saw, more grieved than angry at their Crimes,
And only pitied those who injur'd him :
With his own small paternal Fields content ;
Enough for Want, not Luxury they lent ;
Blest by their Masters Pray'r's and watchful Eye,
310 And honest Servants careful Industry :
* A Crystal Stream which from the Mountains stole,
Whole waters o'r the healthy Gravel roll
Before the Gate did gently murmuring run,
Gilt by the kindly Beams o'th' rising Sun.
The West a fair and spacious Prospect yields,
Where the pleas'd Eye is lost in Woods and Fields !
From the bleak North the Mountains Summit shields ;
An Olive-Grove the Southern Heats defends,
Which shade, and Fruit, pleasure and profit lends ;
320 Beyond whose Borders, where the Hill inclines
'Tis richly cover'd o'r with clust'ring Vines.
Thither arriv'd, old Zach'ry both embrac'd,
And at his hospitable Table plac'd,
All signs of welcome wanting words were shewn,
Nor had he those, this Reason only known ,
H'had some strange Vision in the Temple seen,
* And ever since as strangely silent been :
Not so Eliza, who to meet us ran,

Luke 1. 22.

G

And

Elizabeth's
Salutation.
Luke 1. from
39. to 45.

* And to the Virgin thus, inspir'd began :

" Blest above Women shall thy Title be

" And yet more blest, thy wond'rous Child than thee !

330

" Whence is't the Mother of my God should grace

" With her high presence such an humble place ?

" Nor sooner did my pleas'd and ravish'd Ear,

" Blest Virgin ! the melodious accents hear

" Of thy lov'd Voice, but my prophetic Boy

" Perceiv'd and bounded in my Womb for Joy.

" And blest is she, whose noble Faith like thine,

" Expells all doubt of Truth and Power divine :

" Speedy performance shall thy wishes crown,

" And future Ages spred thy high renown.

The Virgin heard, Heav'n not her self she rais'd,
Kind Heav'n in everlasting Numbers prais'd.

340

Amidst these holy Hymns, which all around
From Saints and Angels in thy praise resound,
Thrice blessed Maid ! may there be room for me
To throw my Mite into the Treasury ?
As Heav'n did thine, my humble Gifts approve !
And since I have no Lambs, accept my Dove !

" Hail Mary ! may thy Glories still prevail ! *

350

" Great Mother of my God and Saviour, Hail !

" More blest than all our lost Forefathers Line !

Luke 1. 28, " Blest above all our Sex, as well as thine !

42. " Above all mortals, only not divine !

" Only below thy Son I thee confess,

" And those who make thee more, but make thee less.

" Midst your triumphant Lauds, if ought you know,

" Ought that concerns our weary World below,

" Permit these praises far beneath your due,

" This humble Verse to be inscrib'd to you !

360

" Still wear they your lov'd name as their defence,

" And borrow Immortality from thence !

" And after thee, O full of Charms and Grace !

" Let our great Mary fill the second place !

" For other Queens long maist thou look in vain,

" Others like her, to fill thy glorious Train.

" Humble like thee, like thee of Royal Line,

" Her Soul to Heav'n submiss, and bow'd like thine !

" Heav'n,

"Heav'n, which Immaculate her Form design'd,
"As a fit mansion for so fair a mind.
"(Sure none can e'r be Traitors, but the blind)
"Which gave her Eyes that Love and Awe inspire
"And cheer the World like the Sun's vital Fire :
"O may they—but that *savvy wish* must dye ;
"He melts his Plumes, who dares attempt so high :
"Yet I'll wish on, Retreats are now too late,
"And, *Icarus*, I court thy noble Fate—

470 "May they on thele my humble Labours shine
"With their kind Influence gild each happy Line,
"Indue with purer Forms the coarser Ore,
"And stamp it Bullion, tho' 'twas dross before.

Sweet Muse return ! to nobler strains aspire !
And touch, with utmost Art, the heav'nly Lyre !
With Seraphs sing his glorious humble Birth,
Who rais'd the beauteous Pile of Heav'n and Earth !
What reverend Joseph, on his Oozy Seat,
What zealous Cephas did from him repeat ;

480 Attent and pleas'd his Auditors appear ;
The more they heard, the more they wist to hear.
He fervent, thus goes on—

These, more than Friendly Salutations paid,
With old Elizabeth a while we staid,

Luke i. 56.

* Till thrice we saw the Silver Cynthia's wane,
And thrice she fill'd her various Orb again ;
When the good Matrons welcom pains begun,
Who in her Arms soon held a wondrous Son :

* Her kindred most, around admiring late,

58.

490 And her so rare a Bliss congratulate :
And when they saw the eighth blest Sun arise,
Prepare the wondrous Child to circumcise :
His Father's Name they gave, with kind presage,
As Hope and Staff of his declining Age :

Gen. 17. 12.

Luke i. 59.

And add their Prayers, that he as well might be
Heir of his Virtues, as his Family.
Well-pleas'd Eliza bow'd, and wish'd the same,
With thanks, to all agreeing, but the Name,
All wond'ring, thus did she inspir'd proceed,
It must be John, for so high Heav'n decreed :

60.
His

62. His *Father* askt, with speaking *Eyes* and *Hands*
 * Of those around *Tablet* and *Style* demands ;
 And when i'th' *ductile Wax* he'd stampt his *mind*,
 63. The *Name* his *Mother* gave, surpriz'd we find :
 64. Yet more, his *Lips* *unloos'd* when *Hymns* he sung,
 And all the *House* with *Hallelujahs* rung :
Trembling we ask, on his *reply intent*,
 What his *strange Speech*, and *stranger Silence* meant !
 He thus —

Luke 1. 10, As I with *Incense* did attend,
 11. &c. I saw great *Gabriel* in the *Flame* descend :
 Of all who dearly *love* and *guard mankind*,
 There's not a *mightier* or a *fairer mind* :
 One *hand* he on the *trembling Altar* laid,
 The other *rais'd* me from the *ground* afraid ;
 Th' *All-wise*, says he, has hear'd thy *pious pray'r* ;
 And thy *Eliza* shall *embrace* an *Heir* :

13, 14. John be his *destin'd Name*, and *Joy* and *Mirth*
 Shall fill thy *House* at his *miraculous Birth* :
 Still dear in the *Most High's* impartial sight,
 15. Devoted an *abstemious Nazarite*.

Ibid. Divine *Illapses* daily he'll receive,
 As much as he can take, or *Heav'n* can give :
 To illuminate his *pure* and *piercing mind*,
 For that *great work* to which by *Heav'n* design'd.
 His *word* like *Thunder* shall the *World affright*,
 Exposing guilty *Souls* to conscious *Light* :
 While *crowds* of *penitents* their *Crimes* shall mourn,

16. To God at once, and to *themselves* return.
 The *Prophet* who prepares the *Saviour's way*,
 17. The *Morning-Star* to the bright *Prince of day*.

To this *strange news* I heard the *Angel* tell
 18. When *wonder* made me yet an *Infidel* :
 On his lov'd *Face* a *Frown* he quickly wore,
 Which never sure was so *disguis'd* before ;
 Then thus, "Since *Heav'n* it self must *speak* in vain,
 Nor *Credence* to its *Oracles* obtain ;
 At once experience *Truth* and *Power* divine
 And be thy *self* unto thy *self* a *Sign* !
 Till thy *despair'd* thy *promis'd blessing* come,

410

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I seal

Luke 1. 20.

- 440 I seal thy Lips, and bid thee—thus be dumb !
Trembling I kneel'd, and wou'd have mercy cry'd,
But 'twas too late—my fault'ring Tongue deny'd
T' express my lab'ring thoughts abrupt intent : }
The Angel nods, as knowing what I meant, }
And back in Curls of Incense smiling went.
With mental Pray'r I strait addrest th' All-high ,
Nor cou'd those adamantine bonds unty ;
Which voluntary now fall off again :
And since kind Heav'n at once has broke my Chain,
450 And giv'n such Joys, I'll that attempt to raise ,
And thee, O never ending Goodness ! praise.
Awake my Lyre, I'll strain each tuneful String!
Awake my Voice which he has taught to sing.

22.

Zachary's Song.}

- Great God of Israel ! how shall we thy Laud express, Luke 1. 67.
G “ And, never satisfi'd with praises bless ?
Unutterable Goodness ! how shall we
For all th' unutterable Blessings pay,
Of this triumphant happy day, 68.
And what so largely we receive, restore to thee ?
460 Who hast thy chosen Flock with gracious Eyes survey'd,
And visited with thine Almighty Aid !
A great Redemption for us wrought, 69.
Surpassing our Desert or Thought,
Surpassing those when wand'ring wide
By Nilus and Euphrates side ,
You sav'd from Egypt, and from Babel's pride.
Those only Types of this have been,
Those only were from Slavery, this from Sin.

I I.

- Thee will we praise, thee will we sing,
470 We'll sing with ardent Love and awful Fear ;
Who hast to Sion brought a great Deliverer,
A mighty Saviour, and a mighty King !
That promis'd Branch of Jesse's sacred Stem,

Zach. 6. 12.

Heir

Isai. 11. 1.
Luke 1. 69.
70.

*Heir of his Father's Diadem ;
Whom many an antient Seer did descry
Thro' the mysterious Glass of Prophecy,
In the vast Heav'n of dark futurity :*

{

*They saw his Day, tho' far remov'd.
And seeing smil'd, and smiling lov'd :
They saw great Juda's Kingly Lion, rouse,
And his lov'd Nations Cause espouse ;
Vainly whole Troops against him rise,
This vainly fights, and that as vainly flies ;
From their stern Jaws he tears away
Th' already half-devoured Prey,
And rends and tramples all our Enemies.*

480

71.

I I I.

Gen. 22. 3.
10. 16.

Luke 1. 74.

74.

*Which of you shall my lofty Numbers grace,
Ye great Fore-fathers of the chosen Race ?
Thee Father Abraham, first I'll sing,
From whose blest Loins so many Nations spring,
The Favourite, the Friend of Heav'n's Almighty King !*

490

72.

73.

*He gave his Oath, and thou thy Son,
When the eternal League begun :
Offensive and Defensive 'tis,
His Enemies are ours, and ours are his :
His sacred Truth he did to witness take
While his strong Words the solid Center shake,
While Heav'n and Earth remain'd, he would not us forsake ;
But guide us thro' fair Virtue's Paths, wherein
For ever walk sweet Peace and Innocence,
All mischief ever banish'd thence,
All Guilt and Danger far remov'd,
All that by him is disapprov'd,
And Fear, the Child of Sin.*

500

75.

*Nor thee, thou strange prophetick Boy,
By Heav'n inspir'd e'er thou didst come
From forth the Closet of the Womb,
Thy aged Parents Wonder, and their Joy :
Thee, tho' unsung, unheeded yet,*

76.

Midst

'Midst Crowds of *Heroes* will the *Muse* forget !

Thee who the happy *News* shalt bring,

The *Harbinger* of *Heav'n's* high *King* ;

Ibid.

The *Banners* of his *Grace* display ,

And scatter *Pardons* all the *Way*.

77.

He comes, he comes ! I see him swift *advance*,

He comes to our *Deliverance* :

* I see his *Orient Light* arise

78.

Scatt'ring ten thousand *Suns* around the *Skies* :

It flash'd thro' *Chaos*, whose wild *Surges* fell,

As when the first strange *Day* was made ;

The *Fiends* were all of a new *World* afraid,

As wide it glar'd thro' all the inmost *Caves* of *Hell*.

If there it mov'd their *Dread*, though not their *Love*,

What *Wonders* shall it not perform above ?

Sin to th' *Abyss* shall sink again,

79.

" Death the great *Slayer*, shall himself be slain,

And *Truth* and *Heav'n-born Peace* for ever reign.

Thus sung the *Holy Sire* entranc'd, and we

Who heard, were little less in *Extasie* :

These triumphs finish'd, back we hast'ning come

To pleasant *Nazareth*, well weary'd home :

There fixing our abode, till now the *Sun*

Thro' three bright *Signs* his glorious *Race* had run,

540 Since we *Judea* left, and all our care,

Apply'd our homely *Cottage* to prepare

For the great *Prince*, and *Heav'n's Almighty Heir* ;

Whose *Birth* approach'd, which now we knew so near,

Each *Hour* his *Virgin Mothers Hope* and *Fear* :

Enough we had for *Need*, though not for *Pride*,

Yet ev'n that small *convenience* soon deny'd ;

The *Roman Edict* would not let us stay,

But to our *Birth-place*, *Bethlehem* call'd away ;

The antient Seat of *David's Royal Line*,

Luk.2.1,4,5

550 Whence the bright *Maids Original* and mine :

And when for our new *Journy* we prepare,

Hush'd were the churlish *Winds*, serene the *Air* ;

* Departing *Winter's* self grew *calm* and *mild*,

And as it went, put on *smooth Looks* and *smil'd*:

Whilst

Whilst in our way officious Nature strows
 The *blew-ey'd Violet*, and the *blushing Rose* :
 Does, to oblige us, all her Glories bring,
 And all the pretty *Flow'rs* that dress the *Spring* ; *
Narcissus, who too well himself did please,
 The *Iris* proud, and rich *Anemone's*: 560
 From *Naz'reth's* odoriferous *Fields* got free ,
Hermon and beauteous *Tabor* soon we see :
 Then o'r *Kedummim's Streams* our passage take,
 Which lose themselves in the *Tiberian Lake* ;
 And thro' the well-known *Road* came joyful down :
 On the third *Night* to *Salem's* sacred *Town* :
 And our *Devotions* at the *Temple* pay'd
 The next glad *Morn*, when there a while we stay'd,
 We leave our *Friends* in the declining day,
 And with discourse beguil'd the tedious Way : 570
 Till when sweet *Bethlem* at a distance spy'd,
 A secret *Joy* thro' all my *Soul* did glide ; *
Encreasing still, as still we came more *near*,
 And *Rachel's Tomb* toth' right began t' appear : *
 Each noted place around, the *Maid* I show'd,
 What e'r our *Eyes* could reach on either side the *Road* :
 Tis there, said I, still flows that *precious Spring*,
 Which his three *Heroes* did to *David* bring !
 2 Sam. 23.
 16.
 1 Sam. 17.
 34. 580
 T'was there a *Youth*, he kept his *Flock*, and there
 Met the *curl'd Lyon* and the rugged *Bear*.

She shreekt and claspt me to her trembling *Breast*,
 Then begg'd me that I would not tell the rest !

And now the *Night* her sable *Veil* had spread ,
 Each little *Bird* coucht in its mossy *Bed*,
 And *Fowls* of stronger *Wing* to distant *Regions* fled ; }
 As we to *Bethlem's Walls* well weary'd come,
 And hear the *busie Towns* tumultuous *Hum* ; }
 Whole *Droves* like us we see, who came too late,
 Crowding to enter e'r they shut the *Gate* : }
 And there so long we for admittance wait,
 Till we i'th' *Windows* glim'ring *Lights* descry ,
 Extinct in some, discovering *Midnight* nigh : }
 With Fears o'th' *Night*, and *Toyls* o'th' *Day* opprest,
 Long did we seek a Place for welcom Rest.

The

The Streets and Suburbs sought, but sought in vain,
New disappointments still increase our Pain.

And now new Griefs my much lov'd charge o'erpow'r,
Who fast approaching found that fatal hour
Of which her Sex so justly is affraid,

600 No more than that of Death to be delay'd :

" O my distracted Heart ! forlorn and poor,

" Repell'd at each unbosomable Door,

" Strangers, benighted, tired, and yet far more

" Still more than all, and what I could not bear,

" What more than Life I lov'd must feel the largest share.

" How false th' opinion that it gives relief

" To have a sad Companion in our Grief ?

" Afflictions stroaks more thick and heavy fall

" When both each others feel, and both bear all.

610 " Yet quiet still her Breast ; to Heaven resign'd ;

" In an uneasie Body calm her mind ;

" Not one impatient sigh or word let go,

" These only from her Lips divinely flow.

" It must be best for Heav'n will have it so.

" We may not murmur, tho' we justly give,

" And spite of clam'rous fence let's still believe !

Sham'd with the kind reproof I soon represt

My wayward Thoughts, and calm'd my murmur'ring Breast ;

* This done, I to a well known Cave repair

620 Which her might shield, for whom my chiefest care

From the moist Heav'ns, and Nights unwholsom Air.

In storms a refuge to the panting Swains

When sudden Sleet came driving cross the Plains.

* Whether by Art hew'd in the living Stone

Or Mother Natures antient work, unknown :

Short stubble and light reed, which our low state

Did best become, I gather'd at the Gate;

These to the Virgin for her Couch I gave,

Plac'd in the inmost Corner of the Cave :

630 Such pomp did David's Royal Heir assume,

Such was the Furniture, and such the Room :

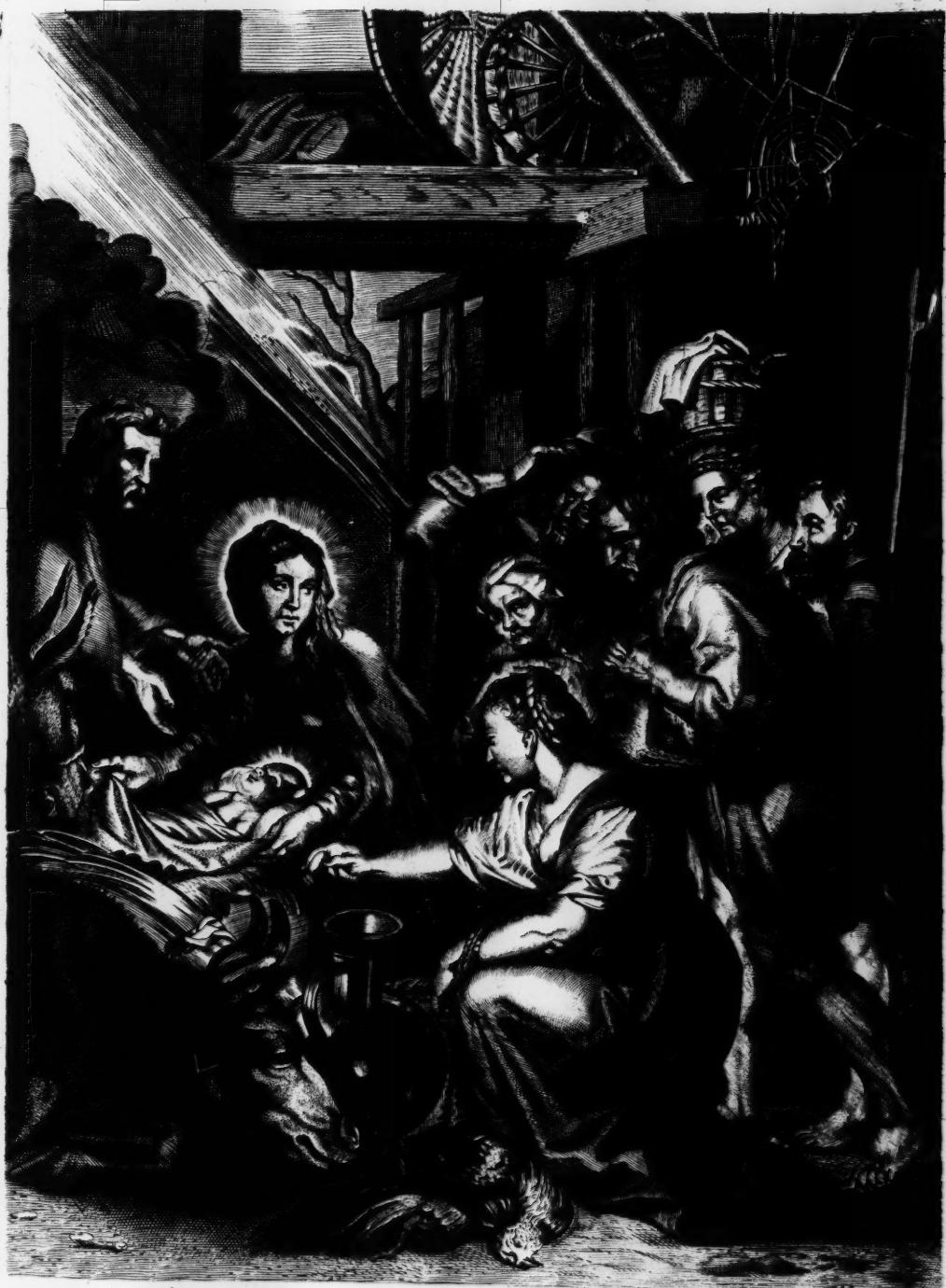
The rest a Choire of modest Angels brings,

But veil their Faces with their purple Wings.

And now thro' liquid Air the silent Moon

In silver Chariot mounts to her pale Noon :
 Still was the Night as Innocence or Fear,
 Nor humane Sounds, nor grazing Beasts we hear ;
 Faint did the Lamp on neighb'ring Edar burn, *
 By snatches shin'd awhile, then sunk into its Urn. *
 The very Stars with drowsie motions roll,
 The Bear walks heavily around the Pole : 640
 When spite of all my Cares I slumb'ring lay
 Tir'd with the Toils and sorrows of the day.
 Till a strong light thro' my clos'd Eye-lids shin'd,
 As the Sun's mid-day glories cheer the blind :
 Wond'ring I wake, and strait surpriz'd behold
 The Cave all delug'd with ethereal Gold :
 Glories almost too fine for grosser sense,
 And num'rous shining Forms departing thence :
 The Virgin too I saw, so brightly drest
 I hardly cou'd discern her from the rest. 650
 "In her chaste Arms the eternal Infant lies : *
 What an illustrious goodness in his Eyes ?
 Which soon alike both Lights and Shades o'erpow'rs,
 And all the modest Beams around devours :
 I kneell'd adoring, and my Eyes employ
 To assist my fault'ring Tongue, and speak my joy :
 Tho' from my pleasing Trance soon rais'd by Fear,
 For nigh the Cave I humane Footsteps hear
 And rustic sounds confus'd, which as they grew 660
 More loud, before the Gate my self I threw,
 With feeble force my precious charge to shield
 From the rude Swains returning from the field ;
 For such I thought 'em, till at length I spy,
 As the fair morn began to gild the Sky
 A Troop of harmless Shepherds mild and good,
 Who near me on their sheepbooks leaning stood,
 And bowing low, for the bright Babe inquire,
 The hope of Israel and the worlds desire : 670
 Wond'ring from whence so soon they heard the news
 I askt, nor they to clear my doubts refuse.
 Two sprightly Lads, who could relate it best,
 With Chaplets crown'd leapt forth from all the rest ;
 Claius, who lately the lead Town had left

Of



Book 2. pag: 50

Luc: 2

The Nativity.

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Of all his *long* his *foolish Hopes* bereft,
Tho' bounteous *Heav'n* whate'er he now thought *dear*
Indulg'd, in *Peace* and his *Urania* here:
Strephon, a jolly youth, who did pretend
To be, and was, e'er *Love* bred *Hate*, his *Friend*:
680 Tho' since too oft, on many a *vain pretence*
He left the *Plains* and left his *Innocence*.
His *Soul* no *track* of *Modesty* or *Grace*
Retains, as *steel'd* and *harden'd* as his *Face*:
Foul as those loathsom *Brands* his *Body* bears,
And black as that *dissembled Robe* he wears:
For now he do's in other *Garments* shrowd
His *ugly Vice*. I saw him late, too *proud*
Claius his *Friend*, or ev'n himself to *own*,
In *Town* by *Malchi's* nobler *Title* known;
690 Where with those *Priests* he bans, whose daily *Theme*
Is their still *patient Saviour* to *blaspheme*:
Not so ere while when *innocent* and *young*
With *Claius* thus his *Birth* he *sweetly sung*.

Christmas Caroll.

Strephon. **H**ow *Claius*- are we *dumb* with *Joy*?
Come tune thy *Pipe* to *Carols sweet*!
Let's welcom the *celestial Boy*,
And throw our *Garlands* at his *Feet*!

700 *Claius*. I have a *Lamb* as *pure* as *Snow*
Which my *Urania* smiling gave;
Yet shall he to his *Altars goe*
Nor shall her *Eyes* the *Victim save*.

Strephon. Mistaken *Swain*! he ne'er requires
That with such *off'rings* we should part:
Go give him *pure* and *fair* *desires*,
And praise him with an *humble heart*!

Claius. Then all my *hopes* and all my *fears*
I'll to their antient *Lord* restore,
And all my *sighs* and all my *tears*,
His *Love obtain'd*, I ask no *more*.

When thus each others *rural skill* they'd try'd
 To my desire young *Clains* thus reply'd :
 As in yon *Plain* that stretches wide away
 Near *Edars Tow'r* to guard our *Flocks* we lay,
 The *Night*, as honest *Shepherds* use, we spent,
 In *Tales* and *Songs* and *harmless merriment* :
 On antient *Heroes stories* some proceed,
 Who not *disdain'd* to touch the *tuneful reed* :

Gen.28, 29. Old Father *Jacob's Travels* these relate,
 31, 32, &c. And these *unstable Ruben's crime and fate* :
 Gen.35, 21, 22. Others that valiant *Ephranean Swain*

1 Sam. 17. Who vast *Goliah quell'd* on *Elabs plain* ;
 2, 49. How with his *Praises* all the *Valleys* rung ;
 How well he *fought* how well he *lov'd* and *sung*.
 While thus, on *Earths soft Couch* employ'd we lay
 From neighbouring *Cottages* the *Bird of Day*
 Loud *sounds* his first *alarm*, and every *star*
 Revolving swift thro' *Heav'n's high Arch* declare
 Their *Noon* was past, and *Night* began to *wear* : }
 When on a sudden aged *Aegon* cries

See *Shepherds* see, descending from the *Skies*
Yon light ! Kind *Heav'n* ! What mean these *Prodigies* ?
 The *Sun* it cannot be, for *Night*'s not done,
 And almost half his *Under-Day* to run ;
 Besides, it *mouts* not, but *oblique descends*,

And hitherwards its *wondrous Journy* bends — }

— He trembling said, but soon no more cou'd say ;
 For the next moment all around was day ;
 The *Ewes* disturb'd arose and scatter'd wide,
 The little *Lambs* ran *bleating* by their side :
 Our faithful Dogs coucht on the ground affraid,

And none besides my old *Lycisca bay'd* :

Profound we prostrate lay, long groveling there,
 Nor cou'd th' unsufferable *splendor* bear : }

Till a fair *Youth*, as my *Urania fair*

Luke 2. 9. Sweet *Peace* and *Heav'n-* born *Joy* descending brings,
 As soft he *touch'd* us with his *purple wings*.

10. Blest *Swains*, let no *vain Terrors* you affright !

Believe'tis no *Illusion* of the *Night* !

To you, he cry'd, I happy *tidings* bring

710

720

730

740

From

750 From yon fair place, and Heav'ns Almighty King.

To you, the Lamb of God, this happy morn

Luke 2. 11.

To you, the Saviour of the World is born

In Ephrætan Bethlem, where of old

The Royal Swain so well did guard his Fold ;

You'll find him wrapt in feeble Infants bands

12.

Who grasps all Nature with his mighty hands.

A Cave and homely Stable claim his birth *

Who rais'd the goodly Pile of Heav'n and Earth.-

—He said and strait we saw the welkin wide

760 Strong'd with the Heav'nly Host from side to side ;

13.

Thick as those glitt'ring notes that ever stray

And dance in the resplendent Beams of day ;

Night and our Fear they both from us remove,

And thus repeat those Hymns they learn'd above.

Song of the Angels.

Glory to our great King on high !

Luke 2. 14.

To Heav'n's Imperial Majesty !

To him that sits upon the Throne,

“ The ador'd Three-One !

II.

Peace from the Prince of Peace we bring ;

770 An Amnesty from Heavn's high King.

Who at his First-born's welcom birth

Scatters pardons round the Earth.

III.

Thunders we must use no more

In which the Law was preacht before,

Exod. 19.20.

But strive ingenuous Man to move

With mild Good-will and Heav'nly Love.

Thus Hymning, by degrees they leave our sight

And hitherward direct their parting Light.

Here, Father, we arriv'd —

On

On that bright Babe desired to feast our Eyes,
 The subject of so many prophesies !

They said, to their request consent I gave
 And introduc'd 'em to the well-known Cave ;
 With greedy Eyes when his lov'd Face they spy'd,
 On his lov'd Face they gaz'd unsatisfi'd ;
 Still more surpriz'd more miracles behold !
 Each humbled Straw indues the form of Gold.
 Thro' the dark Cave they see new day arise,
 Projected round from his illustrious Eyes ;
 These o'er the Gates their rustic Garlands hung,
 These Flow'rs and Herbs around profusely flung ;
 And these the Child and these the Mother hung :
 While others from the Rock live Honey bear,
 Or fragrant Balms inestimable Tear :
 Their humble presents paid, they part again,

Luke 2. 17. And spred the joyful news o'er all the Plain.

Sev'en times bright Hesper now had clos'd the Day,
 As oft sweet Phosphor warn'd the Stars away :

Luke 2. 21. The eighth glad morn arising, when we bear
 The Holy Infant to the House of Pray'r ;
 Whence, as the Law directs, that mark he wore
 On all our pious Fathers stampt before ;
 Inscrib'd in Blood upon his tender skin,
 Altho' he knew no stain of guilt or sin,
 And the next Moon elaps'd, as custom calls,
 Agen we speed for antient Salems walls ;
 Our dear first born, so Holy rites require

Levit. 12. 4. To dedicate to his immortal Sire.

Nor sooner to the Temple Gates we came
 But th' Incense with a clear and generous flame
 Shot strait to Heav'n.— The pious Mother went
 Her off'ring to his Father to present ;

Exod. 2. 13. And her two Turtles, innocent as they,

Levit. 12. 6. Did near the Sacred Altar trembling lay :
 But scarce the double Sacrifice was done,
 To purge the Mother and present the Son ;

Luke 2. 25. When thro' the admiring Croud old Simeon came
 Of noted Virtue and umblemish't Fame ;
 To whom when cold decrepid Age had spred

780

790

800

810



Book 2, pg:54.

Luc:2

The Circumcision.

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Book. 2 pag: 55.

Simeon in the Temple, holding Christ in his Arms.

- 820 The Snow of fourscore Winters on his head;
As he one Evening in the Temple stay'd
And for sad Israel's wish'd redemption pray'd,
A Heav'ly Youth of those who waited there *
Indues a thin-spun Robe of ambient Air
And bids the aged Father not despair,
For tho' too short his Thread of Life were spun
Too many precious Sands already run,
Him vainly threatening Death shou'd not surprize
Till the Messia blest his longing Eyes : 26.
- 830 The same bright Form appear'd this happy day
As on his face in pray'r he prostrate lay ;
And from his Closet beckon'd him away :
With Joy the good old man the signal takes,
And, all extatick, to the Temple makes :
In hast he cheerful came, erect, alone,
His useless Crutches now aside were thrown :
Thro' all the crowd of Priests and suppliants press'd,
Then seiz'd the Child and laid him at his Breast ;
With his dear burden to the Altar ran
- 840 And thus, with sacred rage inspir'd, began.

Simeon's Song, or the Nunc Dimittis.

Luke 2. 29.

YES, Now thy Servant dies, he gladly dies !
This Life, dear Lord ! prolong no more,
But as you promis'd me before
In peace now close mine Eyes !
Mine Eyes which that dear object now has met
For which so long they gaz'd in vain,
For whole delay so long I did complain :
I've seen the Sun of Righteousness arise ;
'Tis time my glimm'ring Lamps forsake the Skies
And in the shades of Death for ever set. 30.

II.

- 850 The World already hails his welcom birth :
Already humble Gifts prepare
To meet and bless th' Almighty Heir
The King of Heav'n and Earth :

31, 32.
Matth. 2. 1.

Him

Him the lost *Gentiles* shall their *Saviour* find,
 Him *Heathen Lands* their *Lord* shall own,
 Their *Lord* and *God*, him who alone
 Not only giveth *sight* but *Eyes* to th' blind.

III.

34. Ah stupid *Nation* ! Wilt thou still refuse
 Still hate thy *Saviour* ? Ah thrice harden'd *Jews* ! 860
 (Grant *Heav'n* these boding fears may not be true !)
 Rejected by your *Prince*, as he by you !
 But Ah ! What cruel *Truths* I see
 In the dark *Womb* of future days ?
 To what a cursed *Throne* will you your *Saviour* raise ?
 How will you *crown* with *Thorns* and *Infamy* ?
 35. What *wounds*, what *swords*, Great *Mother*, are prepar'd for thee ?

IV.

- But with our *sufferings* *Heav'n*'s at last inclin'd
 For see a glorious *Scene* behind !
 He comes he comes, agen these *Eyes* shall see, 870
 Agen, dear *Saviour*, welcom thee !
 The *Cloud* thy *Chariot*, and thy *Wings* the *Wind*,
 In *Zion* shall appear
 The great deliverer.
 My stubborn *Nation* then shall strive no more,
 But him whom once they peirc'd, adore :
 32. 34. Now *Israels Glory*, as their *shame* before.

He said, when strait to *bliss* his *soul* retir'd, *
 And slumb'ring soft he with a *smile* expir'd.
 Nev'r wonders still arise as these are past,
 Like *Waves*, the *first confounded* in the *last*. 880
 Each *Sex*, as well as *Age*, their *Lord* confess,
 A *Prophet* first, and now a *Prophetess*.

- Luke 2. 36. *Ama*, a Matron Sage, and whilst a *Wife*
 For spotless *Faith* renown'd, and holy *Life* ;
 Old Phanuels *Heir*, of *Asher's* fruitful *Race*
 Fam'd in her *Youth* for matchless *Mind* and *Face*,

Sought

- Sought by a hundred *Woers*, nor deny'd,
To bless the happiest by the name of *Bride* :
- 890 Seven years they liv'd and no *Dissension* knew ;
Tho' One at first, yet still more one they grew :
Their *Thoughts*, their *Wishes*, nay their *Souls* the same,
In nought they differ'd but in *Sex* and *Name* :
So intimately close the knot was ty'd,
That *Death* it self cou'd hardly them divide :
And when th' untimely *Grave* had him receiv'd,
And her of more than her own *Life* bereav'd,
She wonder'd how, and scarce believ'd she liv'd ;
All thoughts of any second *Love* defies,
- 900 And to all worldly *Joy* and *Pleasure* dies ;
Within the *Temple* waiting the blest hour,
Which her might to her much-lov'd *Lord* restore :
Her earthly *Frame* by *Fasts* so far refin'd,
That little now was left but perfect mind :
Oft her pure *Soul* to *Heav'n* wou'd take its flight
Lost and absorpt in *Glory infinite* :
- Retir'd as oft, no *Look*, no *Thought* abroad,
Nothing she knew besides her self and *God* ;
Nay sometimes scarce distinct her self cou'd call ;
- 910 * Abstracted from her self, for *God* was all.
What darling *Visions*, not to be exprest,
Her constant fervent pure *Devotions* blest !
What *Beatific Glories* warm'd her *Breast* !
What crowds of beautious *Seraphs* left the *Choir*,
At once, to imitate her and admire !
What mystic *Truths* by them to her reveal'd,
To all, but them and *Heav'n* it self, conceal'd !
From these she learns what strikes weak *Reason* dumb,
What tries ev'n *Faith*, that *God* shou'd *Man* become :
- 920 She learn'd the time, the day, the hour precise,
When we approach'd to bring our *Sacrifice* :
What *Joy*, what *Exultation* she exprest'd,
And hail'd her Saviour at the *Virgins breast* ?
Nor half content that him her self she h'd found ;
How gladly spred she the glad *News* around
* To all the *Just*, by her and *Heav'n* approv'd,
To all who a *Redeemer* wish'd and lov'd ?

Luke 2. 37.

Thus much, tho' what remains did more surprize,
For Fame reports three Princes great and wise,

Matth. 2. 1. Were late arriv'd, from near the Sun's uprise;

930

From the fair Fields of happy Araby, *

Judea's strange expected Prince to see;

Conducted safely by a wondrous Star

Cross all those sandy Worlds, outstretching far

Thro' the wide Wilderness, until at last,

To Moab's pleasant Plains and Hills they past;

Near Edom's Mount to Jordan's doubtful Brim, *

'Twixt Selah and the cloudy Abarim:

Crossing the Flood, as it by Gilgal falls,

They soon arriv'd at antient Salems Walls;

2. And boldly for the new born King enquire,

The hope of Isr'el, and the Worlds desire!

Matth 2. 3. Proud Herod heard, and trembled at the news,

Whose heavy Tyranny the injur'd Jews

So long had sighing born; nor they alone,

His very Friends beneath his Axes groan,

With his own blood he dyes his slipp'r Throne. *

Not all his sordid Flatt'lers now avail'd;

Their Hearts, as well as their fierce Tyrants fail'd;

Tho' him so late they their Messia hail'd: *

Howe'er that Savage Wolf the Fox indu'd,

Awkwardly pious seem'd, and strangely good:

The Sages to his stately Palace brings,

And plac'd 'em in Apartments fit for Kings:

Dissembling Hospitable Piety,

Aloud he prais'd their Zeal and Industry:

Blest be th' unutterable Name! Said he,

Who ev'n to Gentile Worlds, so long conceal'd,

At last has our great promis'd Prince reveal'd!

O might we but the Royal Infant greet,

And throw our Crowns and Scepters at his Feet?

How much, how infinitely blest we were,

If to his Fathers House we him might bear?

How happy, might we wait and serve him there?

Thus close his Nets the sanguine Tyrant plac'd,

(For when our humble Roof the Sages grac'd,

They all repeated,) thus did them deceive,

940

950

960

- So easily will *Innocence* believe ;
So firmly on his *Royal word* they lean'd ;
970 Who instantly the *Sanhedrim* conven'd :
Sollicitous he askt that happy *place*,
Which the *Messia's* glorious *birth* shou'd grace ? Matth. 2. 4.
If it their antient *Sacred Books* declare ;
---As I remember, you, learn'd Sir, was there,
* Fair *Rama's* Lord to wise *Gamaliel* cry'd ;
When this propos'd - 'Tis true, the *Sage* reply'd ;
That morning in the *Sanhedrim* I sate,
And 'twas by all *resolv'd*, on the *debate*,
That humble *Bethle'm*, *David's* antient *seat*,
980 Must by his *God-like Off-springs birth* be great :
As thus, *inspir'd*, the fam'd *Morasthite* sung,
While with his lofty sounds fair *Salems Mountains* rung.

Micah's Propheſie.

- L ET *Salem* boast her antient *Kings*,
Salem, which Princely *David* sings ; Micah 2.
And *Shemir's* vain *Apostate Town*,
Her *Gods*, her *strength*, her *pleasure* and *renown* !
Bethl'hem alone's my noble choice,
That claims my *Lyre* and claims my *Voice*,
In that shall *Israel's Land* and *Gentile-Worlds* rejoice ;
990 Tho mean thou art and *bumble* now,
Wide shall thy *spreading Glories* grow,
And all around, like *fruitful Jordan*, overflow :
For if a *Kings* or *Heroes Seat*,
Must by his *Residence* be great,
All others infinitely this o'erpow'rs,
Where *Heav'n's* high *King* is born, as well as ours.
Already I the *Royal Infant* see,
How long his *Rule*, how vast his *Realms* shall be ?
Thro' boundless *Space* and *Time* he Reigns eternally !

- 1000 — The same, my Friend, says *Cephas*, did repeat
The same to him, the *Magi*, wise and great.
(Tho' that before, and much beside he knew,
Which from the *Sacred Oracles* he drew.)

Nor they the humble *Bethl'hem's Walls* disdain'd,
 Nor long in *Herod's glittering Courts* remain'd ;
 Thence hasten'd, ev'n by him, that *Prince* to find,
 For *Isra'l's Scepter* and the *Worlds* design'd ;
 Tho' e'er they went, by strictest bonds enjoyn'd,
 When him they found they the glad *News* should send,
 That he with *adoration* might attend.

1010

This his fair *Semblance* tho' his black *Intent*,

Matth. 2. 8. Was but too plain discover'd by th' event ;
 For they no sooner safely enter'd were
 Under the *Convoy* of their first bright *Star*,
 Our *lowly Roof*, the rev'rend *Sire* goes on,
 Whither, not long before, our *Off'rings* done,
 We from the *Temple* came-- no sooner they

9. Did *Gifts* at once and *Adoration* pay
 To th' *Infant King*- but by a *Vision* warn'd,
 To their own happy *Country* they return'd ;
 Nor call'd at *Salem*, as their first intent,
 But round, by *secret winding ways*, they went.

1020

What said not *Herod* when the *Truth* he found ?

12. 16. The *Air* how did his fruitless *Curses* wound,
 Which all were lost in *Wind*, or on his *Head* rebound. }
 But tho' they soon were past his *rage* and *pow'r*,
 The *Thunder* ended in a *bloody Show'r*
 On *Mourning Bethl'hem*, which at first hung high,
 And at a distance gather'd in the *Skie*:

1030

'Twas just descending when an *Angel* came ;
 'Twas he who first from *Scandal* and from *blame*
 Clear'd the chaste *Maid*, aloud he bids me *rise*,
 (I saw *concern* and *pity* in his *Eyes* ;)

13. Rise e'er too late and our dear *pledg* convey,
 With his unspotted *Mother*, wide away
 To *Egypt's* distant *Fields* ; nor thence remove :
 Till he receiv'd *Commission* from above,
 As now he *Convoy'd* out to guard us *home*.

— An hours delay was *Death*, the *Guards* were come
 From *bloody Herod*, eager to destroy

1040

His dreaded *Rival* in the *God-like Boy*.

Arriv'd already at the *City Gate*,
 And only there did for *Admittance* wait.

Starting



bk 2 pag: 60.

Act: 2

The Adoration of the Magi.

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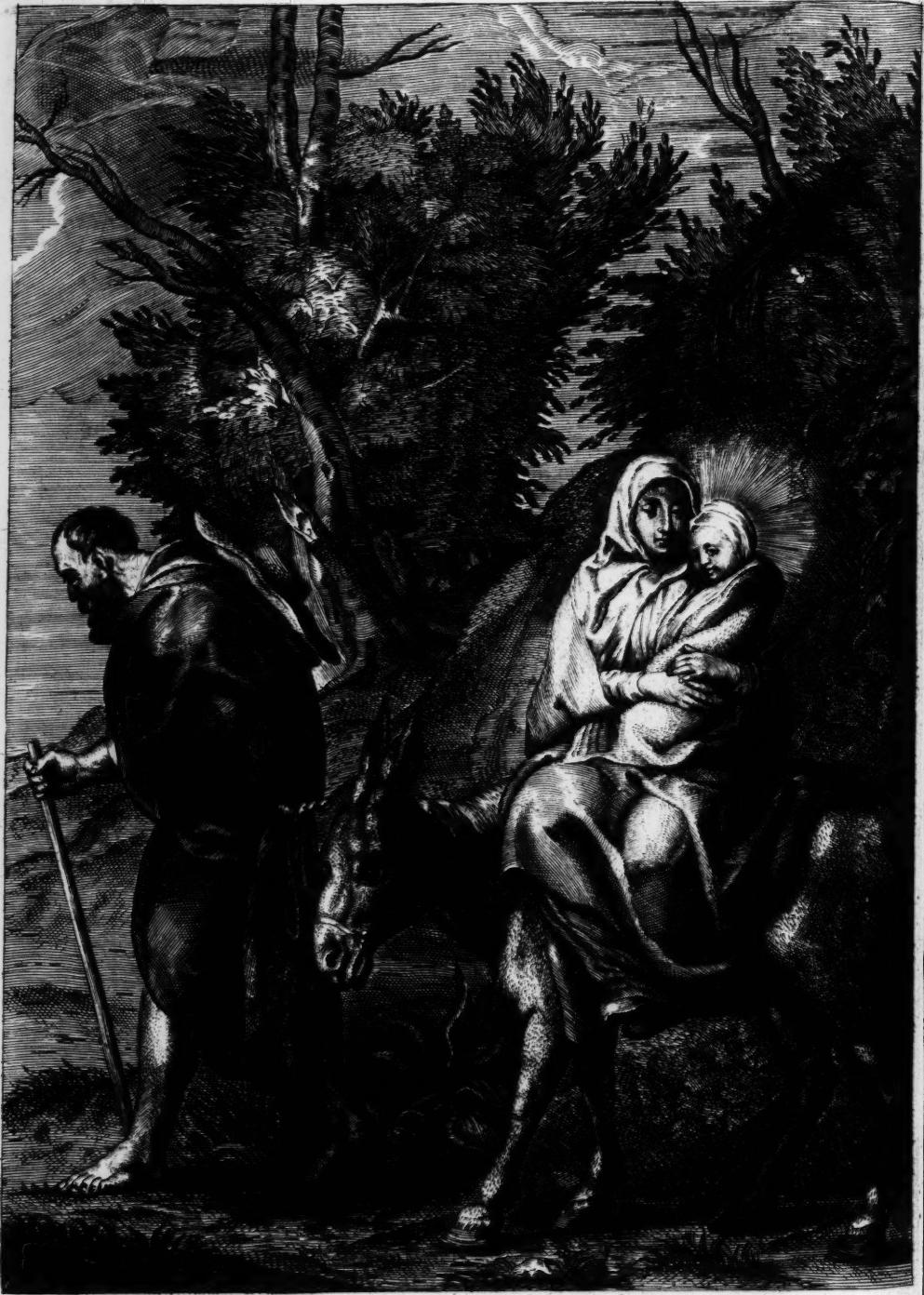
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Book 2 pag: 61.

The Slaughter after Conquest of Bethlehem. Act. 2

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Book 2 pag: 16.

The Flight of Joseph & Mary into Egypt.

Mat: 2

Starting I rose, for my lov'd Charge afraid,
Nor in the Town one precious moment stay'd,
Scarce had I time to tell the Sacred Maid,
What my concern and this strange hurry meant,
But silent thro' the Southern Gate we went ;
Nor many paces from the Wall had gone,



1050 When all the busie Streets with Torches shone,
Crossing from House to House, which we espy
* From a small Hill, and strait a dismal cry
Of Blood and Murther did our Ears affright,
With doubled Horror thro' the silent Night.
Loud Shrieks we sometimes heard, nor that alone,
Oft we distinguish'd some deep dying Groan,
These of their barb'rous Foes for Mercy pray'd,
These, desperate grown, with fruitless arms invade.
How gastly must that Scene of Horror be,

1060 Entire, which we did thus by piecemeal see ?
Here mangled Infants from the Windows fall,
And Herod's bloody Banner on the Wall ;
There Children dasht on Marble pavements lie,
There gor'd aloft on Pikes or Halberts die.

The Virgin shriek'd with Fear almost opprest,
And claspt the Royal Infant to her breast ;
Nor dar'd we more of the sad sight partake,
Trembling lest we our selves a part shou'd make ;
But we e'er morning, in our speedy Flight,
1070 * Had reach'd the Forrest of the Tekoite ;
Beth-hacerem we shun with cautious fear,
For Herod's Garrison we knew was there ;
And past the Woods, and Siddim's Plain came down
---On the third morn, to Sheba's bord'ring Town :
---There leaving Palestine, our Course we take,
* O'er the vast Sands by Syrbon's waining Lake
* And Casius Mount, with Palms and Cedars crown'd,
For mighty Pompey's Fate and Tomb renown'd :
There entring on proud Mizraims fruitful Soil,
1080 * Which asks no Rain, and knows no God but Nile ;
* Near old Bethshemesh we the River crost,
Which both its antient Name and Gods has lost,
Now Heliopolis ; advancing on

Matth. 2.
18.

To

To the proud *Walls* of neighb'ring *Babylon*; *

Nor dare so near our dreaded Foe abide,

But still pierce further, and at last reside

At Royal *Noph*, now *Memphis*, *Egypt's* pride;

(Near those vast *Pyramids* which wound the *Sky*); *

Whilst at midway the empty *Clouds* go by;

Vain Monuments of *Pow'r* and *Luxury*;

Huge *useless Wonders*, *Wens* on *Nature's* face,

The *Younger Brothers* of the *Babel-race*;

And there in wish'd *obscurity* remain'd,

By an old *Friend* with *kindness* entertain'd.

— But the day wears, nor need I now relate

What's known so well, proud *Herod's* dreadful *Fate*,

Vid. Joseph. An end he did, worthy his *Crimes*, receive:

Aniq.

Nor must I say how we did *Egypt* leave,

By the kind *Angel* warn'd, how a new fear

Surpriz'd us, when, our happy *Birth-place* near,

We heard, to our uneasiness and pain,

Matth. 2. The *Tyrant's Son* did in *Judea* reign:

22. How by divine *Direction* guided, we,

Still *Northward* went to distant *Galilee*;

Till to fair *Nazareth* again we came,

Matth. 2. That thence the Royal Child might bear his name,

23. As antient *Prophets* fung-- how great his state? *

What *Angels* on his *Infancy* did wait?

How he enreas'd in *Age* and *Piety*,

How still t' his *Holy Mother*, and to me,

Exact *Obedience* paid —

What *Wonders* we from those that past *presage*,

From *Youth* and *Childhood* meas'ring *Manly Age*.

In ev'ry *Virtue*, ev'ry *State* compleat;

This only of his *Actions* I'll repeat,

Tho' many more I must in *silence* pass,

Well worthy *Marble Piles* or *Leaves of Brass*.

Three *Lustres* scarce compleat, e'er the soft *down*, *

His *Nectar* dropping *Lips* began to *crown*;

Luke 2. 41. We to the *Pasch* ascending, with us he

42. Observes with *Joy* the glad *Solemnity*.

Which now in festal *Songs* and *Off'rings* past,

T' our own sweet *Nazareth* again we hast.

1090

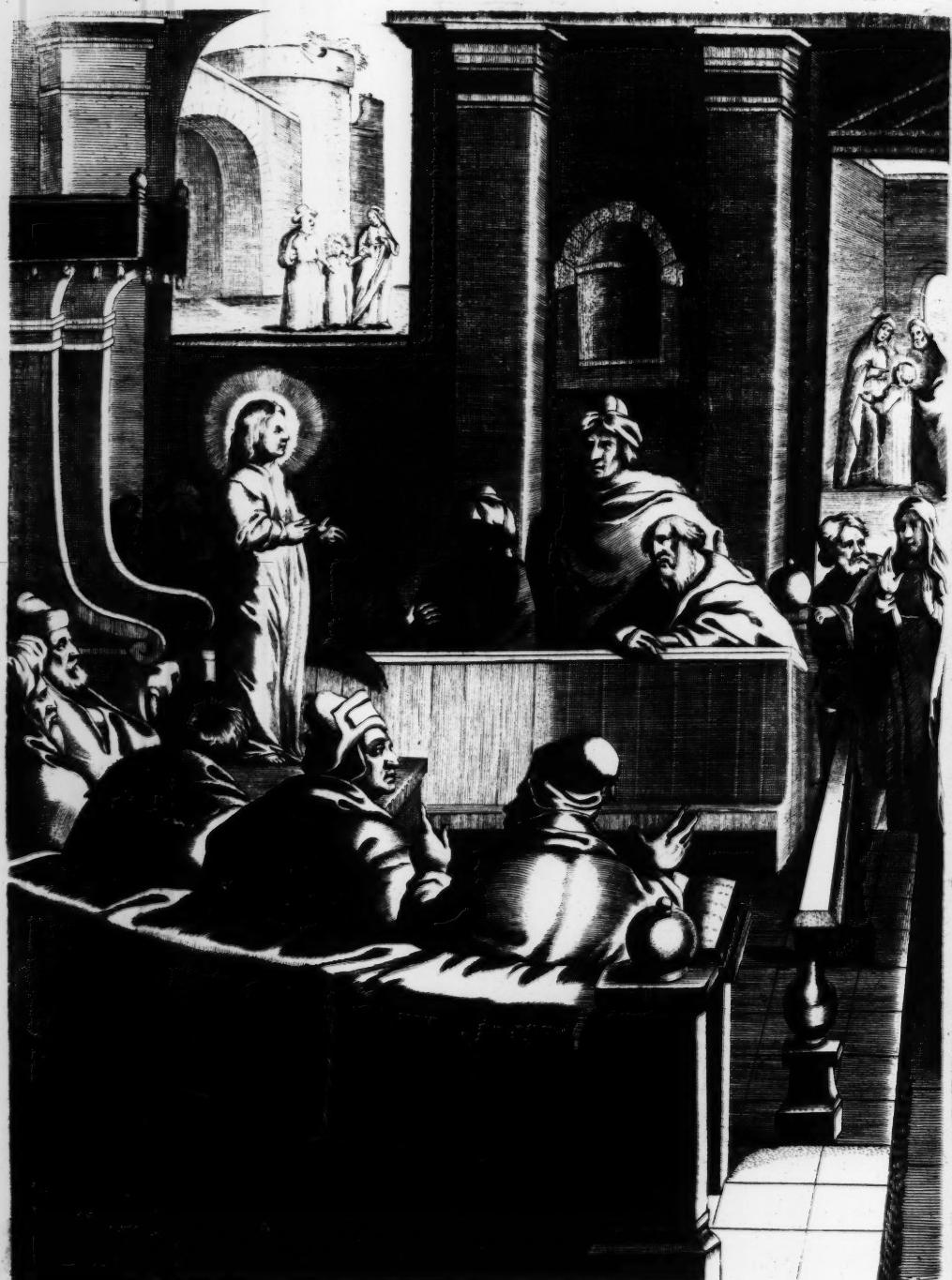
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But

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Book 2 pag: 63.

Christ among the Doctors.

Luc 2

But missing him, we both began to fear,
Nor tidings cou'd from all our Kindred hear ;
We search each Troop, returning from the Pasch,
Zebedee and his *Grandsire Heli* ask,

Luke 2. 44.

Ask o'er and o'er, but cou'd no comfort gain.

As a fair *Hind* who wand'ring o'er the Plain,

1130 Or some thick *Wood*, her tender *Fawn* has lost,

So look'd the *Virgin*, so lamenting croft

45.

Each Street and *Road*, in vain she sought and mourn'd,

Nor less when to the *Town* next morn return'd :

46.

Two days, alike, in fruitless search we spent,

Two Nights in *Tears*, and him, as lost, lament :

Her Feet ne'er rest by day, by night her Eyes,

Which delug'd saw the third sad Morn arise :

Humane endeavours vain, to Heav'n she flies,

Resolv'd to seek him in the *House of Pray'r*,

1140 And from his Father ask *Direction* there :

Ibid.

We sought, and him amidst the *Scribes* we found,

A pleas'd, a numerous *Audience* seated round,

47.

His *Words* admiring, on his *Lips* they hung,

And blest's d each sound of his harmonious *Tongue* :

How far his *Sence* his tender *Age* outran !

Beyond a *Child*, he spake beyond a *Man* !

--- Heav'ns ! was it he ? Good *Nicodemus* cry'd :

Then in the *Schools*, as chanc'd, I did preside,

And heard it all ; the wond'rous *Youth* admir'd,

1150 Nor thought him less than by high Heav'n inspir'd !

So lofty, yet so evident and clear,

All his surprizing *Thoughts* and *Notions* were

Each look, each word, such a peculiar *Grace* ;

So modest, and so grave his heav'nly Face,

Envy it self, his *Foe*, cou'd hardly prove ;

He shar'd at once our *Wonder* and our *Love*.

If then, with *Zeal*, the happy *Friend* rejoyn'd,

So justly you admir'd so great a *Mind*,

How wou'd you then, if him you now wou'd see ?

1160 How *Fathers* ! wou'd you all soon rival me ?

He now excels himself, as others then,

He's fairer far than all the *Sons of Men* :

Mild *Mercy* mixt with awful *Goodness* shine

All

All o'er, confessing *Love* and *Pow'r* divine:
Each *Look*, each *Line*, bespeaks *immod'rate Grace*,
And shows his *Fathers Image* in his *Face*:

--- Yet he but *injuries*, who like me commands,
The best of *Masters* and the best of *Friends*.

Ah, had you once, like me, his *Goodness* prov'd;
Were he but *known* he cou'd not but be *lov'd*. 1170

--- A *warmth* like yours, *succes* can never fail,
So strongly you *persuade*, you must *prevail*,
Wise *Nicodemus* cries, for your great *Friend*,
Whom I my self *desire* this *Night* t' attend,
To find if *Truth* will these *Encomiums* bear,
Or heighthen'd you present his *Character*.

Gladly I claim the *word*, the *Saint* reply'd,
And for the *honour* pres't to be your *Guide*:
They joyn, tho' all the *Company* divide;
When *Joseph* first saluted every *Guest*,
And the next *morning* fix'd to hear the *rest*. 1180

The End of the Second Book.

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK II.

* *A LL silent stood when Rama's Lord had done.]* As I ended the First Book, so I begin the Second, with an Imitation of Virgil's, *Conticuere omnes, and Interea Aeneas.* By Rama's Lord is meant Joseph of Arimathea, *Vide Notes on the First Book.*

* *So when our Prince shall Israel's Throne regain,*
So may I by his side for ever reign.] It's too plain to need any great matter of Proof, that S. Peter especially, and I believe the greatest part or all of the other Disciples, did expect at that time the *Temporal Reign of the Messias.* As for S. Peter's *Wish* here, to reign by his *Side*, on his *Throne*, the same with that of Zebedee's Sons afterwards, a Modern Critic tells us, 'twas the Custom for the *antient Throne* to be made of a great *Capacity*, able to contain several Persons. As for the *Form* of the *Asseveration*, *So when our Prince, &c,* 'tis not unlike that which Grotius quotes out of their *Cbetub*, " *Ita videam consolationem Israel;* So may I see the *Consolation of Israel:* which, he says, was an usual Affirmation among the *Jews.*

Which these, which Fame, which all the World attest.] These, the two other Disciples : *Fame*, for we read of the *Fame of Jesus*, *Mattb. 4. 24. Luke 4. 14, 37. & 14. 1. Herod heard of the Fame of Jesus*, and in several other places. All the *World* here is no more than *Jew* and *Gentile*, or all the *Roman World*, which every one knows was at that time called the *νάου εικεψίδην*. Nor were his Miracles only known to the *Syrians*, *Mattb. 4. 24.* The *Pheenicians*, *Mar. 7. 26.* and afterwards the *Grecians*, *John 12. 20.* but to the *Romans* also, as the *Centurion*, and probably many others. *Vid. plur. infra.*

* *From whose wise Books his Sacred Name we gain.]* See our Learned *Mede*, on *Daniel's Weeks*, which he proves must be accomplished about the time of our Saviour's coming, whichsoever of the assigned *Epoches* we take for their beginning. And 'tis his Observation, that we have the very Name of the *Messias* from that Prophet, *Dan. 9. 25, 26.* where he's called *Messiah the Prince*; and 'tis added, *Messias shall be cut off, but not for himself.* See more in Notes on *Lib. vii.*

* *The Period past our Rabbies all declare;*
And come he is, or we must now despair.] Malaby having foretold, that the Lord should suddenly come to his *Temple*; the *Jews* having lost their *Legislative power*; the *Weeks of Daniel* being now accomplished; the *Baptist* also appearing in the *Spirit and Power of Elias*, and indeed all other Prophecies of the *Messias compleated*, and all *centring* in this very time; it would be but very reasonable to suppose the *Rabbies* did at that time publicly declare their *Expectation* of him, tho we had no positive proof for such an Assertion. But yet further, 'tis not only plain

plain from the *Evangelists* that he was then generally expected by the whole Nation of the *Jews*, (whence I say Of what all Israel knows) and even the *Samaritans*, that Woman who was none of the best, nor, 'tis to be presum'd, the wisest among 'em, yet speaking on't as a thing out of Question, the *Messiah cometh*, *Exodus*, with a present signification; not only this is notorious, but even their great Men exprest themselves freely to the same Sense; thus old *Simeon*, whom some suppose a great *Rabbi* amongst them, and *Caiaphas*, who prophesied very clearly even of the *Messiah's* Sufferings. And *Josephus* confirms the same, plainly acknowledging, that at that time, some great Prince was, by an antient Tradition or Prophecy, expected in the East, which, according to his usual Flattery, he applies to *Vespasian*. With all which the modern *Jews* find themselves so pres'd, that they have been forc'd to own the time when we know the *Messiah* did really come, was indeed that appointed for his coming, but 'twas delay'd, they say, for the Sins of the People: 'tis answered, the Promise of the *Messiah* was absolute, and he was to come to save his People from their Sins, when the World was in a desperate Condition, and, as one of the *Rabbies* says, "filled with Dogs, Wolves, and Goats instead of Men. Others of 'em say he did then really come, but is not yet declared or revealed, remaining all this while incognito. And a third sort, as I find it quoted by a learned Person from their *Bab Berachoth*, that the *Messiah* was really born, and that of poor Parents, and in the time of the latter Temple, but was snatched away again for the Sins of their Nation; which is true enough, tho' not in the sense they intended. Nay I find one of their *Rabbies*, *Sam Marocbianus de adventu Messiae*, who goes further than any of these, "I dread and fear, O Lord, says he, lest that *Jesus* " who was slain by our Fathers, and whom the Christians worship, should be that "Righteous one, sold for Silver, according to the Prophet *Amos*.

24. By that fell Idumean Wolf oppres'd.] *Herod the Great*, generally suppos'd an *Edomite*, tho' some make him of *Ascalon*.

28. Dismembering Piety our Temple rais'd.] He enlarg'd, adorn'd, and as good as rebuilt the second Temple, as *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 15. cap. 14.* which tho' some learned Men have denied, as *Eckius* and *Villalpandus*, yet one would think *Josephus* should best know, having so often officiated in it, and perhaps seen part of it building with his own Eyes; nor does he at all flatter *Herod*, who was dead many years before, whatever he says of *Vespasian*. This Temple was in truth a very magnificent Structure, tho', by the leave of our Master *Cowley*, much inferior to that of *Solomon*, as shall appear more largely in Notes on *Lib. vii.* The main body of it was finished by *Herod* himself in eight Years and an half, employing about a thousand Carriages and eleven thousand Men, but 'twas forty six years before the whole was compleated by the *Jews*, as they told our Saviour.

31. And makes th' High-Priest himself a Sacrifice.] *John Hircanus*, who was, if I mistake not, his Father-in-law into the bargain. See *Joseph. Antiq. Lib. 6. & 7.*

36. Their Idol Eagle to our Temple brings.

Who percht on proud *Antonia* clapt his Wings.] *Antonia* was a Castle built by *Herod* in honour of his Friend *Anthony*, near the Temple, at the North-West Corner, on an inaccessible Rock fifty Cubits high, and the Castle upon it forty Cubits more; which was four square, with four Towers at the Corners, commanding all the Temple, into which there were also secret Passages from it. See the Description of it *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 6. cap. 7.* But not only the Roman Banners, which the *Jews* lookt upon as *Idols*, and perhaps they were not mistaken, might offend the *Zealots*, when waving on the Towers so near their Temple; but *Josephus* tells us in his *Antiq. lib. 17. cap. 18.* "that *Herod* did really erect a Golden Eagle, of an almost inestimable value, on the very Portal of the Temple, which *Judas* and *Matthias*, two brave young Men, and zealous for their Law, were so much offended at, that they got their Friends together, and cut it all to pieces with their Swords and Axes, tho' it cost many of their Lives.

38. Judah no more gives Laws.] this seems the most natural Interpretation of the Sceptre's departing from *Judah*, that is, the Legislative Power, which till now remain'd with those two Tribes returning from Captivity.

41. Our Substance seiz'd, &c. Which my fierce Country could not tamely bear.] See a large account of the Insurrection of the Galilean Jews against the Romans under Judas Gaulonitis, (so called from the City Golan in Bashan) on occasion of this Taxation, in *Josephb. Antiq. lib. 18. cap. 1.*

71. And brought, of seven Sabbath years, the last.] Josephb. 'tis probable was a middle-ag'd person at the time of his Marriage. The Sabbath Year is either the seventh Year, or seven Years, a Week of Years: suppose him then born either in the last year of the first Sabbath, or the very seventh or Sabbath year, he might be now something above forty.

76. Old Heli's Daughter did the Garland bear.] Heli is said to be the Father of the Blessed Virgin. See Eusebius his Ecclesiastical History, who, from the relation of some Christian Jews, gives one of the clearest Solutions of the difficulties in Genealogies that I've ever seen; tho' 'tis true his Scheme is liable to some Objections, and I should be glad to see any that was not.

93. And scarce could Eden's Los it self lament.] The Harshness of this Thought I've endeavoured to soften by the word scarce, at the beginning of the Verse, and if there needs any more to do it, the Reader is desired to consider that Joseph speaks here as a Lover, and therefore must be allowed to think more extravagantly than another Person.

94. Tender, not fond, &c.] The Ideal Character of a good Wife. See the rest below, Yet still, &c.

112. I found her pregnant, now 'twas plain to sight.] This was the best way I could think of to manage so nice a point with that Gravity the Subject requir'd.

141. On whose fair Soul no thought of ill's imprest.] Not that I think her Immaculate in the Popish sense, but only as to the Opinion Joseph had entertained concerning her.

148. Five Courses more through her short Orb had gone.] The Remainder of nine Months must be allowed before, for obvious Reasons.

163. Thus the sweet Rose, &c.] The Thought's too good to be my own, I had it from that of Vida, Rore velut demissa caput Rosa matutino.

199. Thrice happy oft I call'd and counted her.] In this Thought all Writers that I've yet seen on this Subject, either Prose or Verse, have agreed: for Verse Vida, thus,

Ilam fælicem tacite mecum ipsa vocabam,
Quam Pater omnipotens tanto cumularet honore.

And Sannazarius, I think beyond him here, which he is not often.

— Oculos dejecta modestos
Suspirat, Matremque Dei venientis adorat
Fælicemque illam, humana nec lege creatam
Sæpe vocat, necdum ipsa suos jam sentit honores.

212. All hail! belov'd of Heav'n, and full of Grace.] Wherein I include both Sences of the *χαίρε κυανετούσιν.*

237. My Faith I not refuse, &c.] I chose to take all the Angel's Discourse, and Virgin's Answer together, which makes 'em more entire, and I think more Poetical than if with many Interruptions and Interrogations.

251. And melt my ravish'd Soul with heavenly Love.] Not unlike Vida's,

Visaque prædulci mibi corda liquefcere amore.

260. A far greater name than Wife.] That of a Friend.

261. Yet still I bore an undisputed sway.] Undoubtedly the Blessed Virgin was endu'd with all Conjugal as well as Solitary Graces and Virtues, and accordingly from her I here draw the Picture of a good Wife; more defensibly I'm sure than the contrary is often done by the Italian Painters, who from their Wives, and sometimes Mistresses,

usually draw their *Madonna's*, or Pictures of the Blessed Virgin ; nay, I'm creditably informed, something very like it was done some few years since in *Ireland*, where they borrowed the Face of a very lovely Person of Quality to put upon the Virgin, I suppose, that they might have some Excuse for their Idolatry.

264. In our low House, &c.] *Vide* bestows many Marble Pillars on't, and makes it a famous business, indeed more like the Palace of her Ancestors, than an Habitation for Persons of their low Fortunes ; I think therefore my House is better than his, a mean low built thing agreeable to their way of living. suppose like one of our Cottages in *Lincolnshire*.

280.—my Consent — And Company obtain'd.] I think it more probable that her Husband Joseph went with her, than that she should wander by her self quite cross the Country.

283. Fatal Gilboa.] The Reason of that Epithet is attigued in the next Verse.

286. New Walls of Shemir's antient Town.] *Samaria*, first nam'd from *Shemir*, of whom its Ground was bought : long after rebuilt by *Herod*, and called *Sebaste*.

288. Near Dothan's Plains.] I am not ignorant that most of our modern Travellers, especially the Catholicks, make *Dothan* far enough from *Shechem* and *Samaria* ; nay they describe it, Relicks and all (the Pitt that Joseph was put in, and 'tis a wonder they ha'n't a small parcel of his Coat too) about two hours journey from *Magdala*, some scores of Miles from the true *Dothan* ; which 'tis plain must be near *Samaria*, for when Jacob sent Joseph to look for his Brethren, he told him they were at, or near, *Shechem* ; but they were gone thence to *Dothan*, whither he soon followed and found 'em, which he could not so easily have done, had they driven their Cattle quite over *Gilboa* and *Kishon*, almost sixty Miles from *Shechem*. Thus can Ignorance remove both *Plains* and *Mountains* where Faith is too weak to do it.

289. Gerizim's proud Altar.] I say Altar not Temple, because at this time I believe they had no Temple there, what they once had being demolished, in his zeal, by *John Hyrcanus*, before the Birth of our Saviour : I say, Built in spite, because, as Josephus tells us, " *Manasse*, the Son-in-law of *Tobias*, being banish'd from *Jerusalem*, *Nebem*. 13. 28. fled to the Heathen or Mungrel-Samaritans, and built there an Anti-Temple on Mount *Gerizim*.

293. And the third Noon.] 'Tis about three days Journey from *Nazareth* to *Jerusalem*, as *Surius* tells us *Lib. 2. p. 305.* But *Zachary's* house not being much further, they might travel a little faster, and get thither that Night.

296. To Geba Town, our welcome Journey's end.] *Zachary's* House, says *Fuller*, was near to *Emmaus*, tho in his Map 'tis of the two nearer *Geba*, and it might indeed be near both, since there's but little distance between 'em.

298. The pleasant Seat of Aged Zachary.] To tell the truth, I built *Zachary's* House from the very Ground my self, and thought it all pure Fancy, but it luckily happens twas exactly such a one as I describe it, as I have since found in my *Pilgrim*, p. 433. " *Maison de Saint Zacharie, &c.* The House of St. *Zachary* is very pleasantly seated on the top of a little Hill. It has a Fountain of delicate Crystal Waters, not far from the Gate which is towards the East.

300. Such as an humble Country-Priest became.] I can't think him any more ; or but a sort of Prebendary at the height of his Preferment, by his waiting in his course at the Temple, much as ours do at the *Cathedrals*.

311. A Crystal Stream.] See last Note but one.

327. And ever since as strangely silent been] *Vide infra*.

329. Thus inspir'd began.] 'Tis probable she had her Son's Name by Inspiration, as *Zachary* had it revealed, since he could not tell it her, and if he had written it before, she might with that have satisfied their Relations without anew consulting him.

350. " Hail Mary !] I hope there's nothing superstitious in this Poetical Address to the Blessed Virgin, as I'm sure there's no Flattery in that which follows it, nor will either therefore offend any judicious Reader, any more than *Hail, bright Cecilia, &c.*

472. Indue with purer Forms.] According to the Chymists Fancy, who talk much of curing the Leprosy of baser Metals, in order to their *Transmutation*. 411. Of

411. Of those around Tablets and Style demands.] The ancient way of writing, among most Nations; so well known, there's, I think, no need to describe it.

485. Till thrice we saw the Silver Cynthia's Wane.] 'Tis not express indeed that the Virgin was present at Elizabeth's Labour, but it seems extreamly probable, for the Angel told her at his Salutation, that 'twas then the sixth Month with her that was called Barren; and afterwards Mary abode with her three Months, when her full time being come, 'tis not likely her Cousin would leave her before she saw her delivered.

444. The Angel nods, as knowing what I meant.] This he might easily do (without being in a proper sence, *ρεσογνώντας*, which belongs to God only) by Zachary's Action, Face, and other Circumstances.

493. When the Eternal League began.] Eternal, if understood of the Covenant made with the natural Posterity of Abraham for outward Blessings, must only signifie a long time, as it usually does in the Holy Scriptures. If of the spiritual Children of faithful Abraham, it must be taken in its proper sence; either of which will do in the present Case.

523. I see his Orient Light arise.] The Word Orient is taken in our Language (unless I'm out) either for Illustrious or Eastern. I aim therein at an old but a good word which our Translators here make use of, who render the word *ἀραινός*, the Day-spring, tho it signifieth also the Branch, by which Name our Saviour was often foretold; which Sence of the Word I've also given.

553. Departing Winter's self.] It does not much affect me whether our Saviour's birth were in December, September, March, or whatever Month besides; tho I'm extreamly well satisfied I've one day appointed, whereon to celebrate the Memory of that greatest Blessing that God ever gave to Man.

558. And all the pretty Flowers that dress the Spring.] The End of Winter is the Beginning of the Spring; and for the Flowers at that time growing wild in Palestine, see Eugene Rogier, who liv'd some time in the very Convent of Nazareth, as I find him quoted by Walker, in his Life of Christ p. 79. §. 102. "This City of Nazareth, says he, " is well called a Flower, for I might affirm, that having run through many Realms, and view'd many Provinces in Asia, Afric, and Europe, I never saw any comparable to this of Nazareth, for the great number of fair and odorous Plants and Flowers, which grow wild there throughout all the Seasons of the Year: for from December to April, all the little Hills, Fields and Way-sides are enamell'd with Anemones, Hyacinths, &c. and Surius to the same sence, and almost in the same words.

563. Then o'er Kedummim's Streams.] Vid. Lib. 1.

572. "A secret Joy through all my Soul did glide.] From that true, and I think universal Observation of the Poet, *Nescio quā natale solum, &c.*

574. "And Rachel's Tomb to th' left began t' appear.] A bad imitation of that in Virgil,

Hinc adeo media est nobis via, namque sepulcrum
Incipit apparere Bianoris. —

619. "This done, I to a well known Cave repair.] Walker's account on't is thus, p. 26.
§ 27. " "Tis, says he, a place of common receipt on the East side of Bethelem, without the Town made in a hollow Rock, as is usual for Stables in that Rocky Country, where was a Manger also cut out of the Stone. Surius says, that about Ann. Dom. 326. the Empress Helena built a stately Church over this Cave, which remains to this day, the Cave or Grott it self being under the Quire. The very place where Tradition says the Blessed Virgin was deliver'd, being cover'd with an handsome white Marble, in the middle of which is inlaid a green Jasper, of about a span diameter, round which Jasper is a Circle of Gold, in form of a Sun, with four Rays of several Colours, made of Diamonds, Rubies, Granates, and other precious stones, in the Circle are graven in Capital Characters these Words, HERE WAS BORN JESUS CHRIST OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

624. *Whether by Art bew'd in the living Stone.]* From *Sannazarinus*,
Incertum manibusve hominum geniove potenter
Nature formatum.

628. *Faint did the Lamp on neighbouring Edar burn.]* The Watch Tower of *Edar*,
 in the Fields of *Bethlehem*, North East from the Town.

652. *In her chaste Arms th' Eternal Infant lies.]* I think 'tis Cowley's thought and words.

668. *Lowting low.]* One of Spencer's and I think Chaucer's Phrases, signifying no
 more than a *rustic* sort of a *Bow*.

674. *Claius, who lately the lewd Town had left.]* An innocent *pastoral Fable*, proper
 enough, I think, here; some not unlike it being used by *Casimir* and others on the
 same occasion. But I am sensible there are some parts of this Description which
 ha'n't the true *Character* of *Pastoral Poetry*: tho for the *Greek Names* they were com-
 mon then among the *Jews*, witness S. Peter himself, and why not *Shepherds* as
 well as *Fishermen*?

718. *Old Father Jacob's Travels these relate, &c.]* A probable Subject enough for
 their Songs and Discourses, it being in this very place where he pitcht his Tent,
Gen. 35. 21, 22.

757. *A Cave and homely Stable claim his Birth.]* By the word *Stable* there's more Li-
 berty allowed than if 't had been *Manger*, the Greek *φάτνη* signifying both, answer-
 ing I think pretty exactly to *Præsepe* in the Latin. However all Antiquity have
 agreed that Christ was born in a *Cave*, not an *House*, as *Grotius* proves out of *Justin*
 and others.

787. *Each humble Straw indues the Form of Gold.]* From that of *Vida*,
Quæque

Stramina tetra, modo horrebat, nunc aurea cernas.

823. *An Heavenly Youth of those who waited there.]* According to Mr. Mede's No-
 tion, and indeed the belief of all Antiquity, that the Angels are always attending in
Holy Places, in which, according to him, consists the *Shechinah*, or *Tokens* of God's
 peculiar *Presence*.

879. *He said, when strait to Bliss his Soul expir'd,*

And slumbering soft he with a Smile expir'd.] It's very probable *Simeon* liv'd not
 long after this Prophecy, and he could never dye in better *Time*, than imme-
 diately after he had made it. The same Thought almost, exactly in the same dres,
 I've since met in *Vida*,

Hæc ubi, confestim veluti cedentia somno,
Lumina demisit, plagiisque ibi morte quievit.

910. *Abstracted from herself, for God was all.]* Three or four of these Lines contain
 a great part of the so much talk'd of *mystical Divinity*, which I'm inclin'd to think
 has neither so *much* nor so *little* in't as many have imagined. It seems indeed no
 more than an affectation of hard Words to express or rather conceal such Truths as
 are plain and easie; and if the Professors of it would but honestly tell us, that by
 their *super-essential Union of Nothing with Nothing*, their *Self-annihilation*, &c. they
 only meant [The most profound abasement and humiliation of a pious Mind be-
 fore the Almighty, abstracted from all outward Objects, most intimately retired
 into it self, yet not deferring any thing to its own Merits, but exerting the most fer-
 vent Acts of Prostration and Adoration,] This would be good fence, and what
 any good Christian might easily understand.

926. *To all the Just, by her and Heav'n approv'd.]* See our Mede's notion of the *Zelophæsi*,
 among his excellent Works.

931. *From the fair Fields of happy Araby.]* They came from the East, as the Scripture
 tells us, and *Arabia* lay that way from the *Holy Land*. Nor am I much concerned
 whether they were *Kings*, a sort of *Roytelets*, like the *Arabian Sheeks* at present,
 or *Wise Men* only, tho I rather incline to the latter, because of their *Poverty*, since,
 had they been rich, we can't suppose their Presents would have left the *Virgin* so
 poor, that both *Joseph* and his Son should still work at their Trades, as we find they
 did. But let 'em be never so poor, or never so wise, I can scarce believe 'em down-
 right *Wizards*, as some of the Fathers make 'em.

937. To Jordan's doubtful Brim.] Because it overflows all its Banks in time of Harvest. *Josb. 3. 15.*

947. With his own Blood he dyes the slippery Throne.] He kill'd his Wife *Mariamne*, his Brother *Pheroras*, his three Sons, *Alexander*, *Aristobulus*, and *Antipater*, the last just as he was himself expiring; and indeed if they were like their Father, 'twere pity any of the breed should have been left. *Vid. Jos. Antiq. lib. 6. cap. 17. & lib. 7.*

950. Tho' him so late they their Messiah bail'd.] *Eusebius*, in his History, gives an account of that Sect among the Jews mentioned in the Evangelists, and called *Herodians*, who, as he says, flattered *Herod the Great* with the Title of the *Messiah*, celebrating a religious annual Feast to his Honour. 'Tis perhaps worth remark, that not one of those, who unjustly usurp'd that incomunicable *Title*, either in those ages or since, as he, *Barcochebas*, *Judas*, and in our times, *David Sabbati-Sevi*, and others, but what came to miserable Ends.

975. Rama's Lord.] *Joseph of Arimathea*, as before.

1051.—Which we espy—From a small Hill.] If there should be none such found in the Maps of *Bethlehem*, I hope the Reader will easily pardon it, since the throwing up two or three Mountains is but a small Poetical Miracle.

1070. Had reach'd the Forest of the Tekoite—Beth-Haccerem we shun.] The Forest or Wildernes of *Tekoab* lies a little South of *Bethlehem*, in the way to *Egypt*, and *Beth-Haccerem* is near it; we read in *Jer. 6. 1.* of both the Places together, *Blow the trumpet in Tekoab* (which signifies the sound of a *Trumper*) *set up a sign of fire in Beth-Haccerem*, a place I suppose much of the Nature of our Beacons. Now this *Beth-Haccerem* may either signify the House of *Strong Men*, or the House of *Rusticks*; the former Interpretation I follow, supposing it a strong Garrison, probably in some narrow Pafs of that Wildernes.

1076. O'er the vast Sands, by Sirbon's wand'ring Lake.] This Lake had formerly an Inlet into the Sea, which being in time choakt up, it now still grows less and less. 'Tis reckon'd the utmost Eastern Bound.

1077. And Cæsius Mount—For mighty Pompey's Fate and Tomb renown'd.] Near this was *Pompey the Great* basely killed, and afterwards buried by a poor Souldier. But the Emperour *Adrian* in the same place erected a fair Monument.

1080. Which asks no Rain, and owns no God but Nile.] If it be a false Thought let *Lucan* answer for't, since 'tis his, who thus of *Egypt*,

— Nibil indiga mercis

Aut Jovis, in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.

1081. Near old Bethshemesh we the River croft, Which both its Antient Name and God bath lost.—Now Heliopolis] Its antient Name seems to have been *On*, hence called *Onii* by *Plutarch*, but by the Jews *Bethshemesh*, or *House of the Sun*, near akin to *Heliopolis*, or the *City of the Sun*, one of the Cities which, 'twas prophesied, should leave their Idols, and speak the Language of *Canaan*. To which place many Authors think our Saviour was carried, but I go a little further, as *Vida* does, and fix him more in the inland Country.

1084. To the proud Walls of neighbouring Babylon.] This *Babylon*, from whence many think S. Peter wrote his first Epistle (tho' *Bellarmino* will have it *Rome*, rather than not get him there at all) has been a considerable Place, tho' nothing like its Name-sake in *Chaldea*. It stood just at the Confluence of the Rivers *Trajanus* and *Nilus*.

1088. Near those vast Pyramids.] All we can certainly tell the Reader concerning those unwieldy Wonders, is, that they were made for no body knows what, and built by no body knows whom: They stand most of 'em about *Memphis*, on the Welt bank of the River.

1106. That thence the Royal Child might bear his Name.] From that S. Matt. 2. ult. *He shall be called, (an Hebraism for) He shall be, a Nazarene*; but where is this Propheſie? I think both in *Isaiah* and *Zachary*, our Saviour being promis'd under the name of *Nazarene* derived from the Branch *τριανταφύλλης* *Nazar*, which signifies the same thing.

1117. Three Lustres scarce compleat.] A Lustre is about four Years, and therefore 3 Lustres I think a more tolerable Periphrasis to express our Saviour's Age, than if I had borrow'd one from *Quarles* or *Reynolds*, and said, *When the Clock of his Age struck Twelve.*

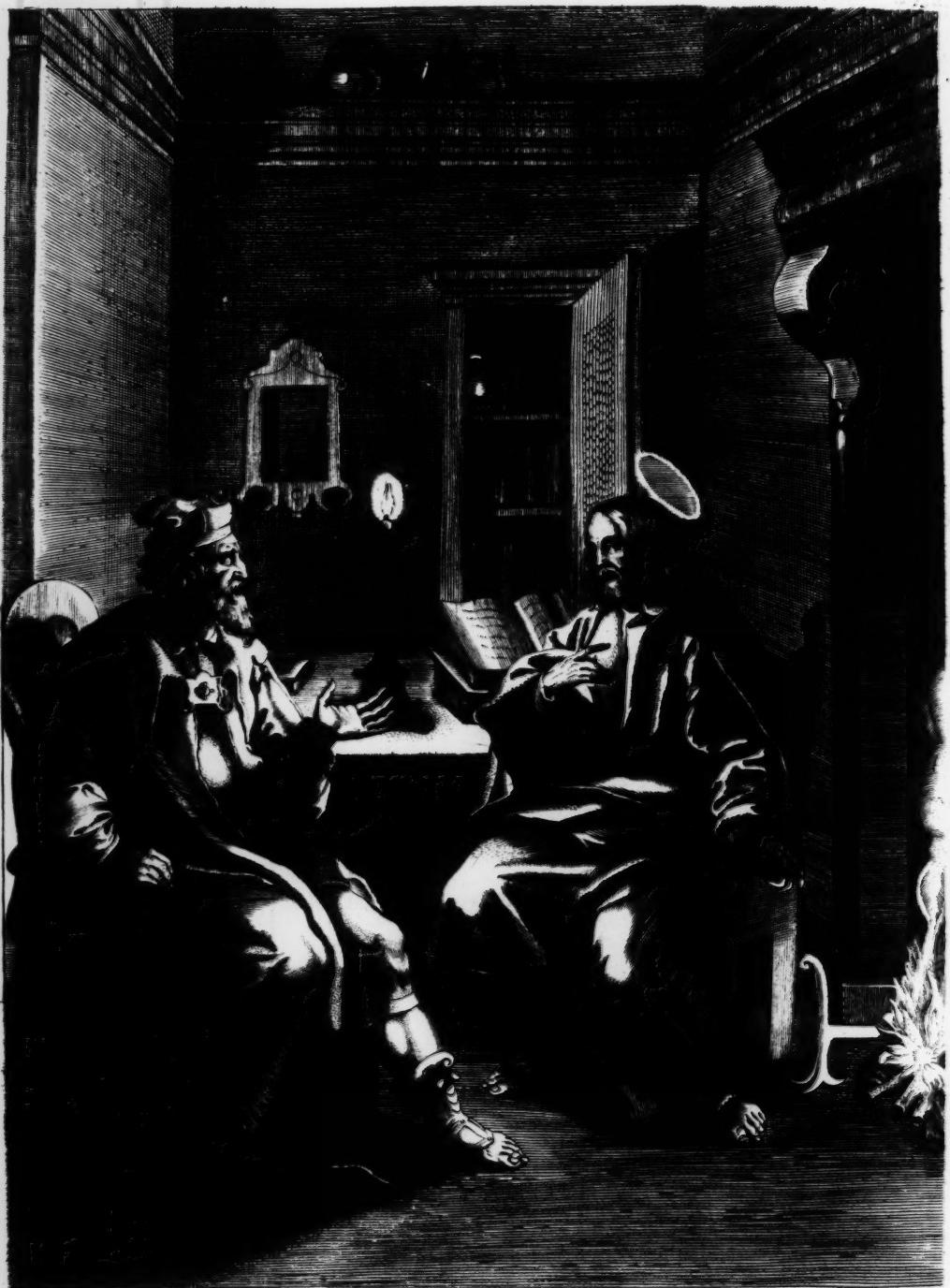
THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Third B O O K.

THE Introduction from the Happiness and Pleasure of pious Contemplation and Meditation. Nicodemus and the three Disciples find our Saviour at Gethsemane. His discourse with him concerning several Mysteries of the Christian Faith. Nicodemus depart well satisfied with the Conference; and Gamaliel being indisposed, the meeting and further Relation of the three Disciples is adjourned the next day from Joseph's Garden to Gamaliel's House, where S. John goes on with their Discourse of our Saviour, giving an account of the Baptist's History, his Character, Preaching, Prophecies and Baptism, to which many come, and among the rest our Saviour, who is attested there by the descent of the Holy-Ghost, like a Dove, accompany'd with a Voice from Heaven; at which the People being about to take him by force and make him a King, he retires thence into the Wilderness, as well to escape their Importunity, and prepare for his approaching Work, as by God's permission to be tempted of the Devil. The Description of that part of the Wilderness whither our Saviour went. In the mean while Lucifer, who being alarm'd at the Wonders of our Saviour's Birth, and his appearance now at Jordan, and doubting him to be the true Messiah prophesied of to destroy his Kingdom, had observed him at his Baptism, but frighted thence by the Thunder, fell down into the Lake of Sodom, arises thence at Midnight, and gives the signal to all the Fiends to meet him there; his Speech on the occasion of their meeting, Molochis for undertaking to destroy our Saviour, but Lucifer forbids him, and himself sets about it: he finds our Saviour, and accosts him in the shape of an old Man almost famished, pressing him with his first Temptation, to work a Miracle, and change Stones into Bread: But our Saviour knowing him through his disguise, rejects his Temptation; Night approaching he attacks him with others raising a Tempest, and several other ways endeavouring to affright him, but without success. The next Morning he accosts him in a glorious Form, tho' not denying himself, finding he was discovered, but pretending Love to Mankind, especially to our Saviour, and offering him a Banquet, which he had provided in the midst of a Paradise rais'd in the Wilderness. The Song of two attendant Spirits to invite our Saviour to eat of the Feast, which, on his refusal, vanishes; and the Devil enrag'd changes himself into the Form of a Dragon, and snatching up our Saviour, burries him away in the Air, and sets him on a Pinnacle of the Temple, whence he shews him below, the Priests, the Jews and Gentiles in their three Courts gazing at him, the Roman Garrison taking their Pleasure in the Amphitheatre, and the Castle Antonia unguarded, persuading him to descend in the Flame of the Altar, that the Jews might acknowledg him, and under his conduct redeem their Freedom, which he might more securely do, because God had promised to give his Angels charge over him. Our Saviour having answered his Text with another, the Devil once more snatches him up and carries him to the top of Pisgah representing in the Air all the Kingdoms of the World, with their Riches and Glory, shews him the Ishmaelites travelling through the Deserts with Caravans of Gold and Spices: the Kingdoms of Ethiopia, the Isles of the Mediterranean, Italy, Rome, France, Britain: Then back to East beyond Persia, over to China and India, the principal Rarities whereof he describes. And still more East, cross an undiscovered Strait, a new World, whither one of his Attendants was then conducting a Colony of Tartars; offering him his choice of all these, or, if none would satisfie him, to raise him a Throne on Pisgah, and make him King of both those Worlds, if, by way of Homage for them, he'd bow down and adore him. At which blasphemous Proposition, our Saviour instantly commands the Devil to leave him, the time wherein he was permitted to tempt him being now elaps'd, who accordingly vanishes away in a Cloud of Smoke and Fire.

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CHRIST with NICODEMUS.

Book 3. pag: 73.

10-3

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A N
Heroic Poem.

BOOK III.

* **N**D now the Night her peaceful reign began
Indulging food to Beasts and rest to Man
To all but him, whom love of Truth denies
* E'r the day dawn to close his watchful Eyes:

Psalm 194.
20, 23.

Who from the busie Worlds tumultuous Noise
Retir'd, at once himself and Heav'n enjoys ;
Now dives in Mother Natures deepest springs
Searching the Causes and the seeds of things :
* Now higher soars on Contemplations Wings ;
10 Views all the glorious Furniture on high



L

That

That decks the *Almighty's Palace* in the Sky ;
 Thence the great *Maker argu'd*, hastens on,
 Till past our *narrow Earth's attraction* gone,
 Past ev'n this *World*, his vigorous *Mind* can trace *
 Some *Angel* thro' th' *imaginary space* ;
 Thence follows to the *Throne*, and prostrate there
 With equal *Zeal* and *Love* presents his *Pray'r*
 Before th' *All-high, loose* from all worldly *care*,
 All the *dull Joys*, we wretched *Mortals* know
 And these *vexatious hopes* and *fears* below.

20

Go then my *Soul* ! thro' time and matter fly,
 Beyond the *Earth* and *Air* and *Sea* and *Sky* !
 Beyond the *place* where mortal *Seeds* are hurl'd, *
 Beyond the *flaming Limits* of the *World* :
 Long *infinite durations* measure so
 As rowling *Numbers* still themselv's *outgo* !
 View Those bright *worlds* of *Joy* which in each other *shine* !
 Live well thro' this *short world*, and they shall all be *thine* !

But first must many a bitter *blast* be o'r
 As please high *Heav'n*; many a fierce *Tempest* more
 Our little *weather-beaten Bark* must find

30

And *some* perhaps, *some few white Days* behind :
 First in this *narrow Creek*, beneath a *Storm*
 Must we our long appointed *Task* perform :

Attend our Lord t' his *Cross*, bewail him there,
 And weep upon his *sacred Sepulchre* ;

Who in good actions all his *Life* employ'd
 And only in his *Fathers Service* joy'd :
 By *Day* he in the *Temple* *pray'd* and *taught* ;

Still *Night* arriv'd, a calm *retirement* sought
 At sweet *Gethsemane*, there was he found

40

By *Zebedee's two Sons*, who *Coasting* round
 From *Calvary* thro' *Salem's Northern bound* *

With *Cephas* and the trembling *Rabbi* came

John 3. 21
 Too *fearful* yet and much *concern'd* for *Fame* ;
 Whom mild our Lord receiv'd—

With wonted *Sweetness* and *Benignity* ;

Silent a while he gaz'd, intent to see

Such *Royal Meekness* *Humble Majesty* ;

(For now the *Silver Moon* began to *shine*)

50

Charm'd

Charm'd with his *Godlike meen and Form Divine*:

Then thus.— If my *Confession* ought avail

Great Sir, who in the very *Entrance* fail;

If *Rabbi*! such as me you e'r receive,

Afraid to own those Truths I must believe:

Permit me to *acknowledg* what's your due,

Nay all our *Sanhedrim* must own 'tis true;

And did not *Int'rest* blind 'em wou'd confess

With loud *Hosanna's* they believe no les:

60 That you the *wondrous Prophet* oft foretold

In the *Mosaick Oracles* of old:

Approv'd from *Heav'n* by many a mighty sign,

John 3. 2.

Your *Mission* and your *Doctrine* all-divine:

True said our *Lord*--My *Miracles* are an *Appeal to sence*

And are to that, *Authentic Evidence*;

'Gainst all *Opposers* they the *Truth* attest,

Silence the *Tongue*, but cannot *warm* the *Breast*:

A *Change* far deeper my *strict Laws* require

Of those who not in vain to *Heav'n* aspire;

70 'Tis a *new Birth*, a *change* at once i'th' *whole*,

At once perform'd in *Body*, *mind*, and *Soul*:

On these *mysterious words* the *Sage* debates,

And on their *sence* a while he *besitates*:

Then thus goes on—*Rabbi*! of what you say

If *Sence* may not be *Judg*, sure *Reason* may;

And *Reason* seems *express* and *clear* to me

This *strange new Birth* you urge can never be:

To whom our *Lord*—And *Rabbi* are you read

So meanly then among the *mighty Dead*?

80 Must others from your *Lips Instruction* learn,

Who not your self these plain *first Truths* discern?

If *Reason* what *Sense* offers justly *weigh*,

And o'r it bears an *undisputed sway*;

Why should not *Reason* to *Religion* yield

As *Sence* when *Reason* comes must quit the *Field*?

'Tis a good humble *Guide*, but when it *soars* too high

'Tis *reason* what *seems reason* to deny.

Shall mans weak *knowledg* fathom boundleſs *might*,

Or *Limits* fix to what is *infinite*?

90 Or the great *Spirit* by your *low Laws* confin'd

*Act nothing that's beyond a Mortal Mind ;
Which as it please its favours can convey
Unknown to men the Reason, Time, and Way ?*

16. Go track the Wind and tell me where it goes ?
From what deep Source its headlong Current flows ?
Whence into Gulps 'tis form'd, and how and where
It makes such strange Meanders in the Air ?
How, not a Body, or not so to fight
All bodie's yield to its impetuous might ?
If you're with modest silence forc'd to own
Ev'n much of that which strikes the Sense unknown ;
With more of reason you'll your reason see
In Revelation lost and Mystery :
Nor darkly this to Saints of old reveal'd
- Matth. 11. Tho' from the wise and prudent now conceal'd ;
25. This saw great Jeffes Son by heav'n inspir'd,
Psal. 51. 10. Who a new Heart with ardent Vows desir'd :
Ezek. 11. 9. The Prophet this, who struck with sacred awe
18, 21. 1 Near Chebars streams the wondrous Vision saw :
* This ev'n the Gentile World — but that pure Law
I now promulge, far nobler Truth contains,
Which yet to you and them unknown remains :
- John 3. 12. * A God that takes the Form of man to dy ;
A Son of Man that lives Eternally :
A God who Robes of mortal Clay doth wear
13. To Place confus'd — a Man that's ev'ry where :
16, 17. Sent by the Father yet Himself the same ;
Isaiah 9. 6. (The Everlasting Father is his Name,) On this bad world the last Efforts to prove
Of undeserv'd, yet unexhausted Love,
Lost man to save, and raise to endless Day,
Firm Faith in him and holy Works the way.
- John 3. 18, The Sage with his short visit not content
19, 20. Almost a Convert from the Garden went :
From what he knew, what was behind he guest,
And more impatient grew to hear the rest :
Scarce did the Suns impartial beams begin
To gild a World of Vanity and Sin,
E'r he next morning did Gamaliel see
And him agen invites to Calvary ;

100

110

120

130

Who

Who, indispos'd of Joseph had desir'd
The Conf'rence, which they all so much admir'd,
Might at his house be finish'd, where retir'd,
And undisturb'd th' Apostles might relate
What yet remain'd of their great Masters fate :
Th' Arimathean yields, and when they came
With like Facility they grant the same ;
Who at the house arriv'd and they and he
Receiv'd with Chearful Ho/pitality,
140 His Friends, with a short neat Collation cheerd,
Gamaliel thus, the Room and Table cleer'd,
To Zebedees, and Jona's son addreſt :

What yesterday you told us, 'tis confest,
The Air of truth and wonder has, nor we
Without a groundless Incredulity
Can doubt what such high attestation brings,
From Heav'n, and Earth, from Shepherds, Angels, Kings :
Whose firm foundation equally relies
On Faith, and Sense, Wonders, and Prophesies :
150 Since this from what's already past is clear,
The rest more earnest we desire to hear !

Thus he, thus all who sate attentive there :
When th' Elder of the Zebedean pair ;
If this so much your wonder move, rejoyn'd,
What will be left for what remains behind,
Which yet far more Deserves ? —

What by all Israel was at once Discern'd

Mat. 3. ult.

* Or from our Master's sacred Lips we learn'd ?

His Abstinence, his Tryal, and distress,

160 And dreadful Combat in the Wilderness

With mans sworn foe, and heav'n's, who thro' the Air
Him to the Temples Roof did fearless bear :

But first how he did Heav'n's Commands obey,

Baptis'd altho' no crimes to purge away

In Jordan's sacred Waves, more pure than they : —

For now vast Couds you might at Enon see

John 3.23.

With the great Son of aged Zachary :

Enon and Salim, where rich Jordan falls

* Not far remov'd from valiant Betshan's Walls,

170 * And old Betabara, where ferrying o'r

Men

Men first arrive upon the distant shore :

Here the great *Baptist* came, who from a *Child*,

Matt. 3. 1. His *Life* had spent in *Juda's fertile wild*,

* *Ten thousand little Villas* scattering wide

Their fruitful Flocks and Fields on every side :

Austere he liv'd, remov'd from all *report*

Of the *proud City* or the *pompous Court* :

Here tho' he was to a *fair Fortune* born

The Worlds vain Pleasures soon he learnt to scorn :

Such *humble Cloathing* and mean *Food* he us'd,

As *frugal Nature* of her self produc'd;

Matt. 3. 4. His *Robes* from the rough *Camels shoulders* torn

Such spoils of *Beasts* by *ancient Hero's* worn,

2. Kings 1. Such great *Elijah* wore, his *Food* he found

8. Ready prepar'd on every *Tree* and *Ground* ;

And if by *chance* on his *low Table* lay

Matt. 3. 4. A *Honey-Comb*, 'twas then a *festal day* :

How *little frugal Nature* will suffice !

How *hard* to please *luxurious Avarice* !

Thus taught the *pamper'd World* to conquer *Sense*

Matt. 11. 18. Himself a pattern of strict *Abstinence* :

Severe his *Life* and *Garb*, his *Words* the same,

From *Heav'n* he arm'd with *Zeal* and *Thunder* came

To rouse a *stupid World*, abroad he went

Matt. 3. 2. By *Jordan's banks* and cry'd aloud *Repent* !

Turn, Israel, turn, and cast thy sins away!

Repent before the great and dreadful day !

Gloomy and dark as Hell's or Egypt's night,

Or only seen in Claps of fearful light.

This *beauteous Vault* above no more the same,

Mal. 4. 1. But like an *Oven*, hot with deadly *flame* ; *

'Tis fed and kindled by th' Almighty's *breath*

Which pleas'd gives *life*, but angry *storms* and *death* :

Large *flakes* of pointed *flame* wide circling round

Shall lick the *stubble* from the *gaping ground* :

Both *Pharisee* and *Sadducee* must go *

Matt. 23. And bear their *Sin* in endless *worlds* of *woe* :

33. The holy *Hypocrite* and *Atheist* lewd. *

Luke 3. 7. But first, you *Pharisees* a *viperous brood* ! *

Cou'd you be e'er *mistaken*? Cou'd you be

180

190

200

210

Misled with your Infallibility ?

What strange Caprice did you to good incline ?

Math. 3.
Luke 37.

How came you once to shun the Wrath divine ?

Prest with your Crimes, the Church, the Church, you cry

Your meaning Grandure, Wealth, and Policy :

Each one a Child of God, all sign'd and seal'd

As your Salvation were from Heav'n reveal'd.

How long will madly you against the Skies

A War maintain, how long believe in Lies ?

220 Fly Wretches rather, e'r it be too late !

For Refuge fly from swift approaching Fate !

You're lost if you a moment longer stay,

You're safe if now you turn for now you may,

Repentance and an holy Life the way.

Math. 3. 8.

So you'll among those holy Souls have place

Rescu'd and sav'd by Heav'n's peculiar grace

From this vast ruin, so your longing Eyes

Shall see the Sun of Righteousness arise ;

Arise to close each Mortal Wound within,

Mal. 4. 2.

230 To cure the Poison of that Serpent, Sin :

High-rais'd he like the Brazen-Serpent brings

Num. 21. 9.

* Life and Salvation in his healing Wings :

None look but live, recovering gasping breath,

And wondrous Strength amidst the pangs of Death.

These the true promis'd Canaan shall possess,

While others perish in the Wilderness ;

These shall thro' the wide World triumphing go,

Numb. 32.

24. 25.

And by their blood subdue each hell-born Foe ;

Heb. 3. 17.

All Lands their sacred Law shall entertain,

Matth. 3. 2.

240 And o'r the Nations the Messiah reign :

What strange effects among th' admiring Jews

His holy Life and Doctrine did produce

Is known to all ; each crowding Region hears,

Purg'd in blest Jordans Waves, but first in tears :

* Those who inwild Perea wander'd wide,

Near Jabbok's Ford or Arnon's Streams reside ;

Succoth and Peniel whose ill-natur'd Pride

Brave Jerubbail reveng'd when Midian fled ;

And where before his Flocks old Jacob fed :

Judges 6. 8.

16. 17.

Gen. 33:17.

250 * Jabesh where Saul such welcome succours brought,

And

- And *Gilboa* where he *successless* fought,
 1. Sam. last *Heav'n* and his *Foes* engag'd, and in th' unequal strife
 chapt. He lost the day, his *Sons*, his *Crown*, and *Life*.
 All who on either bank of *Jordan* go,
 Joshua 3. 15. Whose *Fields* his fruitful *Waters* overflow:
 John 1. 44. Some from *Bethsaida* far more distant came,
 Attracted by the Prophets growing *Fame*:
 From strong *Tiberias* some, and some came down
 From *Tabor's Mount* and fam'd *Bethulia's Town*:
 These from old *Shalem*, *Thebez*, *Bezek* goe, * 260
 From *Pisgah* these, and these from *Jericho*;
 Matt. 3. 5. But thousands from the *Royal City* come
 And almost empty leave their *Native home*,
 You know how much our *Elders* did esteem
 The *Baptist*, know the *message* sent to him,
 And honours paid by our learn'd *Sanhedrim*. }
 John 1. 19. Too well *Gamaliel* with a *sigh* reply'd, }
 I know that *story* and the fatal *pride*
 With which his *Testimony* we deny'd:
 In vain we *saw* and *heard*, for I was sent 270
 The *Truth* to try, and still I *dread* th' event
 Of our rejecting him; but Sir proceed!
 He thus——The *Baptist* now had *thousands* freed
 In *Jordan's Waves*, their *Leprosie* of *Sin*
 First *open laid*, then *wash'd* away therein:
 After the rest our *Saviour* came, content
 Matt. 3. 13. And *pleas'd* that such *vast crowds* before him went!
 Whom when the *Baptist* in the *stream* did see
 John 1. 33. The *Divine Spirit* soft-whispering *this is he* ; 280
 With pious reverence at his *Feet* he fell
 And hail'd the *undoubted King of Israel*:
 Nor dar'd attempt to *purge* what knew no *Crime*
 Matt. 3. 14. But *trembling* ask'd to be *Baptiz'd* of him:
 Our *Saviour* mild requires him to permit
 He all *perform'd* that wiser *Heav'n* thought fit;
 Who came the *Law* and *Gospel* to fulfil,
 To do and suffer all his *Fathers Will*:
 He yields at length, unwilling and *afraid*
 And what he cou'd not *comprehend*, obey'd:
 Nor sooner he who came the *World* to save

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Book 3, pag: 81.

The Baptism of Christ by John
the Baptist at Jordan.

Mat: 3
Mar: 1
Luc: 3

Had sanctifi'd fair Jordan's Limpid wave
By washing there, no sooner from the stream
He reach'd the Bank, when, lo! a Heav'ly beam
Shot from the Clouds, which modestly remove

The Baptism.

* To give it way, and lo! a wondrous Dove
Almost unsufferable to behold,

Matt. 3.16.

Silver his Breast, his Neck and Wings of Gold
Came softly wafted thro' the yielding Air,

Psal. 68.13.

And whilst he kneel'd in Extasie and Pray'r
Upon our Saviour's sacred Head did rest

300 At once enlighten'd that and warm'd his Breast;
With Grace immeasurable did inspire

And fill'd him with his own Celestial fire:

Agen the Clouds with lambent Lightning broke,
And thus th' All-high in awful Thunder spoke.

" Th' Eternal Son of God by Miracles approv'd

" Glad Mortals here behold! whom from my Breast belov'd,

" I, the Eternal Father full of Mercy gave

" To rescue sinful Man, and from just vengeance save.

310 All knew the Voice of their Eternal Lord,
All heard and knew, and trembled, and ador'd;
Prepare to kiss the Son, due honours bring,
And o'er his own lov'd Nation hail him King.
But ah! for Earthly Thrones he was not born,
Here all the Crowns he sought were made of Thorn:
Those glitt'ring Toys he cou'd with ease despise,
And to the Desart thence the Hero flies,
To shun what others often court in vain,
Destroy the World and damn themselves to gain:

320 A dreadful Wild there is, outstretching wide
* Its spacious skirts by fruitful Edom's side,
Impervious to the Suns all-cheering light;
There reign black horror and perpetual night:
Never disturb'd by one intruding Star
To guide the weary wandring Traveller:
A dark uncomfortable Vault the whole:
And underneath here sooty Currents rowl
Of dull Bitumen, there their period make
And stagnate in some melancholy Lake.

330 No Flow'rs on the unlucky Rivage grew,

M

No

No *Herb* or *Tree* but the black poys'ous *Yew*,
Rough Cypress for sad *herbes* only made,
And heavy Ebon casting deadly *shade*,
With Thunder-blasted Oaks —

If any where an open *Plat* was found,
Vast Serpents rowl'd along the *sandy Ground*, }
Their num'rous Trains; on half-burnt *Trunks* around
Sate Birds obscene, foul *Harpyes*, *Vultures* fell,
And all the ugly monstrous Forms of Hell ;
All mischiefs carri'd in their *Voice* and *Face*
Nor could bode more to that unhappy place.

340

Such was the field of *battle*, such the *stage*
Where our Great Captain did all *Hell* engage :
Rapt, by the *sacred Spirit*, he thither flies *
Ardent t' achieve the glorious *Enterprize* :
Already he his Rebels strength did know
Already grappled the *redoubted Foe* :
Who stung with envy, swoln with foolish *pride*
His mighty Rivals force *successless* try'd ;
The sacred Mount of God *affecting vain*
Transfixt he fell with all his *blasted Train*,
To those uncomfortable Regions where
For ever reign Confusion and *Despair* :

350

Whence sometimes sallying out, the *burden'd Air*
They lash with *loathsom Wings*, and *pleas'd* disperse
Mischief and *Murder* round the *Universe* :
With these their Prince himself had *broke* his *Chain*
And hardly here less absolute did reign
Than in his own sad Realms, since that unhappy fall

Gen. 3.

Which in our *luckless Parents* lost us all :

360

Rom. 5. 12. His *Fate* he knew, and did disdainful dreadGen. 3. 15. That the weak *womans seed* must *bruise his head*:

This *deep* he now *revolv'd* with *conscious fear* ;
Concluding his long *fated-fall* was *near* :
Himself wide ranging round, with *peircing eyes*
He much discern'd, and *much* his *watchful Spies* :
From those at Herod's Court in *ambush lay*,
From those who bask'd in the *warm beams* of *day* ;
Who in lone Woods like *lustful Satyrs rove*,
Or Earthly Fiends that *Blood* and *Murder* love :

370

What

- What yet had pass'd he heard, and all reserv'd
In his dark mind, but had himself observ'd
What at the Temple chanc'd, for always there
With deep malicious thoughts, and utmost care
He watch'd to catch each loose unguarded Pray'r ; }
Which wand'ring found, before they reach'd the Throne,
He seiz'd as his and thought 'em all his own :
Alarm'd with all the Wonders heard and seen
He Mary's Son did from his Birth begin
380 As the great promis'd Seed to hate and fear,
But more when he from Jordan's banks did hear
By a quick subtle Spirit posted there
The famous Baptist did to all declare
In no dark Types involv'd, exp'res and plain,
The near approach of the Messias's reign :
Away he posts in person, unespy'd,
And mingled with the Crowd on Jordan's side,
Who all Baptiz'd, when Jesus was not found
He soars aloft and sweeping wide around
390 The fields Triumphant did a while survey,
Agen prepar'd to cut his trackless way
To Gods high Temple and the sacred Town,
Till from his Chariot looking envious down
As with a Curse he left 'em, he descry'd
The Baptist kneel, the People scatt'ring wide,
His dreaded Foe amidst the Waves appear ;
He trembling saw, and almost dropt for fear ; }
But when he did th' attest'ing Thunder hear
By whose intolerable Terrors driv'n
400 Wielded by Michael's arm of old he fled from Heav'n,
No more he cou'd endure —
But thence precipitate his flight did take
Wide swooping down thro' Sodom's Brimstone-lake :
So tumbling thro' the Clouds the Vulture flies }
As at vast distance he the Quarry spies,
Struck by the Royal Eagles piercing Eyes :
Confus'd and trembling there obscure he lay
Nor durst agen ascend, till hated day
Forsook the World, and night a covert made
410 To hide his shame in her lov'd conscious shade :

Then mounting from the deep with Sulphur crown'd
 All flaming, cast his glaring Eyes around
 And gladly wou'd have curst the unhappy ground,
 But finding 'twas too late, did doubly rave; }
 Then for a Council strait the Signal gave : }
 The Demons croud from ev'ry lonely Grave.
 Each wretch whom they, possess'd, in triumph led
 Thro' the polluted Mansions of the dead :
 The Conclave fills, from Earth and Hell away
 They hast, proud Belial, Lustful Amoday : } 420
 Their Nature in their Looks and Forms expreft,
 And haughty Moloch taller than the rest :
 Ev'n more enrag'd than when at first he fell
 Their Prince appear'd, and something worse than Hell,
 More deadly, more malicious did surprise
 His Court, nor dar'd they meet his angry Eyes.
 None durst accost the wayward Tyrant, none
 Durst speak or look, but trembled round his Throne, }
 Who thus enrag'd began — And are we grown
 So tamely good, so worthy more than Hell
 We dare not bravely once agen rebel ? } 430
 None Council, none advise, nor act, but yield
 Without one parting stroke the glorious Field
 To this young Conqu'ror ? Must our Empire fall
 And he alone possels the spacious Ball ?
 Forbid it Fate and these right Hands, nor we
 So long in vain have tasted Liberty :
 He can but thunder, and long since we knew
 And felt the worst his angry Bolts can do :
 Shall Man his Slave so oft his Vengeance dare
 Ev'n while he sues for Peace and offers fair,
 And we do less, who must of Grace despair ? } 440
 Or will you all forget for what you fell
 And humbly praise your Conqu'ror ev'n in Hell ?
 Must I forsake and abdicate my Throne
 And you Heav'n-s-Deputy your Saviour own ?
 How else so tame, so silent cou'd you be
 Nought said or done worthy your selv's or me ?
 Proud Moloch heard, but cou'd no longer bear,
 Furious he rose, with the same scornful Air } 450

That

That cost him *Heav'n* -- 'Tis well he cries, 'tis well,
That he who dares speak thus, is *Prince of Hell*!
Half this, if from an *Angel*, should have cost
His fall from those *blest Regions* we have lost,
Tho' it more deeply sunk me — Are we *priz'd*
No more than basely to be *scandaliz'd*
With feeble *Penitence*? Can that be *born*
In *Hell*, which even earthly *Tyrants* *scorn*? }
But time and words are lost, you know we're true }
460 *Sworn Enemies to Heav'n*, and *Friends* to you : }
—And to *convince* you, strait such *deeds* we'll do }
As *Hell* shall *env'* at once, and *spred our fame* ; }
For late my self from *Jordan's Banks* I came, }
Where I a *holy Pharisee* possest }
And left my darling *Viper* in his *Breast*: }
Asmodeus too was there, and all the day, }
Within a *Jolly Saducee* he lay : }
In vain it *Thunder'd* for we both did stay, }
And mark'd the *Son of God* whose *haunts* we know, }
470 Who thence did to the *dreadful Desart* go }
Where *Israel* wander'd; thither I'll pursue, }
And nothing want besides *Commands* from you }
To *crush* this *dreadful Foe*? the *Woods* I'll fire }
Nor can he *scape* but must, if *man*, expire }
I th' *circling Flames*; if these too *weak* shou'd prove }
The *solid Earth* I'd from its *Axis* move, }
Its *Bowels* to the *affrighted Center* rive }
And in the *Gulph* intomb him yet *alive*; }
Or *Whirlwinds* raise, vast *Hills* and *Rocks* displace }
480 And dash all *Pisgah* on his *mangled Face*: }
He said, and hardly wou'd for *Orders* stay, }
Till the grim *Prince of Hell* obstructs his way, }
Lifting his *Iron-Mace* — To me, he cries, }
Alone belongs this *glorious Enterprize*: }
I'll instantly about the great *Design* }
Mine be the *Glory*, as the *Danger* mine! }
Heav'n soon shall *Mourning* wear, all *Hell* shall *joy*: }
Him first I'll tempt to *Sin*, and then *destroy*. }

This said, in hast the *footy Conclave* rose,

490 And to the *Wild* dilguis'd their *Leader* goes:

Instruct with wonted guileful Arts, and found
Our Saviour lowly prostrate on the Ground :

Intent his spotless Pray'r before th' All-high

He offers, rapt in holy Extasie ;

For strength against the dreadful Combat nigh :

The Temptation. He ask'd that him we might our pattern make,

He ask'd as man, what he as God might take :

Soon did the Fiend's vain hopes begin to fail ,

O'er them that pray he knows he can't prevail ;

Yet Tempts invisible, and did prepare

His keenest Darts, all quench'd with Faith and Pray'r,

Or driv'n rebated back, or lost in Air.

500

Oft wou'd his Thoughts disorder by the chain

Of former Thoughts, but try'd as oft in vain :

And with the same success did on him try

False hopes and joys and worldly vanity :

Objects within ; and those before his face,

The solitude and horror of the place :

Fruitless they fell and all his Labours mock,

As storms of Hail against the solid Rock ;

Each rude Assault unmov'd our Saviour bore,

His mind still fix'd on Heav'n as 'twas before :

The Tempter of his heav'nly Arms afraid

With caution first attacks him, whilst he pray'd ;

But when six Sabbaths now he, prostrate laid,

510

Matt. 4. 2. The seventh well worn, at length to faint began,

And humbly tho' a God confess the man ;

When this the Enemy insulting spy'd

With secret wicked Joy, he's mine he cry'd !

This Son of God I soon shall Triumph o'er

520

Luke 4. ult. With as much ease subdu'd as that before : *

So much his mortal weakness did despise

Almost he'd fallen on without disguise ;

But soon with deep Serpentine guile represt

Those first warm eager thoughts that fill'd his breast :

Resolv'd a while incognito to try

What strength, or wit, what force and policy

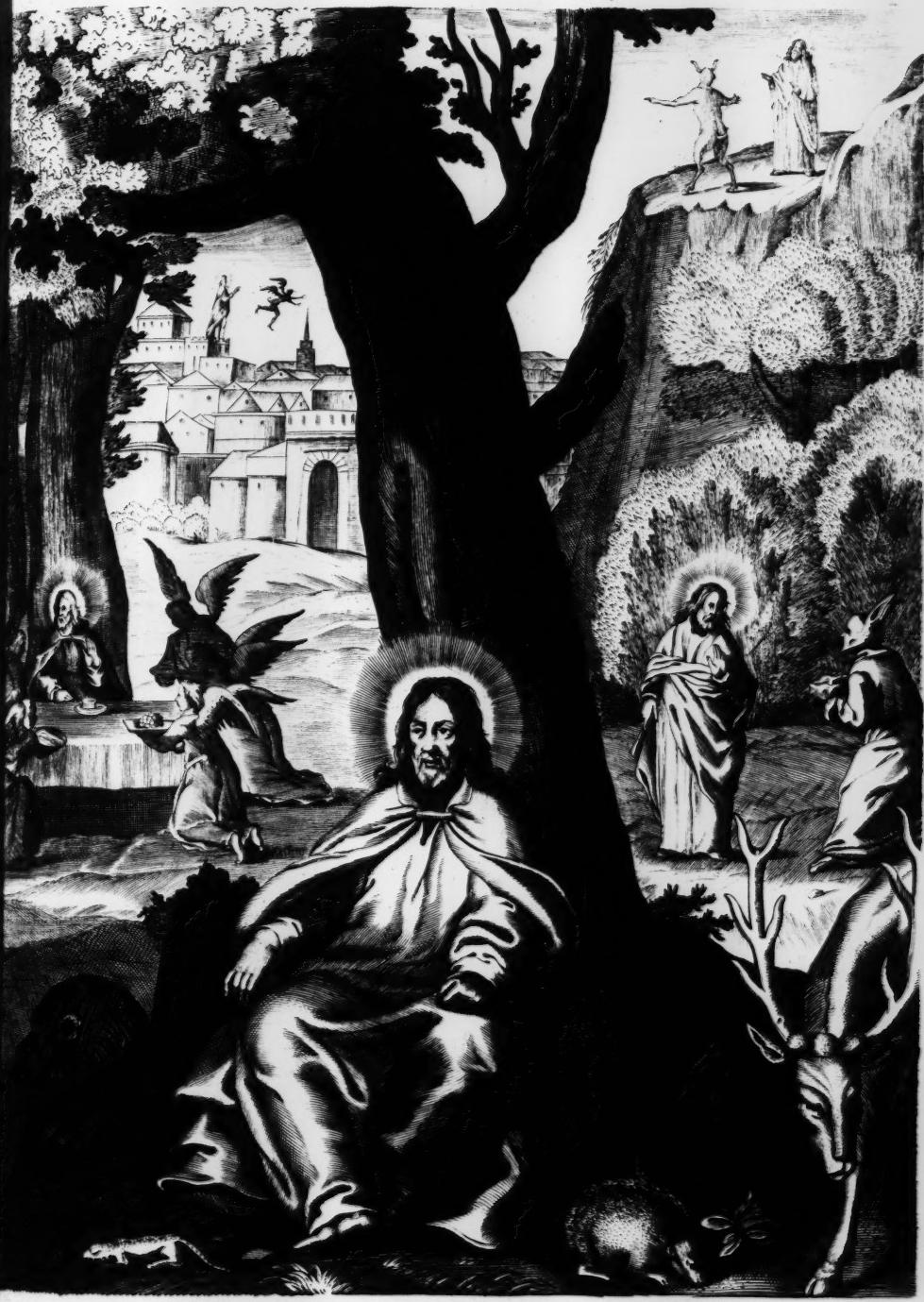
He must expect in his new Enemy,

E'er open he attack'd him—this to do

Round his foul Form thin airy Robes he threw,

530

Such



Book 3. pag: 86

Christ's Temptation in the Wildernes
Desart.

Mat: 4
Mar: 1
Luc: 4

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Such as a poor old man might best beseem,
And such who e'er had seen had counted him :
Lean *sallow* Checks, hollow'd with cares and age,
Dim eyes which did approaching death presage :
Mov'd his pale wither'd lips and palsy'd head
And to our Saviour thus *dissimbling* said :

Hail Son of God by signs from Heav'n approv'd !
Great Prophet Hail, by God and men belov'd !

Full sixty Springs by Heav'n's peculiar Grace

340 Within the borders of this hideous place

* Have I remain'd, as holy *Essenes* use,
Far from the barden'd unbelieving Jews ;
Long since by *Revelation* warn'd, I thee
Like aged Simeon e'er my death should see ;
And when of late the mighty *Baptist* came
To Jordan's banks whose wondrous life and fame
Fill'd all the Wild, me from my Cell he brought
And the *Messiah* him at first I thought :
But soon my heighten'd *Expectations* fell

350 When him no Sign no glorious *Miracle*

Attest'd, which the *Angel* did reveal
Shou'd still attend, and be the Saviour's Seal :
This Sign to thee on Jordan's banks was giv'n
When the bright Dove and wond'rous Voice from Heav'n
At once descended, this amidst the Crowd
I saw, and had like Simeon hail'd thee loud
Hadst thou not by some pow'r to us unseen
Swift to this lonely *Desart* hurry'd been ;
Whither with longing eyes, that fain wou'd see

360 More near, and weary feet I follow'd thee ;
But soon lost sight and track, and often crost
By diff'rent paths at length my self I lost :
Already once since I first wander'd here
The silver Moon has fill'd her little year,
* And half another now is almost past

Since I of any humane Food did tast :
On Roots and Leaves and humble Acorns fed
I liv'd, nor ask'd the luxury of Bread :
With trembling steps oft have I search'd around

370 The Forrest, all but this unhappy Ground,

Which

Which sure no *humane Foot* e'r trac'd before ;
 Oft did I hear within the *Lions roar*,
 Oft *bones* and *luckless Carcasses* espy
 Behind some *Bush* half-torn *unburied lie*,
 Of some lost *Passenger*, and did *despair*
 My self to *scape* or *find thee living there*.
 Yet in I prest, if dead just *Rites* to pay
 And o'r thy *Grave* my self *lamenting lay*:
 But since my *boding fears* are yet in vain,
 Since nothing here that *Nature* can *sustain* 580
 No *Fruits*, nor *Herbs*, nor *Leaves*, nor *Roots* are found,
 Nought friend to *Life* above or under ground :
 If thou the *promis'd hop'd Messia* be
 A *Wonder work*, and *Save thy self and me* !
 I else must *perish* here, and you no less
 By these *wan Looks* and *fainting Eyes* confess ;
 Nor longer wait, but all thy *self appear* !
 Exert the *God* nor pine *unpitied* here !
 These *stones*, (there *stones* by chance thick *scatter'd lay*) 590
 With *speed command*, nor can they but *obey*
 Command them strait the *Form of bread t' indue*!
 I ask no *more*, content as well as you
 With such *mean Fare* —
 Tho' our *Forefathers* were with *Manna fed*
 I only beg for *mens*, not *Angels bread*.

To whom our *Saviour* thus, whose *piercing Eyes*

The *Fiend discover'd thro' the Saints disguise* :

Full well can I *discern thy black intent*

And all that's by so *fair a semblance meant* :

The *Serpent in the grass* full well I *spy*,

And to thy *first Temptation* thus *reply* : 600

The *sacred Oracles* all *anxious care*

For *Food forbid*, and thus 'tis *written there*.

"Tis not *Bread* only do's *Mans life sustain*

Nor were the *Trees* and *Herbs* all made in *vain*:

The *Trees* and *Herbs* did *Gods dread Word produce*,

That these we in *extremities* might *use* :

These in the *neighbouring Woods* in *plenty grow*

Tho' *here are none*, and *thither may we go*

If either *needs*, nor *tempt th' All-high to show*

A sign where he doth common means afford :
Who made the World by his commanding Word ;
To all things did their proper Natures give,
And still preserves those Pow'rs by which we live ;
Nay the first Cause who all these Causes made
Can soon produce th' Effects without their aid :
His Word preserves that Soul on him depends,
Firm strength divine, and heav'nly Vigour lends,
And nourishes to Life that never ends.

{

- 620 The Fiend did in imperfect Curses vent
His rage, and murmur ring thence reluctant went :
Thro' dismal gloomy Shades unseen did glide,
And for the next assault himself provide.
Whilst the true Son of God no shelter found,
But weary cold and hungry on the Ground
Sweet sleep in vain he courts, for at his head
The Tempter env'ing ev'n his homely bed
On some hard Rock, returns with ugly dreams
Of Precipices vast and pitchy streams,
630 Of thoughts morose and vain—The man's distrest
* With sinless fears, the God repels the rest.
Nor sooner frightened sleep did him forsake,
And he from short imperfect slumbers wake,
When distant gath'ring storms he heard on high,
And Infant Thunders mustering round the Sky,
Which to that Forrest all their forces led,
With hideous crack discharging o'r his head :
The Clouds the Signal take : and when a while they lowr'd
* " From many a horrid rift abortive powr'd
640 Fierce rain, which did with sheets of flame conspire,
Like Egypt's dreadful Plague : water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd; nor slept the winds
* Where them inclos'd their airy Leader binds
" Within their stony Caves, but rush'd abroad,
And swept with sail'y wings thro' Heav'n's high-road :
* " From the four hinges of the World they ran,
" To the vex'd Wilderness, which soon began
To feel their mighty rage ; there scatt'ring wide
* Disrobe the beauteous trees of all their pride

N

And

And Earth of them, their deep-fang'd roots gave way,
And on the ground vast trunks dismember'd lay :

650

The Sky-saluting Pine, and sturdy Oak,
Proof against all but Heav'ns-allmighty stroke,
Still proof till now ——

Which had a thousand tempest's rage disdain'd,
And there coeval with the World remain'd ;

In vain they plead their long prescription now :

" Loaden with stormy blasts their stiff-necks bow,
Now this, now that way sway'd, and all around
Like Earthquakes with Convulsions heave the ground ;
Till fiercer blasts them from the Center tear,
And dart like chaff or stubble round the air.

660

Now Hills of Sand came rolling with the wind
Death-threat'ning, now the solid Rock behind
On which as chanc'd, our Lord his head reclin'd
In horrid Clifts by bellowing Earth-quakes rent
Part sunk abrupt, part from red Volcans sent

Huge glowing stones, which thick as sparks aspire,
Tempestuous smoak, and flame and waves of fire:
Sharp sleet and driving-rain the while did pow'r
Direct against his face a rushing show'r ;
Now doubly forc'd by the impetuous wind,

670

Now buzzing in th' enraged flames behind :

" From the rude storm ill waft thou shrouded then
O patient Son of God — Birds, beasts, and men
Were now, than thee with better shelter blest ;
Men houses have, Beasts dens, each bird a nest
But thou no place thy weary'd Limbs to rest.

Yet only thou unshaken didst remain

And hells Artillery was spent in vain;

680

Tho' still the Fiend do's his vain Arts repeat

New malice gath'ring from each new defeat :

The Flames were quench'd the winds and tempest fell,
At his Command, all dark as his own hell :

No sounds are heard, or Objects now appear,
A gloomy silence reigning every where ;
A while it reign'd but with more horrid noise
Was soon disturb'd, the loud lamenting Voice

Of

- Of all that mortal breasts can move to fear
690 At distance thro' the trees our Lord did bear : {
Shrill shrecks for help that still approacht more near :
Of Rapes and murders the redoubled cry,
(While glitt'ring Swords he thro' the Shades cou'd spy,) }
Then interrupted groans, such theirs who lie
In Lifes weak twilight, gasping thick for breath,
And strugling in the Agonies of Death :
Or, sculking close behind some Bush or tree
He by the gloworms glimm'ring light cou'd see
Fierce shaggy Ruffians, hoary Villains they
700 Appear'd, which hunted more for blood than prey :
Some their strong steely Jav'lings poise, the rest
Their Arrows nick, and level at his breast :
The Bow-string twangs, out flies the airy dart,
But can no more affright, than pierce his heart ;
That and the tempters curses lost in wind,
As all his other terrors yet behind.
Each hideous Beast which once to Eden came
From the first Adam to receive their name
The Fiend produc'd, the second to affright,
710 In the dead mazes of that dreadful night :
* All that with Noah hosted, all and more,
For Sun-burnt Afric sent her monstrous store ;
Here from the slimy banks of fertile Nile
Came flow, the vast amphibious Crocodile :
Who on Cyrene's Sands do's fearless see,
And with him bring Serpents as large as he :
The false Hyena's face was here discern'd,
Ev'n more than what She Apes in flatt'ry learn'd :
There the fell Wolf and frightful Panther came,
720 With the Stern Ounce whose bloody Eyes shot Flame
Acros the Grove, the nimble Tyger too ;
All hideous forms, some false and others true.
For many a Fiend with dreadful shape and face,
Had mixt themselves among the brutal race ;
And when the Beasts by Nature fierce and wild
Soon at our Saviours sight grew tame and mild ;
These pusht 'em on, and urg'd with all their pow'r
To seize their hated Foe, and him devour :

Mark 1.13.
Gen. 2. 19,
20.

The roaring Herd himself th' Arch-Traytor led,
 And like a Leopard darted at his head
 His Spotted Form, but when the pow'rs of Hell
 He found too weak to storm that Citadel,
 " Strait into trackless Air dissolv'd he fell :
 Two other Fiends like fierce Jackalls did bay *
 And warn'd the kingly Lyon to his prey ;
 He stately stalks along, prepar'd t' engage,
 And lashes his firm sides with dreadful rage :
 But when he Juda's princely Lyon saw,
 Struck with a fear unknown and wondrous awe,
 His angry ster he gently pacify'd,
 And lick'd his hands and couch'd him by his side ;
 Then soon at them he leaps that brought him there
 Who mock his anger fleeting into air.

Fearless our Saviour stood, nor Beasts nor Night
 Nor those dread Forms which guilty man affright
 Once mov'd him, tho' dire Spectres now invade,
 And glide with double horror thro' the shade :
 With flaming Torches here and Flambos high
 Erect, a Corps at distance passes by ;
 There shreeking Ghosts glare cross, and face him there,
 With bloody breasts, fix'd eyes, dishevel'd hair ;
 Last, wicked Spirits in monstrous Forms infest,
 And shake their fiery Darts against his breast :
 In vain their number, rage and yells increase,
 " He sits unmov'd in calm and sinless peace. *

Thus past the night till Phosphor's cheerful Ray
 Warn'd guilty Ghosts and glim'ring stars away ;
 And gently beckons on the rising day :
 Whilst, e'er the Sun had shown his radiant face
 Our Lord forsakes th' uncomfortable place
 Of his so long abode, and as it rose,
 Hungry and cold to a near Hillock goes,
 Bending to East, there dropping by the storm
 His Robes to dry and frozen Limbs to warm :
 Him did the Tempter impudent, pursue,
 Resolv'd to attack, tho' well his strength he knew
 In glorious form accosts him, rob'd in Light,
 And welcoms from the horrors of the Night,

Welcoms

739

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760

- Welcoms with *false devoir*, on bended knee,
770 And *parasitical Humility*,
From that *sad place* where they *encount'red* last,
Where he so many *tedious hours* had past ;
Nor any longer wou'd himself *disown*,
So oft thro' all his *thin disguises* known ;
Yet veils his *canker'd spite* in *semblance fair*,
What's lost in *force*, he'd now by *fraud repair* :
Then with *feign'd show* of *pity* thus he said ;
 Tho' us *Mankind* as *Enemies* upbraid,
Them in th' *extreams* of *Life* we often aid ; }
780 By *Oracles* important *Truths* decide,
And *Tables* for the *poor* and *old* provide :
If this, O *Son of God* ! for them we do,
What *service* can be thought too *great* for you ?
Tho' lately you, *discourt'ous*, me deny'd,
When your *Divinity* I wou'd have try'd ;
Did me so *modest* a *request* refuse,
Nor *Bread*, for that alone I ask'd, produce ;
No *Niggard* of my *Gifts*, thou soon shallt see
How richly I'll *unask'd* provide for thee :
790 He said and *stamp't*,—strait from the *Ground* arise
All *Trees* that cou'd compose a *Paradice* :
The *stately Oak*, the *sailing beauteous Pine*,
Th' *eternal Cedar*, fit for *Works divine* ;
The *shady Chesnut*, and the *Walnut* fair
* The *Lover-Myrtle*, *Lotus* chaste and rare, }
From *sunburnt Affric* brought and planted there :
* The *virtuous Palm*, which do's by *pressures rise*
And spite of *weight*, triumphant mean the *Skys* :
The *Cherrys* next their *blushing Lips* incline ;
800 The *gold cheek'd Quince* with *looks* and *smell* divine.
The *silken Peach* with *noble flavour* blest,
The *Plumb*, whose name *Armenian fields* confess :
The *juicy Mulberry* which *fables feign*
Two *Lovers Blood* with *purple dy* did *stain* :
Over their heads up springs the *mantling Vine*
Nor needs its *husband Elm* whereon to *twine* ;
So large the *Trunk*, so wide the *Branches* rose
They of themselves long *leavy Vaults* compose :

But

But yet for *Ornament* did not disdain
Woodbines and *Eglantine* to entertain : 810
 This humble, *stoops* and *decks* the *Arbours side*,
 That gawdier, mounts aloft with decent pride ;
 With the rich *clust'ring Grapes* so close entwin'd,
 That *Fruit* and *Flow'rs* at once the *gath'fers* find.
 A little more *remov'd* but plain to view
 In low *warm Groves* the golden *Orange* grew :
 The *silver Limons* next, and next to these
 The rich *Pomgranate*, cross the *stormy Seas*

Well worth the pains, from *Punic Carthage* brought : * 820
 The *Ground* beneath like a fair *Carpet* wrought

With various *Flow'rs*, so *regular* and *true*
 The *Figures* seem'd, and yet so *careless* too,
 As *Art* and *Nature* both the *Landscape* drew. }
 Around the place, all neatly *border'd*, grows

Cantic. 2.2. The *Lily* of the *Vale* with *Sharons Rose* :

Nard, *Camphire*, *Jassmin*, ev'ry *fragrant sweet*

Cantic. 1. Which did in God's fair *Spouses Garden* meet :

12, 14. Here *mossy Benches*, voluntary rose,

Cantic. 3. 14, 15, 16. Where the sweet *Musk* and *blew-ey'd Villet* grows ;

I'th' midst a *Table* did it self present

Loaden with each *choice dish* that might content

An hungry *Epicure*; a vast *wild Boar*

The middle fill'd, the rest was cover'd o'er

With *Dishes pil'd*, which court *smell*, *taft*, and *sight*,

With various *show* and *order* exquisite.

From distant *Regions* to the *Banquet* came

Sea, *Earth*, and *Air's Provision*, *wild* and *tame*,

Each *Beast* of sportive *chase*, and *Fowl* of *game*. }

" Each *Fish* that do's in *Sea* or *River* dwell

Or *Pond*; or *smooth*, or *arm'd* with *scale* or *shell*: 830

All that *Bethsaida's* well-wrought *Nets* cou'd take *
 In *Air*, or *Desarts wild*, or neighbouring *Lake*.

What crown'd the rest on a neat *side-board* nigh

Vast stores of noble *Wines* stood *sparkling* by ;

Prov. 23. 3. In *Christal Walls*, how dangerous to behold ?

Or *Massy Goblets* wrought of *Ophirs Gold*.

Bright *Youths* and brighter *Maids* wait cheerful round,
 Their flowing hair with od'rous *Garlands* Crown'd,

A Charger this, where Golden Fruit did shine
850 Supports ; that holds a Flask of generous Wine ;
All pleas'd with the fair Office they enjoy'd,
And look'd as if they wish'd to be employ'd.

Two lovely Nymphs —

Whose Charms what ever's Mortal far excel,
Lovely as ever Tempted Man to Hell,
At once shot Darts from their false Eyes and Tongue
And to their warbling Lutes harmonious sung :

Say, what Songs shall we prepare
For both Worlds immortal Heir ?

860 How our Joy our Love express
In this Barren Wilderness ?

Honey from thy Feet did flow,
O'er thy Head fair Arbors grow ;
At thy sight fierce Beasts grew mild,
And the barren Desart smil'd.

Welcom, welcom, welcom thrice
To this happy Paradice !
Here no Serpent need you fear,
No forbidden Fruit is here.

870 Hark the Amorous Turtles call !
Hark ! the silver Waters fall !
And a gentle spicy breeze
Whispers thro' the rustling Trees :

These, the rugged Tempest o'er,
Storms and Whirlwinds heard no more,
These the Hero all invite
To soft Love and gay Delight.

Safe and friendly all appears ;
We thy gentle Ministers !
We this Food before thee plac'd,
Nor disdain to sit and tast !

Thus they, back fell each weak rebated Dart,
This reach'd our Saviour's Ears, but not his Heart :
No dang'rous softness there crept slyly in,
Not the first Embryo-motion of a Sin :
The Tempter their design as vain pursues,

Ernest,

Earnest, their *Invitation* he renew's ;
 To whom our *Lord*—Perish thy *gifts* with thee !

Alike I scorn thy *s spite* and *flattery* :

How *kind* a *Friend* thou art to *man* and *me*

Me, the last *Night* has shown, *man's Off-spring*, all
 Those *mischiefs* waiting his *unhappy Fall* :

Those *Oracles* which thou so *high* dost *prise*

What are they but *ambiguous specious Lyes* ?

That *Food* with which thou dost thy *Vassals* treat,

And make each *Wretch* his own *Damnation Eat*,

Are either *fancy'd Viands*, *shap'd* of *Air*,

As thy *lean Hags* with such *delusive fare*

Oft feasted but still *famish'd*, plainly shew ;

Or else ill-got if *solid* they, and *true* :

The *richest fare* thou canst thy *Friends* afford

The *stol'n remains* of some *Luxurious board* :

Such *this*, set out with so much *pomp* and *state*

Nor can thy *pow'r* one *single grain* create : *

" To whom thus answer'd *Satan* male-content

If all's *suspect* which freely I present,

What follows you by *causless Jealousie*

Deserve—tis *Natures voice* friendly to be

With *Friends* and *dreadful* to my *Enemy* : *

And thus I give what you refus'd er'e while

" To such as dearly earn'd the far-fetch'd *spoil* !

He said, strait *Meat* and *Table* disappear'd,

Fowl Harpy's Wings and *ugly Talons* heard ;

Each greedy of the *Feast* a part receiv's

And in their room *uncleanly Ordure* leav's : *

Soon then th' *Arch-Traytor* all himself appear'd ;

Each monstrous *Form* that *Mortals* ever fear'd

Successive he puts on, our *Lord* t' affright ;

No more a glorious *Angel* rob'd in *Light*,

Humane no more, a hideous *Beak* his *Nose*,

His *cank'red Breast* blew *poy's nous scales* inclose ;

A *Dragons horrid Train* behind him grows,

A *Dragons Batt-like Wings* he did display ;

And underneath his *hands*, no *hands* were they,

But *pounces* fit for such a *Bird* of *prey*,

In which our *Saviour* snatched, he *swift* did bear,

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And

And with him soars sublime thro' yielding Air ;
As some fierce Hawk whose cruel Talons strook
A harmless Dove near Cherith's silver Brook,
930 Then o'er the neighb'ring Fields with his weak prey

Wheeling, triumphant, cuts his pathless way :

Thus did the Prince of all the Airy host,
Who back from distant Paran's desert Coast

Hurry's our Lord, so his great Fathers Will,

O'er Bozra's Rock and Edom's fruitful Hill,

In whose West-bounds to Moserab they come,

And Hor, renown'd for holy Aaron's Tomb :

* Near Sodom's dreadful Lake arriv'd, in haft

* Twixt Halak they, and dire Acrabbim past :

940 Kadesh and Zin, to th' left behind they leave,

Them Debirs airy Regions next receive ;

* Now Debir 'tis, once Kiriath-sephir nam'd,

For valiant Othniel's dear-bought Conquest fam'd :

Empire and Love his Triumphs did divide

He humbled first the Canaanitish pride,

Then won the charming Achsah for his Bride.

Here the miraculous sight — — —

Some learn'd Astronomer the People show'd

As o'er the Town, he mark'd their airy road :

950 Men, Matrons, Children, Maids, all run to see

With hands and eyes uplift the Prodigie :

Short was the sight, they're in a moment gon

To Maon, Ziph, and woody Jeshimon ;

Hebron to th' left, which twice a Crown did grace,

And more remov'd, descry that cursed place

Which held of old the faithless fore-skin'd Race :

Gaza by Bezon's brook, and Gerar fair,

Proud Ashdod, Ashkelon, and Ekron, where

* While stood Philistia's state, th' Arch-fiend abhor'd

960 With Temple and with Altars was ador'd ;

Who next o'er Libnah's walls his course did steer,

* And leaving on the left strong Lachish near,

They Tekoa's Wood below and Bethlem spy ;

* Then shooting swift o'er Sareth's Vale descry

Royal Jerusalem, whose Southern bound

By sacred Zion's beauteous Turrets crown'd

Num. 20.22.

Judg. 1. 12.

2 Kings 1.2.

O

* Where •

Where pleasant Millo lies outstreach'd, they past *
 Whose walls by Siloam's gentle Waves are washt ;
 Which thence declining, into Kidron pour
 By Sol'mon's royal Seat and Ophel's Tow'r; * 970
 Not ev'n to curse the Town th' Arch-rebel stay'd,
 But soon from thence our patient Lord convey'd
 T' his Fathers house, that spatioust Temple, where
 All Israel wait with Sacrifice and Pray'r :
 Near Herod's lofty Tow'r he with him fell, *

Matt. 4. 5. And drops him on the highest Pinacle ;
 On saily Wings then flutt'ring by his side
 Him, grinning, thus accots with scornful pride.

" There stand, if stand thou canst ; thy skill twill ask :

—Or wou'dst thou undertake a nobler Task : 980
 Wou'dst thou th' unquestion'd Son of God be bail'd,
 (Which much I doubt, since I've so long prevail'd
 On thy weak mortal frame) below thee see

Vast Crowds, who leave their Pray'rs to look at thee !

Thee from yon Court the vested Priests perceive, *
 Their morning Sacrifice unfinish'd leave ;

Whilst from the next, with lifted eyes and hands *

Thy own lov'd Israel, gazing on thee stands ;

And in the Third, thick-kneeling at the Gate *

As much amaz'd the humble Gentiles wait ;

Wou'd Victims pay, struck with religious fear,

And think they see some God or Hero here :

Now wou'dst thou set thy injur'd Nation free

As did of old the valiant Maccabee,

Now is the time, the golden moment now ;

Fate waits thy Will, a greater Hero thou :

No more these marks of Idol-bondage bear,

But drive yon Eagle, proudly perching there

Transfix'd with his own Thunder thro' the Air.

And see Occasion courts to mighty things

Well-worthy thee and thy long Race of Kings :

Below thee to the right direct thine eyes,

And see Antonia's Tow'r unguarded lies ;

On th' other side regardless now of War

The Roman Youth, unbent, and sporting there

In Herod's spatioust Amphitheatre : *

*Vid. Notes on
Lib. 2.*

*Vid. Joseph
Antiqu.*

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Or

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Book 3. pag: 99.

King David. The Psalmist.

Or else by Zions Daughters beauty won,
Dropping their Arms already they're undon.
Now may'st thou with success thy Title own ;

1010 Now bravely strike and be for ever known !

Thee then if ought the sense of Glory warms,
If Incense pleases, adoration charms ;
Or what moves more, if glad thou wou'dst fullfil
What's all thy pleasure, thy great Fathers will ;
Who made it Fate, declaring long before,
Thee Men, thee ev'n his Angels should adore ;
Plunge hence in sight of all th' admiring Town,
And in the Altars flames waft softly down !

Heb. i. 6.

So shall the wond'ring World due honours bring

1020 At once adore the God, and hail the King.

Nor canst thou, if true Heir of Earth and Skies,
Suspect th' event of this bold Enterprize ;
For thus, while with his Notes fair Zion rung,
To his Harp inspir'd thy great Fore-father sung.

Blest is the Man whose sure defence

Psal. 91. 1.

Firm Faith and spotless Innocence !

Thrice blest, who compast round with Hosts of Foes
Can on the everlasting Arms repose !

Nor will that God whom thou thy hope dost make

2. 3.

1030 Refuse to hear thy gasping Cry :

Nor will he helpless let thee die ;

1030 Nor will he thy Protection e'er forsake !

See with what hast the blessed Spirits above

At his Commands fly circling round,

And make thy Dwelling sacred ground !

See with what hast they to thy succour move !

With what officious Care and tender Love !

These, above, soft-hov'ring o'er,

These behind, and these before,

1040 Thy glorious Guard de Cor ?

Thee these gentle Spirits shall bear

Unhurt thro' yielding Air,

On their soft Wings, and set thee lightly down
Least thou sho'dst crush thy foot on some relentless stone.

He said and stopt,—with meekness in his Eyes
 Temper'd severe, thus short our Lord replies:
 As plain tis Writ.—

Deut. 6. 16. When murmur'ring *Israe*l went thro' *Paran's Coasts*,
 Matt. 4. 7. “Thou shalt not Tempt thy God, the Lord of Hosts,
 To whom the Fiend, tho' oft his force he'd try'd 1050
Repuls'd, thus impudent, agen reply'd:

Less firmness cou'd I not expect to find
 In one who owns such an exalted mind:
 These petty *Crowns* with *Justice* you disdain
 Who over all the *World* deserve to reign,
 Come with me then one airy Journey more,
 And see what *Gifts* I've yet reserv'd in store!
 Nor sooner had he thus dissembling said
 But snatching swift he thence our *Lord* convey'd
 O'er lofty *Olivet*, who soon below 1060
Enshemesh sees, and beauteous *Jericho*; *
 Thence lay their trackless road directly on,

Josh. 15. 6. *Gilgal* to th' left, and ancient *Boban's stone*
 To th' right they leave, and thence as swift proceed
 O'er *Jordan's stream*, nor ford nor ferry need;
 Which past *sublime*, they on its *Eastern side*

Josh. 22. 24. The ruins of *Ed's doubtful Altar* spy'd, *

Josh. 3. 16. Near *Adam* and *Zaretans* ancient Town,
 Not far from whence he sets our *Saviour* down
 On *Pisgah mount*, whence long before he knew 1070
 Some courteous *Angel* did to *Moses* shew

Deut. 34. 2. *Canaans blest Land* on *Jordan's either side*, *
 Whilst wrapt in *Clouds*, the *fly Seducer* pry'd
 And learn'd the wond'rous *Art*, the skill he learn'd
 By which far distant Objects are discern'd;
 Yet to th' *Invention* adds, *Experience* gain'd
 By time, part truly shown, tho' more was feign'd:

With *Mimic* skill did aptly first prepare

Figures exactly wrought of *pliant Air*;

Then gave 'em *Form*, with *Colours* gilt the whole, * 1080
 And where they needed fill'd with *secret Soul*.

Towns, *Cities*, *Kingdoms*, *Bird*, and *Beast*, and *Man*
 All fitly rang'd, the *Tempter* thus began:

Well have we speeded by my *Care* and *Skill*

O'er

O'er field and sedgy brook, and dale and hill;

* Conducted with no injury but fear

To Moab's plains and this fair station here:

Whence cast thine eyes around and see what e'er

The World can boast of excellent or fair

1090 Of great or good! what e'er thou see'st is mine,

And at an easie rate shall all be thine.

West bending to the South, beneath thee, see

The Desart and the happy Araby!

Those Trains of Men and Beasts which strike thine Eyes

Rich-loaden Caravans of Gold and Spice;

* Which Ishmael's wealthy Off-spring far away

Thro' thole vast Sands from Persia's Gulf convey

To Zoan's fertile fields, and thence disperse

* The wealthy Traffick of the Universe:

1100 Still more to South vast Lubim's Desarts see!

Nor there a Kingdom will I offer thee;

* Tho' proud of Golden Sands and Groves of Spice

* They their parch'd Country think a Paradice:

From those wide Worlds let thy lost eye retire

And see if ought there is can please thee nigher!

To the great Western Ocean turn thine eyes,

Where many a beauteous Island scatter'd lies

Crete, Cyprus, Rhodes — but thou shalt these despise;

* Ev'n fair Trinacria too thou shalt disdain

1110 Whose three sharp Points defie the roaring Main:

To North of which behold yon lovely Plain

* Washt by the sounding Sea on either side

* Which thro' the midst a Ledge of Hills divide!

See to the South, not far within the Land

* Near a fair Stream a Royal City stand;

On seven small pleasant Hills divinely built!

A thousand lofty Turrets richly gilt

She boasting shows, and climbing over all

On that steep Rock, the glittering Capitol:

1120 'Tis Rome the Mistress of the World you see,

Which pleas'd shall bend its haughty Neck to thee:

* Eternal Rome, which thee her Lord shall own

* And raise thee to the Purple and the Throne:

Or wou'dst thou aim at something worthier praise;

Matt. 4. 8.

Gen. 37.25.

By

By thine own *arms* a mighty *Empire* raise ;
 Over yon *cloudy mountains* with me go }
 Whose *Tops* all horrid with *eternal snow* ; }
 And see that *lovely Plain* outstretcht below ! }
 'Twixt where *Garumna's waters* gently *creep*, * 1130
 And rapid *Rhene* runs foaming to the deep ; *
 Wash'd by the *Brittish* and *Ligustick Seas* ;
 And by yon mighty Hills, (the *Pyrenees*
 From old *Tradition* them the *Natives call*,)
 Fenc'd to the *South*,— The fam'd *Transalpine Gaul* !
 The *people* daring, curious, active, brave,
 Yet will be *slaves* themselves while *others* they *enslave* : *
 Their diff'rent *Tribes* thou by my help mayst gain, *
 Unite 'em all and in *Lutetia* reign :
 Nor this *fair chance* refuse till 'tis too late,
 For if aright I scann'd the *rolls of Fate* 1140
 Here shall in after-days a *Prince* arise
 Who tho' thy *Name* he bears will thee *despise*, }
 And aid the *banners* of thine *Enemies* : }
 Nor will like thee my *proffer'd help* disdain,
 But gladly by my *Arts* and *Arms* will reign :
I'll make him Great, whoever dares rebel,
Great as my *self*, enthron'd and *crown'd* in *Hell*.

Or wou'dst thou chuse a less *luxuriant Soil*
 See in the *Oceany* on fair *Western Isle*,
 Whose three *sharp points* th' insulting *Waves* divide! * 1150
 See with what *beauteous Rivers* 'tis supply'd ! }
 How rich the happy *Fields* thro' where they *glide* ! }
 Well knew the old *Phenicians* that blefs'd place: *
 Enur'd to *Pain*, there lives an *hardy race* ;
 Daring as *Virtues self*, for *conquest* made ;
 " *Peace* but their *Recreation*, *War* their *Trade*.
 Jealous of *Liberty* they *chains* refuse,
 Fair *Death* before inglorious *Life* they chuse ;
 Force cannot *bend*, but *kindnes* may improve,
 And mildly melt their gen'rous *warmth* to *Love*: 1160
 From one they *love* they never *can retire*,
 But wade thro' *Seas of blood* and *Walls of Fire* :
 These may thy *Goodness* and thy *Wisdom* charm,
 Thy heav'nly *Eloquence* their *rage* disarm :

Polish

Polish the rugged *mass*, their Gold refine,
And make 't in its own native *Lustre* shine ;
The gentle *Arts* of *Peace* implanting there,
Well worthy thy best *Industry* and *Care*.

Or woud'st thou rather them by *Force* obtain,

1170 By *Laws* unbridled, *absolutely* reign,
As *likes* thee best thou shal the *Scepter* gain :
Tho' that must cost us *blood* — See gath'ring there
Upon the *Gallic* side a *hovering War*

* *Refug'd Androgeus* to the *Throne* to bear !

Of *Horse* and *Foot* the *dusty* *squadrons* move,
Their *skill* they try, and *Piles* and *Javelins* prove :
Charge, and *retreat*, and *wheel* and *charge agen* :

* Huge weighty *Cataphracts*, and *Iron men*

With other *Troops* commix'd, whose *arms* more *light*,

1180 To change fair *Albions* *cliffs* to *red* from *white* :
If they go *there*, they must expect to *fight* !

* For croſs the *Morine Seas* (nor *Sail* nor *Oar*

* Our *passage* needs,) on the *Rutupian* shore
Near *Dubris* point cov'ring the *blacken'd* *strand*
See there a *thousand* *Chariots* plough the *Sand* !

Ten thousand *Warriers* trebled, muſtring near,
Each arm'd with *Dart* and *Sword* and knotty *Spear*.

Heark with what eager *Shouts* they rend the *Skies*
In hope to grapple ſoon their *Enemies* !

1190 Yon milk-white-*Steed*, now ſtately trots around,
Now paws the *Sand* and beats the echoing *Ground* ;
Proud of its weight, its *Riders* *Glory* shares,
The great, the brave *Cassibelan* it bears.

What diff'rent *Int'refts* he together *ties* :

What *Worlds* he arms 'gainſt *Britains* *Enemies* !

* Soul of the *League* and Head of the *Allies*.

Tho' *Rome's* proud *Gen'rals* all the *World* esteem
None ev'r coud think, or speak, or act like him ;

In *Council* cool, in *Action* brave and *warm*,

1200 * *Pallas* his *Head* directs, and *Mars* his *Arm* :

Purſues *unweary'd* what he undertakes,

Ev'n of ill-*Fortune* just *advantage* makes ?

Yet that he's *Great* he hardly seems to *know*,

Altho', except himself, all think him so.

Ev'n I must praise him, yet if thou to me,
I'll make him bend and homage pay to thee.

Thus have I offer'd what the world can boast
Of Rich or Great upon the *Western Coast*:

But ah ! how little have I yet reveal'd,
To what's behind the *wealthier East* conceal'd.

Nor will I, in the *passage*, ask thy *Eyes*
For *Dammesek*, that *earthly Paradise* ; *

Nor stay thee long by fair *Euphrates* side, *

Tho' there the *Roman* and the *Parthian* pride
This instant friendly meet, in yon *small Isle* *

And *Herod* both attempts to reconcile :

Brave *Artaban* is he who highest there
Is plac'd — Observe his great, his *warlike air* !

Sprung from the old *Arsacidæ* *

Much less will we in those wide *regions* stay

Where *mighty Indus* headlong cuts its way,
Thro' whose vast *Currents* Alexander hurl'd *

Some *Desarts* won, and thought h' had all the *World* :
Still further on to' *utmost Eastern bound*

Direct thine *Eye* — “ Where no more *World* is found :
Wide *Fields*, rich *Towns*, tall *Groves*, fair *Rivers* see,

Here, Son of *God*, 's a *Country* worthy thee ?

No *Histories* as yet its *Name* have shwon,

To *Rome* alike, and fabling *Greece* unknown. *

'Tis *China* call'd, unnumber'd Millions there,
Who live so well, th' almost deserve thy *care* :

Pious and *good*, mild and ingenuous they,

One *King*, one *God*, those spacious *realms* obey. *

There *Arts* and *Arms* in such perfection be,*

As this cold *Western World* did never see :

Yon *River* which against the *Temple* glides *

And thence exact in two vast *streams* divides.

That *Bridge*, prodigious, hanging in the *air*,

That more prodigious *Wall* outstretching there;

Wild *Magogs*'s wand'ring off-spring to restrain,

Tho' oft it tries to curb their *rage* in vain,

All these th' effect of *industry* and *pain*,

All *mortal works*, altho' they hardly less

Than some *divine Artificer* confess.

1210

1220

1230

1240

There

* There reigns a *peaceful Prince*, who, did he see
Thy *Virtue*, gladly wou'd submit to thee,
And hold his *Kingdom* as thy *Deputy*. {

More woud'st thou yet? from my exhaustless store
I've shown thee all this *World*, but yet have *more*:
Yet farther *Worlds*. For still more *Northward* see
Bending to *East*, what num'rous *Droves* there be
Marching in haste, a *potent Colony*

* For a new *World*; from those I'll *Subjects* raise
1410 Which shall be mine to long *succeeding days*:

* See that *small Strait* already cover'd o'r,
Already have they reach'd the happy *Shore*,
One of my *menial Spirits* walks before:

* First strikes that mighty *Islands Western Strand*,
And safe conducts 'em to their *destin'd Land*:
Look not with *partial Eyes*, and you'll confess
Canaan itself 's to this a *Wilderness*:

A beauteous *Face of Nature* yet *unseen*,
The *Flow'r's* still *fresh*, the *Trees* are ever *green*;

1420 Trees ever since the *Worlds Creation*, grown,
Delicious *Fruits* of *Tasts* and *Names* unknown! You'd *Eshcol's Grapes* despise, if these I'd bring:

* No *Winter* there, there reigns *eternal Spring*:
Hither, lest me my *Subjects* shou'd disown
At your *approach*, you all and I have *none*;
This *chosen few* I hither did convey
Where I'll enjoy an *undisputed sway*.

This *promis'd Land* I frankly gave, nor I
Am always *envious*, nor do always *lie*:

1430 Nor from my *Slaves* *large Tribute* ask, content
With *homage* paid, and just *acknowledgment*:

Me *Prince o'th' airy Host* thy *Father* made,
Whom ever since have *Spirits* and *Storms* obey'd:
God of this World by him himself I'm stil'd,

And, like a *God*, I'm *placable* and *mild*
To those *adore* me— No *uneasie task*!

Yet this is all for all the *World* I ask;
Nay take *both Worlds*— here I'll erect thy *Throne*,
From *East* to *West* sway this *vast Globe* alone!

Ephes. 2. 2.

2 Cor. 4. 4.

P

This

This only shall the fair Condition be
 From us, as God, accept it on thy knee,
 And as we're *Heav'n's*, be thou *our Deputy!*

1440

Unmov'd, our *Lord* till then the *Tempter* bore,
 But when he thus *blasphem'd*, wou'd hear no more.
 He lets thro his weak *humane Nature* shine,
 As *Sol* thro' *Clouds*, one *Ray* of the *Divine* :
 With this he drove the wicked *Tempter* thence,
 When thus he'd said --- *Blasphemer* get thee hence !
 Thy time's *elaps'd* --- Too much I heard before,
 But now thy *arrogance* will bear no more :

Matth. 4.10. 'Tis writ --- "The *Lord* thy *God* alone adore !

That *God* whose *Vengeance* thou woud'st scape in vain,
 Who *black Blasphemers* dooms to endless *Pain*.

1450

Enrag'd, confus'd, defeated, *cursing* fell,
Gnawing his *Tongue*, the baffl'd *Prince* of *Hell* :
 Such *Looks* and *Words* he cou'd longer bear,
 His *short-liv'd World's* dissolv'd and lost in *Air* ;
 And down he *sinks blaspheming* in *despair* :
 Did thence to th' *howling Wilderness* retire,

Ibid. v.11. Born in a *dusky Globe* of *Smoak* and *Fire*.

1460

The End of the Third Book.

Notes on the Third Book.

4. *E're the day dawn to close his watchful Eyes.]* See this Thought infinitely better manag'd by Milton, on *Melancholy*, in his *Miscellanies*.

9. *Till past our narrow Earths attraction gon.]* Alluding to the commonly receiv'd notion of the Earths magnetical force within its own *Atmosphere*.

14. *Past e'en this World.]* All the visible Frame or *System* of the Creation.

23. *Beyond the place where mortal Deeds are burl'd.]* From *Lucretius*.

43. *From Calvary thro' Salem's Northern bound.]* This was their way to *Gethsemane*, going round by the Tower of *Hananiab*, the Gate of *Ephraim*, the old Gate, the *Fish-Gate*, and at the North-East corner, the Gate of *Benjamin*, and so cross the Valley to *Gethsemane*.

158. *From our Masters sacred Lips we learn'd.]* I think, as 'tis already said in the Preface, it's at least full as probable that St. Peter, St. John, or St. James should know all these minute particular Passages, as that the Poet shou'd, especially when we not only suppose, but know that they were all *Inspir'd*, one of 'em committing most of these things himself to Writing, another dictating to St. *Mark* when he did the same.

169. *Not far remov'd from valiant Bethshan's Walls.]* A Garrison of the *Philistins*, which it seems they kept a long time in the very heart of *Israel*; against whose Walls, not far from *Mount Gilboa* they hung in Triumph the *Bones of Saul and Jonathan*, till the men of *Jabesh-Gilead* in requital for their *Eyes*, ventured their Lives to fetch 'em thence and give 'em an handsom Burial.

170. *And old Bethabara.]* *Bethabara*, or *Betharaba*, as 'tis also Written, signifies no more than the *House of Passage*, or the *Ferry-house*: 'Twas situated on the *Eastern* side of *Jordan*. There's another place of that Name, and probably for the same Reason, near the fall of that River into the *Dead Sea*: But this where St. *John the Baptist* and our Saviour were chiefly Conversant, must be the more *Northerly* of the two, because of *Euon* and *Salim* near it.

173. *His Life had spent in Juda's fertile Wild.]* There are warm disputes concerning this *Wildernes* of *Juda*, whether properly and strictly so call'd, with nothing in't besides Beasts and Trees, whom the *Papists* wou'd fain have us believe he endeavour'd at first to *Edifie* for want of better Auditors: (the Reason, I suppose, why St. *Anthony* and other of their Legendary-miracle-mongers have since done the same, Preaching to Hogs, Fishes, or whatever was next to 'em) Or whether it were only a part of the Country call'd the *Wild*, or *Wildernes*, as our *Wild* of *Kent*, (*Wild*, *Weald*, and *Wold*, being, I fancy, the same thing in old *English*) notwithstanding the Name; as well Inhabited as any other part of the Country, which is the Opinion generally embrac'd by our Protestant Writers: I take the middle way, describing it a *rustick sort* of a place, but not without any rational Inhabitants. Nay, it had a great many, since several *Cities* are described in't by the sacred Writers, (tho' those might only be Villages) and the Rabbies going much farther. The Account they give of their *Montanum Regale*, which *Lightfoot* thinks the same with the Hill-Country of *Judea*, where *Zachary* liv'd, and that with the *Wildernes* of *Judea*, being as follows. " *Montanum Judeæ &c.* " The " *Hill-Country*, or if you will *Highlands* of *Judea*, are call'd by the *Jews* the " *Royal Highlands*, and in *Psalm 75. 6. The Mountains of the Wildernes*, and yet in " *these Highlands* there are *ten thousand Cities*, in their *Taanith*, Fol. 69. And agen " *Seah Hierusalem exedit Seah deserti, & tamen in eo sunt Myrias Urbium*.

201. *But like an Oven, hot with deadly flame.]* This and what follows, is the substance of 4. *Mal.* "Behold the day comes that shall burn as an *Oven*; and I think the Interpretation I give of all the *Proud*, and all that do *Wickedly*; that 'tis to be understood of the *Pharisees* and *Sadducees*, is at least probable.

223. *Life and Salvation in his healing Wings.]* Methinks that passage of " *the Sun* " of *Righteousnes* arising with healing under his *Wings*, seems to allude to the *Brazen Serpent*, a Type of *Christ*, which was *lifted up* in the *Wildernes*, and on which

which whosoever look'd, after they were bitten by the *Serpents*, immediately recover'd.

245. *Those who in wild Perea wander'd wide.*] Of this *Perea*, thus *Fuller*, Lib. 1. p. 37. *Perea*, says he, "is a Country containing all the Land once belonging to *Reuben*, *Gad* and *Manasse*, on the *East* of *Jordan*.

260. *From ancient Shalem.*] Some think this place is that Country whereof *Melchizedeck* was King, and the same with *Salem*, tho' others different from both.

291. *Had sanctifi'd fair Jordan's Limpid Waves.*] According to that in our *Form of Baptism*, *Who, by the Baptism of thy Son Jesus Christ in the River of Jordan, didst sanctifie Water to the mystical washing away of Sin.* Meaning only letting apart, or consecrating the Element for that Sacramental Use.

321. *Its spacious Skirts by fruitful Edom's side.*] I grant it's probable, that our Saviour went not so far as this Wild of *Paran*, stiled, in Holy Scriptures, the *great and howling Wilderness*; containing in it many others, as *Eitham*, *Sin*, *Sinai*, *Kadesh*, and, as it seems, on the very Edge of it, that of *Judah*; through all which the *Israelites* so long wandered. I say, 'tis probable enough our Saviour might be carried to some Desart nearer *Jordan*; but neither in fixing him here is there any absurdity, since we suppose it done by a supernatural Power: nor is he there at greater distance than in *Milton's Paradise Regain'd*, who chuses the *Wilderness of Judæa*, as the Seat of his *Temptation*; whereas I go more *West*, on the Borders of *Edom*, the Reason of which a skilful Reader will find before the End of this Book.

244. *Rapt by the Sacred Spirit be thither flies.*] It must be the *Holy Spirit*, for it could not be his *own*, since 'tis an odd and hardly proper Expression, to say, a *Man leads himself* any where: nor could it be the *Wicked Spirit*, or the *Temper*, who did indeed afterwards hurry him about, because 'tis said, *after he had been there forty days and forty nights*, nay, after he was an *hungry*, not till the End of that time, then 'tis said, in St. *Matt.* 4: 3. that *the Tempter came*, not return'd, to *him*.

350. *The sacred Mount of God, affecting-vain.*] *Vid. Milton's Paradise Lost*, that Verle being turn'd in his Mould, as well as supposing his *Notion*.

392. *To God's high Temple, and the Sacred Town.*] *Jerusalem* is called the *Holy City*, St. *Mattb.* 4: 5.

470. *Who thence did to the dreadful Desart goe, — Where Israel wander'd.*] *Vide supra.*

515. *But when five Sabbaths now, He, prostrate laid, — The sixth well worn.*] Sabbath for Week is common among the Sacred Writers. Six Sabbaths would have been six Weeks, or forty two days, but he fasting but forty, the sixth was not compleat.

521. *With as much ease subdu'd as that before.*] *Adam*, who is called the *Son of God*, St. *Luke* 3. ult. because immediately produced by him, without any *natural Parent*.

565. *And half another now is almost past.*] Twenty eight Days to a proper *Lunar Month*, and twelve more are almost half another.

617. *His Word preserves the Soul on him depends.*] I have, I think, included all those *Sences*, wherein *Interpreters* take thole Words.

631. *The Man's distrest, — With sinles Fears.*] It lengthens not my Hero's Character, to suppose something of *Concern* or *Fear* impress'd on his *Fancy*, when sleeping, since he is always represented *intrepid* and *firm* while awake, even in the greatest Dangers; and even here 'tis added, *The God repell'd the rest.*

639. *From many an horrid rift abortive Power.*] I believe I need not tell the Reader, I here begin to make bold with Mr. *Milton*, about twenty of whose Lines I've wrought into my *Storm*, for a very good reason, because they're extremely fine, and I could not get near so good of my own. However I've own'd and mark'd every one of 'em, nay even each *half Verse* for which I have been beholden to him.

643. *Where, them enclos'd, their Airy Leader binds.*] Tho' we have no *Aeolus* to introduce into a Christian Poem; yet there's what will do as well, *the Prince of the Power of the Air*; who, no doubt, by God's permission, has *Winds* and *Storms* at his Command.

646. *From*

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646. From the four Hinges of the World they ran.] 'Tis Milton's Thought, and a very beautiful Variation for the four Cardinal Points.

649. Disrobe the beauteous Trees of all their Pride.] There might be Trees in other parts of the Wildernes, tho I describe none just where our Saviour remain'd, besides a few blasted Oaks and Yews. Thus at Elim, one of the Stations of Israel coming out of Egypt, we read of threescore and ten Palm-trees, and twelve Wells of Water. Exod. 15. ult.

656. And there, co-eval with the World, remain'd.] So 'tis stor'd of the Hercynian Oaks, and I know no reason why I mayn't make these of equal standing.

662. Now Hills of Sand came rolling with the Wind.] 'Tis usual in those Countries, for vast Storms, or rather Hurricanes of Sand to arise, and being driven with the Wind, overthrow, stifle and bury Passengers, whole Catavans, and sometimes make Mummy of whole Armies, as 'tis reported of that of Cambyses in the Libyan Deserts. See Thevenot, in his Description of Egypt.

711. All that with Noah bostèd, all and more.] The Truth and Ground of which see in the next Verse, the old Saw, even yet holding good, as modern Travellers tell us, Africa semper aliquid apparet novi.

715. Who on Cyrene's Sands dott fearles see, And with him brings Serpents as large as he.] Cyrene is a dreadful Desert Country, to the North-west of Egypt, against the greater Syrtis, now a part of Barca; where, as modern Geographers tell us, is a City, to this day, called Corena. 'Tis inhabited with little else but such vast Serpents as Europeans can scarce believe ever were in Nature; and so indeed is almost all Afric, some of 'em so big, that Eye-witnesses tell us, it's common, when any of those dreadful Creatures are killed, to find a whole Sheep or Calf in their Bellies. See Ludolphus of Ethiopia, and Vansteib of Egypt.

734. Two other Fiends, like fierce Jackals did bay, And warn'd the Kingly Lion to his Prey.] These Creatures are very frequent in those Countries, and indeed, where ever the Lion is, being a sort of a Setting-Dog to that Royal Beast. The Pilgrim says, he met with many of them in his Journey from Sidon (now Seyde) to Damascus. He describes 'em somewhat less and more white than Foxes, keeping themselves all day in the Craggs of the Mountains, and coming down at night to seek their Prey and demand Contributions from the neighbouring Villages.

755. He fits immov'd in calm and sinless Peace.] A Verse of Milton's.

795. Lotus chaf and rare,—From Sun-burnt Afric brought:] Chaf, see Ovid; Rare, because far fetch'd; namely, from that part of Afric, where the Lotophagi (Lotus-Eaters) inhabit, North of the Psylli, and West of Cyrene.

819. From Punic-Carthage brought.] Whence it takes its Name.

841. All that Bethsaida's well-wrought Nets could take, In Air, or Desarts wild, or neigbh'ring Lake.] Bethsaida is generally interpreted, an House of Hunting, at first, probably, only a Place of Pleasure, a sort of a Lodge in the Desert, or Forest, adjoining. Fuller is for another Etymology, and tells us, the word signifies Fishing as well as Hunting; whence, he thinks, it rather took its Name, by reason of the neighbouring Lake. Both which Opinions are here reconciled, since, probably, 'twas a place of general Divertissement, both Hunting, Fishing, and Fowling.

904. Nor can thy Power one single Grain create.] Proper Creation, or the Production of something out of nothing, can be alone the Act of infinite Power, which no wonder that we can't comprehend, unless we were our selves Infinite.

909. — 'Tis Nature's Voice, friendly to be With Friends, and dreadful to my Enemy.] I suppose few but know whose Notion that is; nor am I very sollicitous whether or no Satan takes it amiss, that I should make him one of the Hobbits, tho they've gone yet farther, and would fain make him nothing at all.

915. And in their room uncleanly Ordure leaves.] From that of Virgil, when the Harpies had snatch'd away the Feast of Phineus, — Fædissima Ventris — Preluvies, and Vestigia fæda relinquunt.

939. Twixt Halak they, and dire Acrabbim pas'd.] There is a place just at the South-West

South-West Corner of the Dead-Sea, called *Mahaleb-Acrabbim*, see *Josb.* 15. 3 in English, the crawling up of Serpents; probably, from many of them coming up to that forlorn Place from the adjoining Wilderness, near which the Jews were plagued with fiery Serpents. Opposite to which stands Mount *Halak*, vid. *Josb.* 11. 17. between which two Places, I suppose *Satan* took his airy Journey.

942 Now *Debir* 'tis, once *Kirjath-Sephir* nam'd,
For Valiant Othniel's dear-bought Conquest fam'd.] This *Debir*, which signifies an Oratory, called also *Kirjatb-Sepbir*, or the City of a Book, is thought to have been a Canaanitish University. 'Tis situated in the Tribe of *Judah*, South of *Hebron*, not far from the Plain of *Mamre*. The History of its Conquest by *Othniel*, vid. *Judg.* 1. 12.

954 Hebron to th' Left, which twice a Crown did grace.] 'Twas one of the Canaanitish Royal Cities, *Josb.* 10. 37. and the Place where *David* was first crowned King of *Judah*, remaining there seven Years, 2 *Sam.* 2, 3, 4. and 5. 5.

959. Tb' Arch-fiend abbor'd, — With Temple and with Altars was ador'd.] See 2 *Kings* 1, 2. where we read of the Oracle of *Baal-zebub*, the God of *Ekron*; the same undoubtedly with *Beelzebub* in the New Testament.

962. And leaving on the left strong Lachish near.] This City was besieged by *Sennacherib*, but we don't read that he took it, nay, it's said he departed from it, 2 *Kings* 19. 8. and 'twas one of the last which held out against *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Jer.* 34. 7.

964. Then shooting swift o'er Saveh's Vale.] This Valley of *Saveh* is a little South of *Jerusalem*; 'tis mentioned twice, and, I think, no more, in the Holy Scriptures, once by its proper Name, *Gen.* 14. 17. as the place where the King of *Sodom* met *Abraham*, and *Melchisedek* came forth and gave him Bread and Wine. The second only by a *Periphrasis* called the King's Date, 2 *Sam.* 18. 18. as 'tis also in the former place.

967. Where pleasant Millo lies.] *Millo*, which signifies a Filling, because built in the void Space between *Sion* and *Jerusalem*, was begun by King *David*, 2 *Sam.* 5. 9. and finished under *Solomon*, *Jeroboam* being Overseer of the Work, 1 *Kings* 11. 27.

970. By Solomon's Royal Seat, and Ophel's Tower.] *Solomon* had three Palaces, or Houses, in *Jerusalem*; one, the House of the Forest of *Lebanon*, 2 *Kings* 7. 2. like our St. *Jame's*, or the Elector's Palace at *Dresden*. The second, the House of *Pbarab's* Daughter, 1 *Kings* 7. 8. And the third, his own Dwelling-House, which was thirteen Years in Building, 1 *Kings* 7. 1. Which last is generally placed, in the Maps of *Jerusalem*, near the Banks of *Siloam*, opposite to *Millo*. The Tower of *Ophel* is placed a little Easterly of this Palace, near the Fall of *Siloam* into *Kidron*.

975. Near Herod's Lofty Tower.] The old Tower in *Solomon's* Temple was of the Nature of a Porch, and very magnificent, as 'tis describ'd 1 *Kings* 6. 3. and 2 *Chron.* 3. 4. From both which we learn, 'twas twenty Cubits long, ten broad, and an hundred and twenty high (sacred Cubits), and consequently, the Temple it self reaching but to thirty Cubits, this must be four times the height on't, and *Herod's* was not inferiour. I say near this Tower, rather than upon it, because 'twas too great a Height to see distinctly what was done below. I suppose it might be on some of those stately Galleries *Josephus* mentions. See more *Lib. vii.*

985. Thee from yon Court the vested Priests perceive.] The Altar whereon the Sacrifices were offered, was not within the covered part of the Temple, for what should they have done ther~~s~~ with the Smoak of so vast a number of Sacrifices, but sub dio, in the open Air, in a Court; Incense only being offered within the Temple. Into which Court the Priests only came, as into the second none but Jews with their Sacrifices, whence they were taken in by the Priests, and the third was the outward Court, or that of the Gentiles.

1006. In Herod's spacious Ampitheatre.] Of which see a noble Description, *Jos. Antiq. lib. 15. cap. II.*

1061. Eushemesh sees, and beauteous Jericho] *Eushemesh* sounds in our Language, the Fountain of the Sun; perhaps from some medicinal Waters hereabouts, as our *Bath*, formerly

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III

formerly *Aqua Solis*. Beauteous Jericho, the situation of it was pleasant, said the Inhabitants to the Prophet; and *Fuller* and *Surius* describe it in the same manner, "the Fields about it, as the latter says, being covered with Orange-trees, Limon-trees, Palm-trees, and others, intermingled every where with those Flowers, called the Roses of Jericho."

1067. *The Ruines of Ed's doubtful Altar spy'd.*] Doubtful, because Geographers can't agree on which side of Jordan to place it.

1072. *Canaan's blest Land, on Jordan's either side.*] Vid. Deut. 34. 1, 2. All the Land of Gilead unto Dan, all Naphtali, Ephraim, Manasseb and Judah.

1080. *Then gave 'em Form, with Colours gilt the whole.*] First Figure, then Form, according to the old Notion, *Forma est Figura cum Colore.*

1086. *Conducted with no Injury but Fear.*] Not that I suppose our Saviour was really affrighted; but, as Mr. Cowley says in a like case, 'tis hardly proper to make a Speech for the Devil without some Lies in't.

1096. *Whick Ishmael's wealthy Off-spring far away.*] The Ishmaelites were some of the first *Land Merchants*, as the Phoenicians the first by Sea. Vid. Gen. 37. 25.

1099. *To Zoan's fertile Fields, and thence disperse Their wealthy Traffick through the Universe.*] This way all rich Persian Silks, &c. were formerly carried over Land, till a Passage was found out by Sea, in our own Age.

1102. *Tho proud of Golden Sands, and Groves of Spice, &c.*] The finest Dust-Gold being brought from the Coasts of Afric; and several Regions in't which take their very Names from Spices, as *Myrrifera*, *Cinnamomifera*.

1103. *They their parch'd Country think a Paradise.*] This is literally true; for the Abyssines will not be persuaded but the old Paradise was seated in their Country; and there have been European Authors who have reckoned it under the Line.

1109. *Ev'n fair Trinacria too thou shalt disdain.*] An old Name for Sicily; the reason of which is in the next Verse.

1112. *Wash'd by the sounding Sea on either side.*] The upper and lower Seas, as they sometimes call 'em, *Adria* to the North, and the *Sicilian*, *Sardinian*, &c. to the South.

1113. *Whick through the mid' a Ledge of Hills divide.*] The *Appenines*, which run long-ways through the greatest part of Italy.

1115. *Near a fair Stream a Royal City stands.*] I hardly tell the Reader, I mean *Rome*, on the Banks of the *Tibur*.

1122. *Eternal Rome.*] So they affected to call it, *Urbs aeterna*; and 'twas almost a piece of *Læse-Majest* to cut it shorter, or believe any otherwise of the City or Empire, whence St. Paul speaks so cautiously concerning it, 2 Thess. 2.

1123. *And raise thee to the Purple.*] The Royal *Insignia* were of this Colour, with the *Romans*; and 'twas therefore Treason for any to affect it besides the Emperor.

1126. *Over yon cloudy Mountains with me goe.*] The *Alps*, where Snow is said to lie unmelted in some Places all the Year round.

1129. *Twixt where Garumna's Waters gently creep, And rapid Rhene runs foaming to the Deep.*] *Garumna*, now the *Garonne* in *Aquitain*; it rises not far from *Toulouse* and *Montpelier*, whence running crost the Country, it falls, by *Bourdeaux*, into our Ocean. 'Tis true, this River is not the utmost Southern Boundary of *France*, *Gascoign* lying between that and *Spain*, nor do I affirm it; but I make that the *Pyrenees* afterward. However this was the last considerable River on that side the Country, and running crost it too, as before. As for the *Rbine*, which I call the *Rbene* to be nearer its Antique Latin-Name, I know it reaches too far on the other side, beyond the Limits of modern *France*. (tho truly not far, as they have stretch'd it) including *Brabant*, proper *Flanders*, &c. but 'tis reckoned by ancient Geographers the Boundary of *Belgic Gaul*, which was one part of the *Transalpine*, lying between the Rivers *Sein*, *Rbine*, and the *Ocean*, the other three parts being called the *Celtic*, *Aquitanic*, and *Narbonensis*.

1135. *The People daring, curious, active, brave.*] This Character *Cæsar* gives 'em, and a great part of *Europe* have found, to their Sorrow, that they still retain it.

1137. *Their*

1137. *Their different Tribes thou by my help may'st gain.*] They were formerly divided into as many small Septs or Cantons as *England* or *Ireland*, as the *Arebati*, the *Celts*, *Veneti*, and twenty others.

1142. *Who, tho thy Name be bears.*] *The Most Christian King.*

1153. *Well knew the old Phoenicians that blest Place.*] It's generally believed, by our modern Criticks, that the *British Islands* were the famous *Cassiterides*, as Bochart endeavours to prove from the Name; and yet any that read *Dionysius* would be of another Mind for methinks he seems to distinguish 'em one from the other, for after he has said, *N̄os δ̄ι καστείδες, τόθι μαρτύρεον γένεται*, which he makes over against the *Promontorium Sacrum*, and inhabited by the *Iberians*, he goes on, and says expressly in the next Verse, *Αλλαὶ δὲ ὀκτώπολες βορεαλίδες ἔχεται*—*Δέσμον τῆν εαυτούς οὐ περιβάλλει*, speaking of the two *British Isles* as distinct from the *Cassiterides*, or *Tin Islands*. Indeed, would the situation bear it, Mr. Cambden's Conjecture would stand fair, that the Antients meant the Isles of *Scilly*; and indeed these *Αλλαὶ* may relate to *Scilly*, as well as *νηῶν*, and then 'tis a clear case; for what can they be but those of *Scilly*, since he calls them all *British Isles*? However, it's no wonder that not only *Dionysius*, but most of the *Greeks* belides, give a very lame account of these parts, since the *Phoenicians* were so careful to conceal those matters, and their Trading hither, that *Strabo* tells us of a *Phoenician Master of a Ship*, who knock'd his *Vessel* o'th' head upon the Rocks, rather than he'd fall into the hands of the *Romans*, as he was returning from his Voyage into our Seas.

1156. *How three sharp points th' insulting Waves divide.*] The three Capes or Angles of *Britain* (whence some derive the Name of *Anglia*) that near *Dover*, the *Lands-End*, and *Catbness*; the same, if I mistake not, with the *Darvezum*, *Bolerium*, and *Orcas* or *Tarividum* of the Antients.

1174. *Refug'd Androgeus to the Throne to bear.*] Some call him *Androgeus*, others *Mandubracius*, a *British Prince*, who fled to *Caesar* for Succour, and assisted him against *Cassibelan* and his Native Country. I'm not ignorant that these things really happened some years before I represent them; but not to plead Precedent, or excuse my own Error by that of *Virgil*, (and indeed of most other Poets, who are seldom mortified with *Anachronisms* in their Works) I rather chuse to throw it all upon the Devil, who having Shapes enough new made, might adapt them to what History he pleas'd, and endeavour to impole on our Saviour in *History* as well as in *Geography*.

1178. *Huge weighty Cataphracts and Iron Men.*] See those *Cataphracts* exactly describ'd in *Heliodorus's Ethiopian History*.

1182. *Cross the Morine Seas.*] So the Straight was called between *England* and *France*; hence that of *Grotius* in his *Cynegeticon*, *Hinc freta si Morinum*; adding soon after, *Atque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos*.

1183. *Rutupian Shore.*] The *Rutupium* of the Antients, is supposed the same with our *Rickeborogh*.

1196. *Soul of the League, and head of the Allies.*] *Cassibelan* was Generalissimo of all the *British Forces*. See *Caesar's Commentaries*.

1200. *Pallas his Head directs, and Mars his Arm.*] I've been pretty sparing of *Heaven Gods* throughout the whole Poem, (which Mr. Milton does not observe, tho even his Faults are beautiful) and now I here mention two of 'em; I put 'em into the mouth of such an one as I am not to answser for what he says.

1212. *For Dammelek, that earthly Paradise.*] So *Dammelek*, or *Damas*, or *Damas*, (for by all those Names 'tis called, besides *Chams* by the *Arabians*) is described by all that have seen it. The *Arabians* fancy the *Sun* has another sort of a benign Influence on this Town than any other, whence the Name they give it. *Satan* calls it an *Earthly Paradise*, and so a good Friend of his once thought it, I mean *Mahomet*, who was so afraid of being bewitched and softened with the Pleasures thereof, and render'd unfit for the great Projects he had in his head, that he refus'd to enter it when very near it.

1214. *The Roman and the Parthian Pride, &c.*] See *Josepb. Antig. lib. 8. cap. 5.* where you have the entertaining Relation of this Royal Congress between *Vitellius*, *Herod the Tetrarch*, and *Artaban King of Parthia*, in a small Isle of the *Euphrates*.

1222. *Where*

1222. Where mighty Indus cuts his headlong way,
Through whose vast Currents Alexander brav'd, &c.] Quintus Curtius, describing this Expedition of Alexander, says, He first pass'd the Choaspes, then the Copbrates, next the Indus, &c.

1224. To Rome alike, and fabling Greece unknown, — 'Tis China call'd.] That the Romans had no knowledge of this Country, I think, all grants; and our modern Geographers believe that *Ptolemy* knew it little better; for tho he talks of *Sinum regio*, yet by his description, it should be rather *Siam* than *China*.

1223. One King, one God, those spacious Realms obey.] So their authentick Chronicles tell us; and that they fell not to *Polybius* till the sixty fifth year of our Saviour. See *Martinus*.

1224. Their Arts and Arms in such perfection.] Particularly Printing and Guns, which the Europeans found amongst 'em.

1226. Yon River, which against the Temple glides.] The Yellow River, of which see the Description And Cut in *Magellan*.

1240. Wide Magog's wand'ring Offspring to restrain.) The Scythians, or Tartars, bridled by the Wall of China.

1401. There reigns a peaceful Prince.] As *Augustus* reign'd at *Rome*, and the Temple of *Janus* was shut when our Saviour was born; so 'tis remarkable, that in *China* all things were quiet, and the Emperor chang'd his own Name for another that signifies *Pacificus*.

1408. A Potent Colony — In a new World.] According to our *Mede's* Notion, that the *Americans* were carried over by the Devil, at this time.

1411. See that small Strait, already covered o'er.] The Straights of *Anian*, which the Devil might find out, tho no Mortal can do it.

1414. First strikes that mighty Island's Western Strand.] 'Tis so far East that it must be West. Consult the Globe.

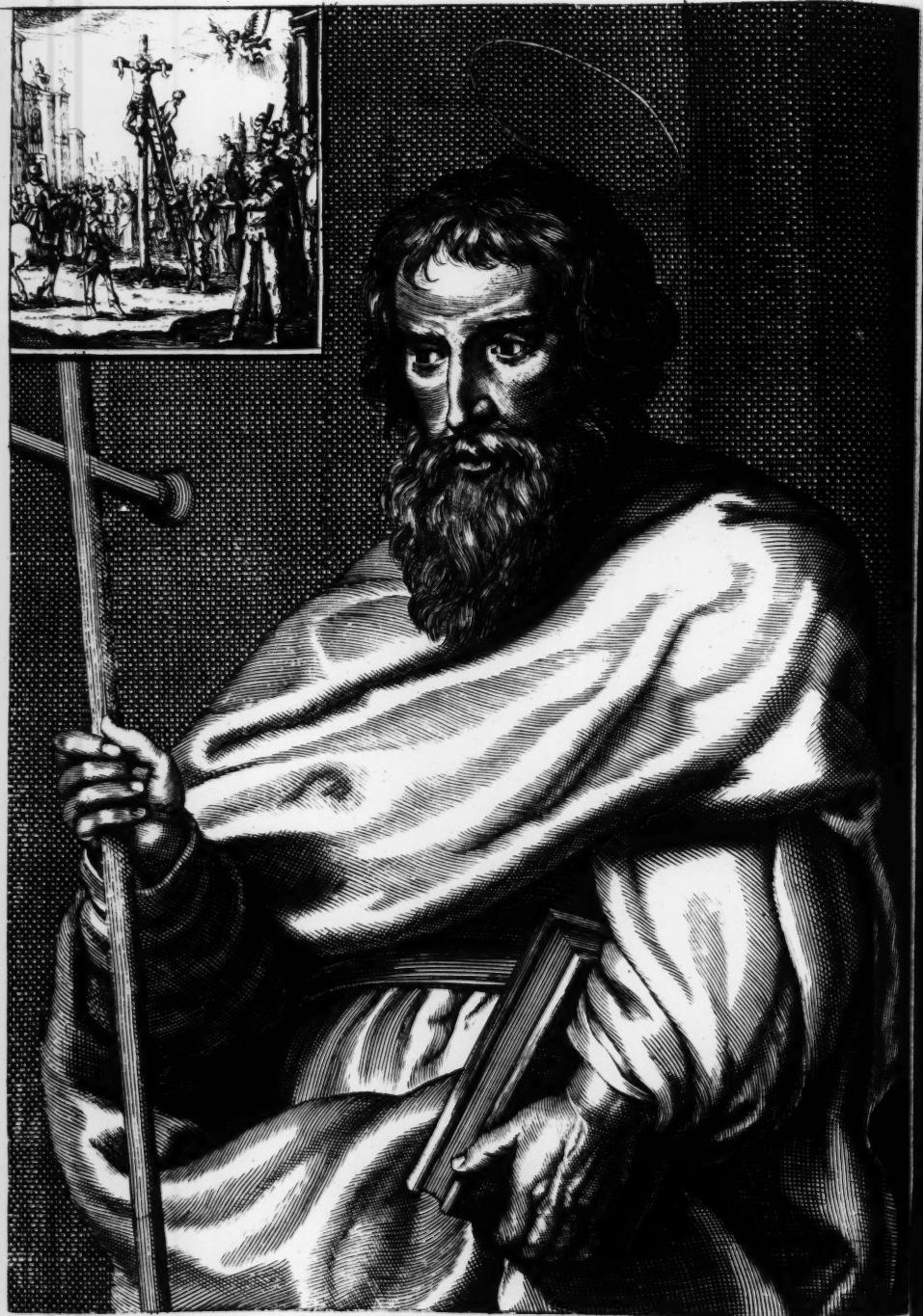
1423. No Winter there, there reigns eternal Spring.] The Devil must have leave to make the best of his own Country; tho some parts of *America* are really very pleasant.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Fourth BOOK.

OUR Saviour having now foil'd the Enemy, the Angels, who had all the while hovered over and been Spectators of the Combat, descend with a Banquet, and sing a Song of Triumph on his Victory, which ended, they wait him back to Jordan. The Baptist's further Testimony concerning him. Our Lord, departing thence, enters on his Ministerial Office; and ascending the Mount of the Beatitudes, chuses his Twelve Apostles, and then preaches that famous Sermon, containing the chief Heads of his Religion. Which he begins with an Enquiry after Happiness, removing the commonly received Notions about it, and fixing it rather in their Contraries. After which he repeats the Ten Commandments; assuring his Auditors he came not to destroy but to fulfil them; and instructs in Alms, Fasting, Prayer, and other Duties, giving 'em a particular Form to assist their Devotion, and concludes his Discourse with a lively Parable of two Houses, one built on the Rock, the other on the Sand. The Sermon finished, our Lord descends from the Mountain, and preaches in Galilee; working his first Miracle at Cana; and at Naim, not far from it, restoring the Widow's Son to Life. In the mean while the Baptist continued preaching Repentance, and acquiring a great Veneration among the People, and even from Herod himself, at that time Tetrarch of Galilee, who reforms from all his Vices but his unlawful Love to Herodias. The manner of his falling in Love with her; his Courtship, and, at length, accomplishing his Desires under the pretence of Platonic Love and an innocent Friendship. Their Familiarity continuing so long, till it grew publick; which St. John hearing of, comes to Court, and boldly reproves the King. At which Herodias being enrag'd, gets him imprisoned in Machærus, and some time after beheaded; he having first prophesied of the Invasion of Galilee, and the Discomfiture of Herod's Army; which soon after came to pass. Aretas, the King of Arabia, being enrag'd at the Injury done to his Daughter, whom Herod had formerly married; and entring his Country with an Army, which Herod prepares to encounter; but his Forces forsake him, and he loses the Day. All which our Saviour having advice of, and of the Rage of Herod upon these Losses, retires, with his Disciples, into the Deserts of Bethsaida.

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S PHILIPPVS

Book 4 pag. 1.

THE
 LIFE
 OF
 CHRIST:
 AN
 Heroic Poem.

BOOK IV.


 IS pleasant, when the rugged *Storm* is o'er,
 To see the *Waves expiring* on the *Shore*:
 Like some new *World*, at distance to
 behold
 The *Silver Hills* all *Flame* with *heav'nly*
 Gold :

The *chiding Winds* all *hush'd*, the *Sky* look *fair*,
 The *Fields* in *Smiles* new *clad*, *Sea*, *Earth* and *Air*
 A *diff'rent Face* put on, a *diff'rent Dress*,
 And *Mother Nature's* self her *Joys* expres':
 So shin'd the *Son of God*, whose *Love* to *Man*,
 His *Conquests* in *His Suff'rings* thus began ;

Opprest with weight he still more pow'rful rose,
 And, when he pleas'd, shook off th' infernal Foes ;
 Who, when they his unequal Might assay'd,
 In vain so many a furious Onset made,
 Slunk desp'reate back to their own conscious Shade : }
 Nor long remov'd, e'er brighter Guards were there,
 Wafted, Triumphant thro' the yielding Air.
 Hymning their Head, the heav'nly Host descend,
 Who did before their needless Aid suspend,
 And hov'ring high the W^{ars}. event attend : } 20
 Nor unconcern'd Spectators, had they staid,
 But each in their own glitt'ring Arms array'd ;
 Indignant, saw the Fiend our Lord assaile,
 And o'er what Mortal was, so far prevail :
 Saw the foul Spirit him mild and patient bear,
 From place to place wide hurry'd in the Air ;
 Unfir'd, their dreadful Bolts cou'd hardly keep ,
 Oft had they sunk the Rebel to the Deep,
 And Thunder-nail'd him there —
 Oft had their ancient Valour on him shewn,
 Had they receiv'd Commission from the Throne ; } 30
 Nor durst beyond their Line one step proceed,
 Nor did our Lord th' officious Kindness need ;
 Nor did their Royal Aid and Love refuse,
 In Triumph, which in W^{ar} he wou'd not use ;
 Tho' all the while he knew and mark'd 'em there,
 And beckons now away ; thro' yielding Air
 They instantaneous glide, as Thoughts can fly,
 Untrack'd, from East to West, from Earth to Sky :
 Manna, Ambrosial-food, before him lay'd,
 And W^{ine} in beauteous Eden newly made ; } 40
 Who tast of these will regal Boards despise ;
 Such Angels, such the bless'd in Paradise :
 No dregs they leave, nor earthly relish know,
 Nor ever tempt to these vain Joys below ;
 But Hope, and Peace, and heav'nly Love inspire,
 And warm the Soul with pure immortal Fire :
 While these our Lord upon the verdant ground
 Refresh'd, his shining Train kept Guard around :
 Some cheerful wait, i'th' Air some hov'ring hung ; } 50

And

And thus his mighty Deeds in mighty Numbers Sung.

Hail, Son of God ! announç'd, confess, approv'd ! *

Saviour of Man, and Head of Angels hail !

Thee thus ador'd we sing ; thus cast our Crowns,

With trembling awe, at thy triumphant Feet :

Before all Worlds, who, from the Mount of God,
When Lucifer had half dis-peopled Heav'n,

“ Ledst forth th’ embattel’d Seraphim to fight ;

Met at the Head of his rebellious War ,

60 Didst seize th’ Arch-Traitor, all his Bands disperse,

And crush ’em underneath thy flaming Wheels.

We saw ’em from the top of Heav’n’s high-Wall,

We saw ’em tumbl’ abrupt, and Chaos wide,

Struck with a dreadful Flash of unknown Light,

Shrink back its footy Waves, and inward roll

To find a new Abyss, till wheeling down,

Like falling Stars, th’ Exile Spirits of Heav’n

On its black Bosom hissid, thick sprinkled o'er

With scatter’d Drops of dying sulph’rous Flame :

70 They, deep confin’d, thou, O Eternal Word,

Didst will this beauteous VWorld from the dark Void :

High Hills, rich Dales, sweet Springs, Sea, Earth and Sky,

And those Eternal Lamps which flame above

To light the Lord of the Creation, Man ;

The best, the last Essay of Wit divine ;

Whose Godlike Form thou didst with Soul inspire,

Thee not unapt to Know and Love, design’d

To fill those Seats th’ Apostate Angels lost,

And plac’d him happy in sweet Paradise :

80 Envious th’ Arch-Fiend beheld, his Iron Teeth,

Vexatious, gnash’d with rage and rancour fell,

That Man shou’d Lord it o'er so fair a VWorld :

Shot up thro’ Chaos and the frightened Deep,

On dang’rous Expedition bent, t’ explore

His Rival’s Force ; then grapple and subdue,

And Captive drag t’ his own Eternal Night ;

Who, ah ! too far prevail’d ; nor cou’d weak Man,

The Woman and the Fiend, when leagu’d, resist :

He eat, he fell ; the sick Creation groan’d,

90 And sympathiz’d with their lost Master’s Fate :

Rom 8.22.

We

We fighing saw the ruins of the *World* ;
 So wide the *Breach* we knew no *Remedy* ;
 Nor all our *Wisdom* Methods cou'd invent,
 T' attone thy justly anger'd *Father's Wrath* ,
 Punish th' *Arch-Fiend* accurst, and *Man* restore :
 Till in deep *Consult* of th' *Eternal Three* ,
 Thou didst stand forth and chuse the mighty *Task* ;
 The weight of heav'nly *Vengeance* chuse to bear ;
 Which feeble *Mortals* wou'd have *crush'd* to *Hell* :

Revel. 12. 3. The old *Red-Dragon* met, O spotless *Dove* !

100

By thy *unequal Arms* is doom'd to fall,
 Tho' thou no *Thunder* in the *Fight* wilt use ,
 But naked *Virtue*, and pure *Innocence*.

Thou the chast *Womans-Seed*, O *Virgin-born* !

Gen. 3. 15. The mighty *Serpent's* vainly-threatning *Head*
 Shalt *crush* beyond retrieve; while *Spirits* enrag'd,
 And *Life* at once, and yellow *Venom* flow
 From his wide *Mouth*, that open *Sepulchre* :
 In long *volum'nos Folds* outstretch'd he lies,
 The *Wonder* and the *Burden* of the *Earth* :

110

Hell's Principality thou shalt destroy,
 And stoln *Dominion* here; while *Thunderstruck*,
 And hurl'd headlong, the grinning *Fiends* forsake
 Their *Temples* and fallacious *Oracles* :

What tho' their *Malice*, desp'rare, may prevail,
 Permitted, o'er thy frail *Humanity* ?

The *God's* still safe, and smiles at their weak rage;
 While they their own *Confusion* only gain.

Hell's Masterpiece is *Ill* from *Good* to draw,
 The *Art* of *Heav'n Good* from the worst of *Ill* :

120

Thy *Death* the *Life* of *Man*, a *Ransom* paid,
 To thy just *Father's Wrath* for the lost *World* :
 Which from his *Bosom* thou in *mortal Clay*
 Didst come, first to *instruct*, and then to *save*.

Thy *Triumphs* here begin, O *Son of God* !

The *Tempter* foild with all his boasted *Arts* :

He no *uxorius Adam* found in thee,

No *vain-consenting Eve* --- *Salvation, Pow'r*,

And *Strength* and *Might*, and *Thanks*, and *Praise*, and *Love*,

We thus ascribe to thee, O spotless *Lamb* !

130

Thus

Thus *Allelujah ! Allelujah* sing.

Here ending, they their Lord *triumphant bore,*
To Jordan's reedy Banks, not long before
Bles'd with his *sacred Feet*, where lately he,
Baptiz'd by the great Son of Zachary,
All *Righteousness* fulfill'd -- The *Crowd*, who mourn'd
His *Loss*, surpriz'd with *Joy* when he return'd.
Nor sooner him agen the *Baptist* spy'd,
When loud, 'tis he! *Extatic* all, he cry'd:

John 1.19.

140 See *Israel*, see the *Lamb of God*, design'dTo purge your *Sins*, your heavy *Chains unbind !*Him his great *Father* from the *Clouds confess,*
And I, th' *attesting Dove* my self *attest :*John 1.20.
28.He, the *Messiah*, freely I disclaim,That next to our *inutterable Name !*Me, tho' unworthy, did high *Heav'n prefer,*E'er his approach, to be his *Harbinger ;*That *Israel* him might with *due Honours meet,*Unworthy e'en to *kneel* and *kiss* his *Feet :*

John 1.27.

150 Tho' after-born, existing long *before* ;Shou'd we thro' vast *Eternal Ages* soar ,

Ibid.

His *Birth* we cannot reach —He still must *Live*, while I to *Dust descend* ;His *Kingdom* and his *Glory* know no end.

John 3.30.

He laid, agen our Lord himself withdrew,

Tho' closely followed by a *faithful few :*Who learn'd what *Arts* to use, what *Methods* take,Others as *happy* as themselves to make :*Envious* of none ; more *Rivals* they desir'd,160 Each *Day*, each *Hour* their Master more admir'd.Thro' Galilee's wide *Coast* soon spread his *Name*,His *Auditors* encreasing with his *Fame* :Thick rolling *Crowds* promiscuous far and near,Attend, the way to *Life* and *Bliss* to hear :For ev'ry ill mirac'lous *Ease* they find,All *Maladies* of *Body* and of *Mind*.An *easie Hill* there is, whence looking down *

Match. 5.1.

Tiberias here, there fair Bethsaida's *Town*,At equal distance seen ; our *Saviour* there,170 Did first entire his *Father's Will* declare.

Well

Well pleas'd, around the plenteous *Harvest* saw ;
 And further still t' advance the *Sacred Law*,
 Twice six did from his constant *Foll'wers* chuse,
 Who might the same thro' the vast *Globe* diffuse.

- 1 Cor. i. 26. The *Noble*, Great and Learn'd he did not take,
 Poor *Fishers* most, who on the neigbh'ring *Lake*,
 In honest *Industry* their Lives had spent,
 Equally *Ignorant* and *Innocent* : * 180
Barjonas first, still eager to engage
 In the fair *Cause*, and first in *Zeal* and *Age* ; *
 Firm as a *Rock*, he bold, our Lord confess,
- John i. 42. Thence *Cephas*, nam'd, by him who knows him best.
 His Brother *Andrew*, of unsport'd Fame,
 The next, both from *Bethsaida's Villa* came :
 Thence *Philip*, who *Nathanael* did invite,
- John i. Approv'd an undissenting *Isra'lite* :
Matthew, who freely did the *World* forsake,
- Matth. 9. 9. Fair Seat, and gainful Office on the *Lake*,
 Near proud *Caperناum* : the lesser *James*,
 Who justly honourable *Kinred* claims, } 190
 With our Lov'd *Lord*; *Simon*, whom *Cana* names,
 His Brother *Jude* --- All three did *Mary* bear
 To *Cleophas* : next *Jude* our *Treasurer* ;
Iscariot from his Birth-place styl'd; and he,
 Whom his glad Mother in her Arms did see
 But half a Birth --- We, more than all the rest of that high Grace,
 Unworthy, fill the last and humblest place : }
Zebedee's Sons, o'th' *Galilean Race*.
- Thomas*,
 Greek
Didymus,
 both in En- glish, a Twin. This past, to us he his blest'd *Law* reveal'd, 200
 Which from the *Wise* and *Prudent* is conceal'd :
 What Noble Paradoxes did he teach ? Above what *humble* *Wisdom* else cou'd reach ;
 As much beneath his *Worth* is our *Esteem* ; Sure never *Man* e'er spake, or liv'd like him !
 He all *false Eloquence*, all *Colours* he
 Of *Grecians*, or of *Roman Sophistry*
 Disdain'd; nor *Popularity* low he bow'd,
 To beg, or steal *Applauses* from the Crowd : His Truths in their own native *Beauty* shine,
- Matth. 7. v. ult. 210



S^t. ANDREAS.

4

Book 4 pag:120.

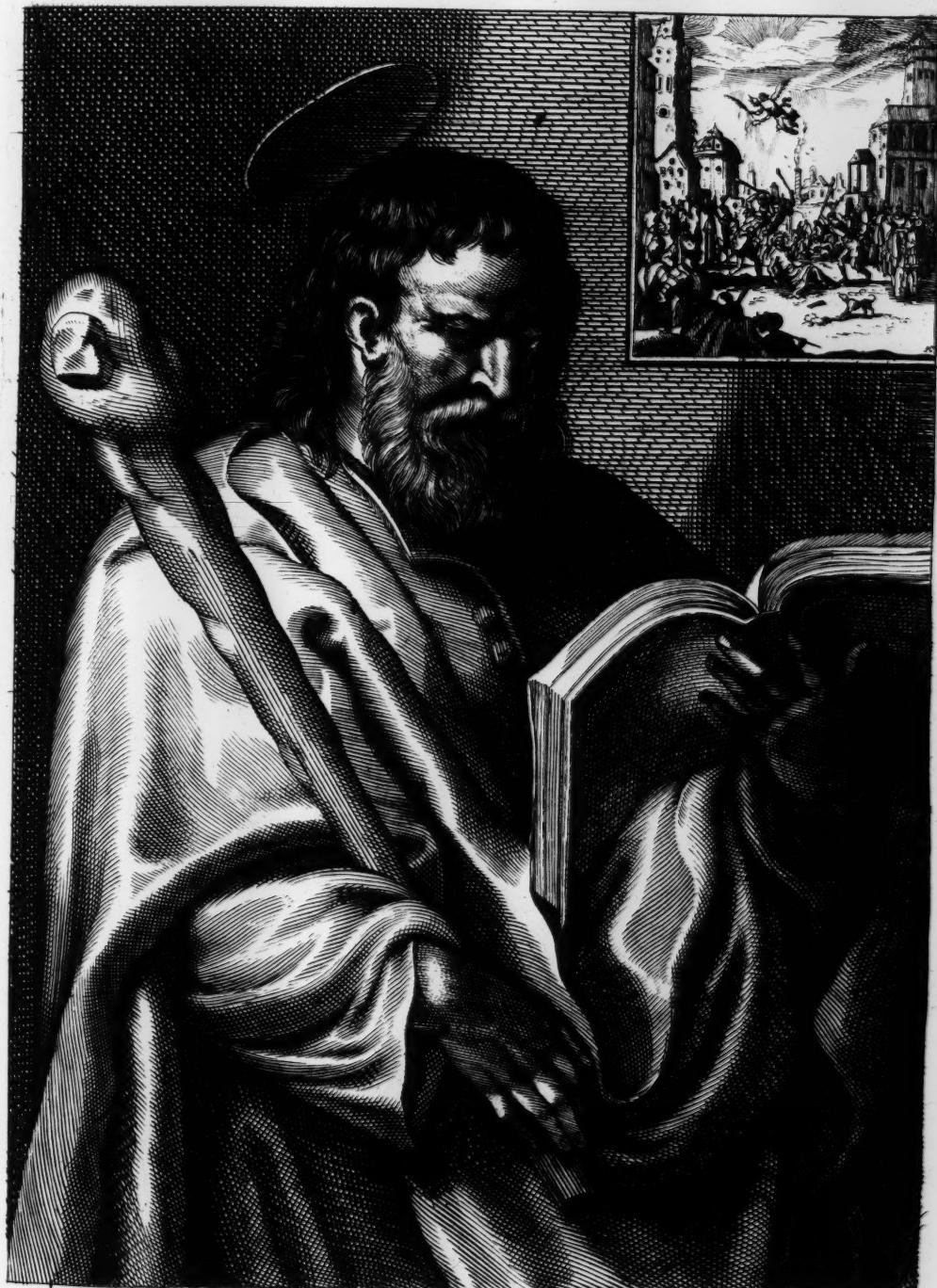
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S^t. THOMAS.

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S^t. IACOBVS MINOR.

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S^t. BARTHOLOMÆVS.

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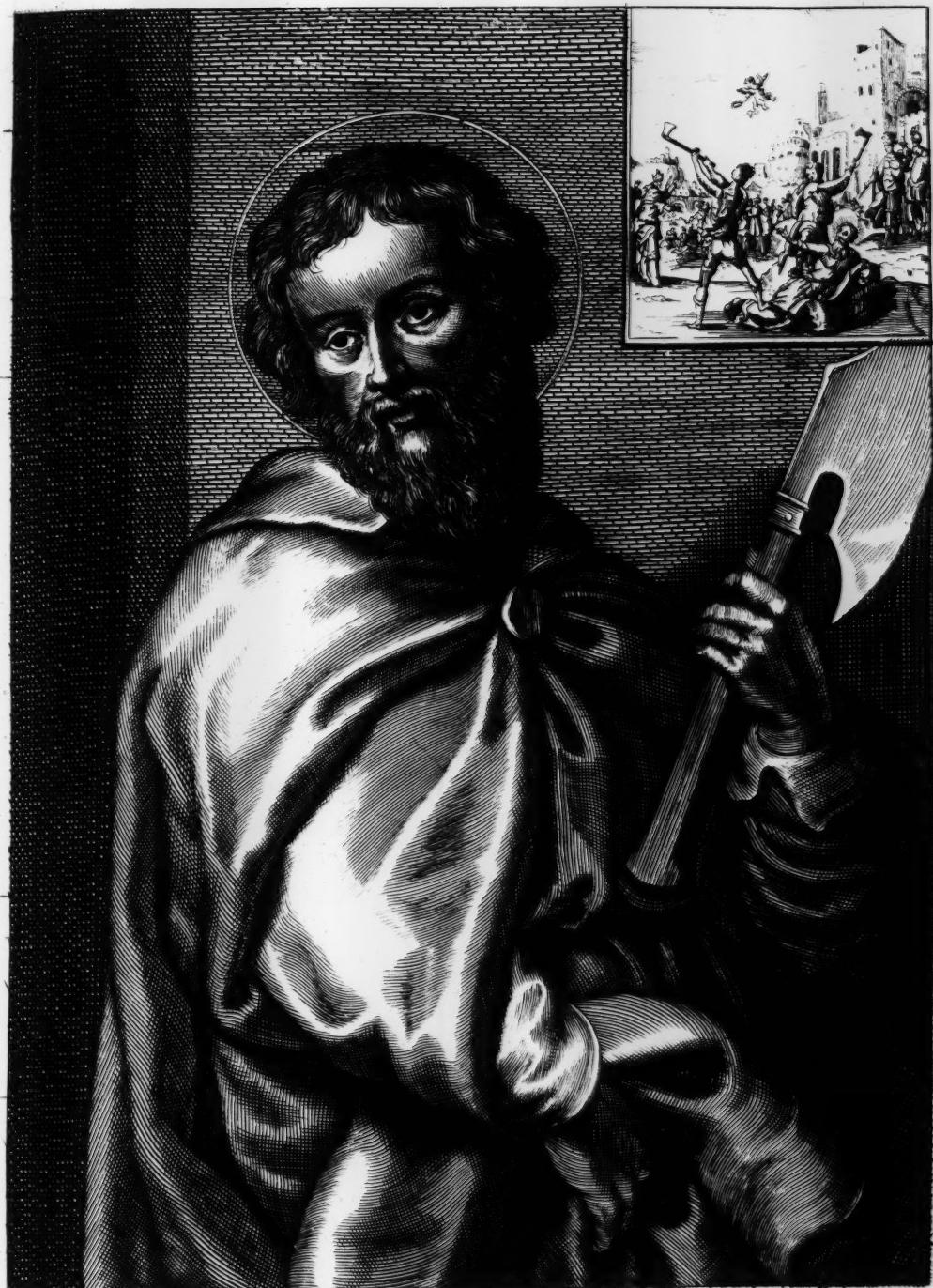


S.^t SIMON.

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S^t. MATTHIAS.

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Mat. 5

Book 4. pag: 121.

Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

Deliver'd with Authority divine :
They pierc'd the secret Soul where e'r they came,
And warm'd each conscious Breast with heav'nly Flame :
* Hear Fathers part of what he then express'd !
And, O that you from him wou'd learn the rest !

Our Saviour's Sermon of the Beatitudes, Matth. V.

Mistaken men ! He cries, who still complain,
* Still search for happiness, but search in vain,
For when you dream you've found it, false as fair
It cheats your clasping arms with empty air.
220 * There are who think their Bliss fast lockt they hold,
If their strong Chests are fill'd with Ophirs gold :
Base vulgar drossie minds, with more alloy
Then is that captive wealth they might enjoy ; }
Which Thieves may steal, which Rust or Fire destroy ; }
True happiness is always in our pow'r,
Beyond the reach of one unlucky hour
To rend away, 'tis for its self desir'd,
While Riches are for something else admir'd,
Pleasure or Ease, nor therefore can they be
230 The solid Basis of Felicity.
Woe, woe, eternal woe and pain are near
To those who only place their Treasure here.
Sooner may happiness be found with them
Whom for their Poverty the World contemn ;
Who, when my Honour and their Conscience call
With generous unconcern'dness part with all :
If Providence a larger stock affords,
Its Gifts enjoy as Stewards, not as Lords :
These, rich in Faith, to Heav'n directly tend,
240 Heirs of a Kingdom that shall never end.

Blessed are
the poor in
spirit, for
theirs is the
Kingdom of
Heaven, v. 3.

Luke 6. 24.

* Unwary youth which seldom chuses right,
Hurry'd by their unbridl'd appetite
Rush hot and furious after vain delight
And false delusive Bliss - No they'll not stay
Tho' Heav'n call'd back, and Hell were in their way.
And can a cheating short-liv'd vicious Joy,
Which ev'n one moments thinking can destroy,

Blessed are
they that
mourn, for
they shall be
comforted,
v. 4.

R

Nay

Nay that it self.— Say, can it ever be
 A reas'ning Creatures true felicity?
Ah foolish Boy! Ah whither wilt thou run?
 Why in such headlong hast to be undone?
Thy mirth is madness; e'r too late return!
 And learn how blest are those who truly mourn;
 Who mourn their Sins while Life's swift sand do's last,
 And dear irrevocable moments past:

O what a change! when those whom now they see

Luke 6.25. Spend all their days in thoughtless jollity
 Shall howl in quenchless Flames; while such as here
 Oft wet their Cheeks with a repentant Tear,
 Oft heave with pious Sighs their working Breast,
 Of him, whom long unseen they lov'd, possesst
 In Abrahams bosom find eternal rest.

* Others, as vain, attempt their Names to raise,
 Their Lives employ'd in eager chase of praise:
Honour, that gaudy Nothing, they pursue,
 For this in Blood their guilty Hands embrew:
 For this unhinge the World, and when 'tis done
 By all their long Fatigues what have they won?
 What gains, what Trophies but a Blast of Breath,
 Which seldom lives, tho' lov'd, beyond their Death?

He then who here his Happiness wou'd find
 As soon may grasp the Air, or track the Wind:
The gaudy Fly as soon as hatcht is flown,
 'Tis in another's pow'r and not our own:
 True Magnanimity my Laws impart,
 But fix it in a meek and humble heart:
 What lies so low can no rough Tempest fear,
 But unconcern'd, above, the Thunder hear:
Impenetrably soft's a lowly mind

Where wrongs glide off and can no Entrance find;
 Not kindling into rage when e'er we see

The least appearance of an Injury;
 Or suff'ring in ill Language wrath t' aspire,

Matt. 5.22. Lest Angers flames be purg'd with batter Fire.

Deut. 32.35. If wrong'd; all private base Returns decline;

Rom. 12. Your Wrath repress, Vengeance is only mine;

19. 'Tis a false Liberty that leaves you free

250

260

270

280

Loving your Friend to hate your Enemy : Matt. 5. 43.

My Followers must to nobler things aspire,

290 My Laws exalt the humane Nature higher

Than e'er before ; if mine your selves you'd prove.

Bless them that curse, and those that hate you love !

Pray for their Lives who would not let you live !

As you your selves forgiveness hope, forgive !

Matt. 6. 15.

This makes you likest God, and all divine,

Whose fruitful Rain does fall, whose Sun-beams shine

Matt. 5. 45,
48.

On good and bad promiscuous ; thus you'll be }

As far as suits with weak Humanity }

Above the World, and perfect ev'n as he :

300 Thus wait and you'll at last the Conquest gain ;

When the meek Soul shall over Nations reign.

Psal. 37. 11.

* How few who any true Concern will show

For ought but these vain perishing Goods below !

To guard this Life mistaken Man contends,

But little for that Life which never ends :

How much of Toyl, how much of fruitless pain

No more than six small feet of Earth to gain ?

How hard for those in this who happy are

For t'other World to take sufficient care ?

Blessed are
they that hunger
and thirst
after Righte-
ousness, for
they shall be
fill'd. v. 6.

310 If that neglected, they refuse to know

That Benefactor who did all bestow ;

Full fed, refuse their stubborn Necks to yield,

Deut. 32. 15.

Loose and unyoak'd fly wanton round the field ;

Feasted themselves, despise and scorn the poor,

Luke 6. 25.

While Lazarus lies starving at their door ;

and 16, 20,

The day, the dreadful day they soon shall see

21.

When they in Torments, he in Bliss shall be :

One drop of Water then they'll ask in vain,

To cool their panting Tongues in endless pain :

14.

320 But blest are those, such all who wou'd be mine,

Who thirst and hunger after Food divine,

Whom Heav'ly thoughts and meditations fill,

Whose meat and drink's to do my Father's will,

John 4. 34

This their first Care, and firmly can repose

On him who all their wants and sorrows knows,

Be then your care for a good Life exprest,

Matt. 6. 23.

Nor doubt but God will care for all the rest.

R. 2 Why

- Matth. 6.25. Why these distracted Thoughts? Why thus Dismay'd?
 Wants he or Pow'r or Love to send thee Aid?
 If more he gives, will lesser be deny'd?
 If Life, he'll Food; if Food, he'll Cloaths provide.
 All his Creation of his Love partake,
 Nor will he ruine what himself did make.
- 330
26. Behold the feather'd Nations of the Air
 Which sing in yonder Trees — how full, how fair,
 They neither sow nor reap, nor plant nor plough,
 Yet God provides their Food on every bush and bough:
 And will He not for you? Who did inspire
 Your breasts with part of his own Heav'ly fire.
 Besides, such anxious thoughts but vex the mind,
- 340
27. Which thence can neither Ease nor Comfort find:
28. Nor more for Rayment care! tho forc'd to go
 Beneath your Quality, mean, scorn'd and low:
 What's not your Crime, no longer vainly grieve,
 You spite of clamorous Sense must still believe.
 Look on those lovely Lilies how they grow
 Thoughtless and free in yonder Vale below!
 For all those Robes they neither toil nor care,
 Nor spin the Web at home, nor fetch't from far;
 Yet Solomon himself, tho' cover'd o'er
- 350
- With Gold and Purple from rich Sidon's shore,
 Compar'd to these, had mean and homely shewn;
 His all but borrow'd Glories, theirs their own.
30. He then who thus the fading Herb supplies,
 Which flourishes to day, to morrow dies,
 Will he forget his Word and prove untrue?
 Has he less kindness, nor less care for you?
 Injustice and Revenge the World divide,
 Mistaken Censure, Cruelty and Pride:
- Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
- 360
- Blest is the man himself who truly knows,
 And Mercy, which he hopes, to others shows;
 Whose Joy, the miserable to relieve,
 Who tafts the mighty Pleasure to forgive
 Justly severe when he himself surveys,
 As candid when he others Actions weighs:
 Born for the World and not himself alone,
 He always makes anothers Case his own.

Observe

Observe that *Golden Rule of Equity*,
Thy Neighbour treat as thou'dst have him treat thee!

Matt. 7. 12:

- 370 How vain the *Glosses* foolish men devise!
How do they blend eternal *Truth* with *Lies*?
* Traditions teach you, if your *Body's* pure,
Your Mind's your *own*, and from all *stain* secure:
Whatever fond *Pretences* these invent
I ask the *Heart*, nor am with less *content*:
That must be purg'd from *Sin*, and all *divine*,
Holy and pure, a *Temple* fit t' enshrine
The sacred *Dove*, who never yet did rest
In muddy *Soil* or a polluted *Breast*; Gen. 8. 9.
380 Gross *Acts* in vain you *shun*, unless you're free
From th' *heart's* and *eye's* and *hand's* *Adultery*:
Part with that guilty *hand*, that wand'ring *eye*,
Or soon they they'll gangreen all, and you must die: 29, 30.
Call then the *Wand'lers* home! your *Self command*!
And make strict *Covenants* with the *eye* and *hand*! Job 31. 1.
Each secret *Glance* that glows with *lawless fire*,
And kindles in the *Soul* a loose *desire*;
Each trembling touch of a *forbidden hand*
By which the *sparks* into a *flame* are fann'd,
390 All these avoid, in vain you these wou'd hide
From him who them in their dark *Causes* spy'd
Long e'er they were—If him in *Bliss* you'd find
Rather than *sin*, be ever *lame* or *blind*!
While those who thus their *Appetites* deny,
Half-Martyrs for forgotten *Chastity*,
Bravely repelling every *poison'd Dart*,
Holy and *pure*, alike in *eyes* and *heart*;
Who thus their *eyes*, who thus their *hearts* employ
The *Beatific Vision* shall enjoy;
- 400 Which e'n while *wandering* here shall on 'em shine,
In this dark *World* their *Souls* still more refine,
And fill with *Heav'nly Love* and *Joy Divine*. {
How many, not content with *mortal Fame*,
* Are eager for an *Hero's* sounding name!
Poor *Apotheosis*! the *God* must die
And worse, among the *Fiends* in *Torments* lie
But happy those who *peaceful Triumphs* gain!

Blessed are
the peace-ma-
kers, for they
shall be call-
ed the Chil-
dren of God.
v. 9.

Tis

'Tis the best Empire o'er our selves to reign.

O blest Employment! theirs: O happy state!

Who Peace twixt God and Man negotiate!

410

*Who where they come my peaceful Law disperse,
Bear these glad Tidings round the Universe:*

Ah! wou'd they practise but as these advise

How soon the World wou'd be a Paradise?

They must not there expect to calm a Fate;

Peace will, tho' strange, breed War, and Love breed Hate;

Murder and Blood my miscall'd Followers stain,

Discord and Spite, and wild Confusion reign :

Hell-born Ambition will invade the Skies,

And tow'ring Pride and griping Avarice;

420

Parties and Sects my seamless Garment rend,

The Cause their Interest, tho' they mine pretend:

Who dare but speak of Peace, they'll stop their breath,

Twixt different Parties ground, or starv'd to death;

As base betrayers of their Cause revil'd,

*Vid. Hind And Sons of Breadth by lewd Apostates stil'd,
and Panther But tho' cast out, and under-foot they're trod,
Luke 26.22. I'll give 'em better Names—they're Sons of God.*

Blessed are they which

are persecuted for rigb-teousnes sake.

430

*And of their Reputations Idols make,
Even those, when I require, you must despise,*

And unto mine, your Honour sacrifice!

v. 10. Bleſſed are ye when men

shall revile you and perſe-cute you, &c.

In Curses let the World their Malice show,

And all their Leaden Thunders at you throw!

Let 'em, (the kindest thing they e'er can do)

As false Apostles, separate from you!

Out of their Synagogues and Councils hurl'd

As Hereticks, and Troublers of the World;

Or as by Priest-craft fly, and juggling skill

You'd fain bring men to Heav'n against their Will.

440

13. If you like Salt, a cleansing Virtue show,

And credit Piety where e'er you go;

If you still Light the World, who when they see

Your spotless Life, know what they ought to be;

If evil they, ungrate, for good, return,

And you in more than lambent flames wou'd burn;

Now doubly bleſſed if Innocent you are,

If

If causless all for me you meekly bear :

Patience too mean a Virtue is, your Choice

12.

450 Be something nobler here ! Exult ! Rejoice !

To Heav'n direct your Songs, your Hymns, your Pray'r !

A double Crown of Glory waits you there ;

You first, Triumphant, from the Dust shall rise,

And with me ever reign in Paradise :

Nor think, whatever Spite and Envy say,

I come to show to Heav'n a nearer way Matt. 5.17:

Than by Good Faith and Life, t' annul or break

One Word my Father did from Sinai speak :

I came not to destroy, but to fulfil,

460 To do and suffer my great Father's Will :

Each type and shadow now compleat shall be,

Hither they tend, and center all in me.

What Laws of moral Obligation are,

Eternal Truth, your pleasure be't and care

To keep inviolate, they'll still prevail,

Nor pass away tho' the Creation fail :

By God's own Hand they were to Moses given,

* When thus he them had Thunder'd down from Heav'n.

IV

Exod. XX.

The Ten Commandments.

470 J EHOVA speaks, attend with awful Love and Fear !

From Egypt's Bondage sav'd, O rescu'd Israel, hear !

With me let no false Gods thy Love and Praise divide,

* Nor from Heav'n's piercing Eye such Treason hope to hide !

With me let no false Gods thy Love and Praise divide,

II.

* By no Resemblance vain the Godhead dare t' express,

Who'll down to Grandchild Ages plague such Wickedness.

III.

III.

No hallow'd thing let thy bold Sacrilege profane !
Nor take thy mighty Makers sacred Name in vain.

IV.

Six parts of Time when freely I indulge to thee,
 Neither forget nor grudg to pay a seventh to me.

V.

If thou long Life doft hope, and many a happy day,
 Thy Parent and thy Prince in all that's just obey.

480

VI.

Dy not thy furious Hand in Murders guilty Red:
Gen. 9.6. For he that sheds Mans blood, by Man his blood be shed !

VII.

Against thy Neighbour's Honour harbor no design,
Prov. 6.34. As thou his heavy Vengeance wou'dst avoid and mine !

VIII.

Shun Thefts base sordid Sin, and mean unlawful gain,
 And for thy own provide with honest sweat and pain.

IX.

What's false ne'er speak, much less in Courts thy self forswear,
 But know a greater Judg looks down and Eys thee there !

X.

Each Sin in Thought abhor, and not in Act alone *
 Nor seek thy Neighbour's Goods, contented with thy own !

490

Let

Let these claim all your thoughts exactest care.
To these add Fasting, Alms, and fervent Pray'r. Matth. 6.
If you desire your Fasts successful prove
Fear'd Ills t' avert, or what you feel remove,
Not like those Hypocrites distort your Face
Who make an ugly Look a mark of Grace:
Who with rough Robes and Sack-cloth raze their skin 16.
Or cut with Whips, or lance it deeper in,
And mortifie themselves, but not their Sin.
Your Alms dispense as Stars shoot silent Light
Untrack'd and large thro' the dark Realms of Night.
In all let no vain Ostentation be.
To your good Deeds, no witness ask but me.
They shall not pass without a kind regard
But at the last Great-Day I'll them reward.
Discreet, yet warm and zealous be your Pray'r Matth. 25.
35, &c.
And still and silent as the Angels are.
* Since you a Form for your Direction need
Thus let your faithful Vows to Heav'n proceed. Matth. 6.5.

The Lords Prayer.

510 O Father of the World! whose Throne on high
Is plac'd in Light above the Crystal Sky,
Let all thy works thee their great Lord proclaim,
And with loud praises hymn thy sacred Name!
* Let thy dear Son his promis'd Empire gain,
And over all th' obedient Nations reign!
Let Sin's and Hell's proud Kingdom soon decay,
And Earth as well as Heav'n their Lord obey!
For our frail Bodies needful food assign,
* But chiefly feast our Souls with Food divine.
520 O thou on whose free Grace and Love we live,
Forgive our Sins as others we forgive!
Save from the Tempter those who trust in Thee,
O Save at once from Sin and Misery!
Thy glorious Might no Time or Place restrain,
Thou dost, O God! to endless Ages reign!

Thus to the King of Heav'n devoutly pray,
Nor that enough, you must his Laws obey;

Else him in *Glory* ne'r expect to see
 Nor with vain *idle* *Faith* depend on me!
 Match. 7. 21. If not your *Lord*, I can't your *Saviour* be. 153d
 Who then themselves my true *Disciples* show,
 Not only know, but practise what they know;
 Them to wise *Master-builders* I'll compare
 Who in the *solid Rock* with sweat and care
 Their firm *Foundations* lay, the *Floods* arise
 And meet new *Floods* thick pou'ring from the *Skies*:
 Th' impetuous *Winds* from *stony Caves* enlarg'd
 With all their *dusty Squadrons* on 'em charg'd,
 The *House* still stands, each vain *assault* can mock,
 Nor can they move it, till they move the *Rock*:
 But those who with *cold Notions* are content
 * Christians alone in *Name* and *Complement*;
 To foolish *Builders* them I must compare
 16. Who on th' *unfaithful Sand* their *Houses* rear
 Already, heark! the *whistling storm* is nigh!
 See the black *Tempest* pouring from the *Sky*!
 Waves ride on Waves and push each other on!
 From the *loose Earth* the falle *Foundation's* gone;
 The foolish *House* falls with the *mould'ring Shore*,
 And sinks i'th' *vast Abyss* to rise no more.

He said — Still his pleas'd *Auditors* attend,
 All thought too soon he his *Discourse* did end.
 Which past, he did from the *bless'd Mount* descend
 To *Cana*, whence the other *Simon* nam'd,
 'Mongst *Galilean Zealots* widely fam'd:
 There, whilst he at a *Nuptial-Feast* did dine
 When *Wine* they want, he *Waters* turns to *Wine*.
 Nor far from thence, by pleasant *Naims* *Walls*
 The mournful *WWidows* Son to *Life* recalls.

Mean while the *Baptist* did to *Virtue* press
 His *Voice*, loud-sounding in the *WWilderness*:
 Censor of *Vice*, *unblemish'd* as *severe*,
 And as he none did fear, he none wou'd *spare*:
 Ev'n *Life* it self by far too dear he thought
 If with bare *silence* or mean *Flatt'ry* bought:
 This *honest Freedom* and plain *roughness* pleas'd;
 Nor rarely wrought a *Cure* on *Minds diseas'd*:

Arm'd



Io: 2

Book 4 pag: 130.

The Water turned into Wine.
at Cana of Galilee.

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Serials Acquisitions
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Arm'd with Elijah's spirit and holy fire

To his Acquaintance Royal Names aspire;

570 Virtues they wou'd not follow, forc'd t' admire!

Among the rest so often Herod went

And heard, he grew almost a Penitent;

With all besides one darling Vice did part,

That kept its hold, still festering in his heart:

Dishonourable Love, a lawless Flame,

Unnat'rall Crime, which Incests fouler name

Mark 6. 20.

Disgrac'd; the Cause HERODIAS, fair, but vain,

* Whose Lord did in poor Trachonitis reign;

And wild Iturea, from whose petty Court

17, 18.

580 Where only bordering Arabs did resort

Not long before Herod invites her down

To fair Tiberias, his own stately Town:

Luke 3. 2.
Vid. Joseph
Antiqu.

Until his Brother from the Wars return'd,

Vid. Lib. 1.

Who, while she him at home half Widdow'd, mourn'd

* Thro' stony Fields, and Woods of fatal Yew;

Did Bands of roving Ishmaelites pursue:

Arriv'd, her Beauties all the Court surprize,

Her Brother most, who feasts his wand'ring Eyes

On her forbidden Face, thence soon takes fire,

590 His careless Breast soon glows with loose desire:

All Arts on her weak Sex, prevail he try'd,

Flatters her Vanity, and feeds her Pride:

Now do's he stately Masks and Balls provide,

With Musicks melting Charms, and now apply

The powerful Bait of Courtly Luxury:

Her in his Royal Barge wou'd sometimes take,

And splendid treat, upon the neighb'rинг Lake;

Now her convey to proud Caperna'ms Walls

Where, thro' broad Arches Jordan headlong falls:

See Lib. 1.

600 To ancient Cinn'roth, or Bethsaida fair

See Lib. 1st.

To hant or walk in lonely Desarts there;

Oft wou'd he gaze, and with a sudden sigh

As often—Ah! too happy Philip! cry!

Why shou'd his envious ragged Walls confine

A Treasure ought in Cesar's Court to shine?

Are these the richest Robes he can provide

For such a Queen? This all Iturea's pride?

Trample 'em Jordin in the dust, and see
If ought Tiberias has more worthy Thee !
Then, costly Babylonian Robes he brings, * 610
And Tyrian Silks, that cloath and ransom Kings :
All honour'd to be touch'd by her fair hand,
Who Salem and Sebaste might command ; }
In both his Royal Palaces did stand ; }
The worst of both to Philip's she'd prefer *
And both were hers, tho' both unworthy her.
These Presents she receives, and more than these
Without a Frown, — Sure 'twas no sin to please !
With well-known Art repell'd, yet did invite,
— And wishes she his bounty cou'd requite. 620

But soon recalls that Wish — she had forgot
That Herod was her Brother — Think me not,
He trembling cries, my Gratitude to show,
I'd gladly give my Crown I were not so —

— Or if I am —

“ Friendship so pure as mine, who can reprove ?
“ Minds have no Sexes 'tis your Mind I love :

Platonic all, her Honour he'll prefer

T his Life and Love, nor wrong his Queen or her.

He'd only ask a wish, an hand, an eye : 630

Favours for which 'twas worth the while to dye,
And swears in these eternal Secrecy.

— What bounds has lawless Love ? Soon headlong hence
They sunk to Sin, and thence to Impudence :

Bewitch'd with wicked Joy and stupid grown

No measures kept : To all the Court 'tis known,

Last to his Queen, whom he'll no longer own ; }

Whose Father long his peaceful Scepter sway'd

At fair Damascus, Zobah him obey'd, *

Him Aram's fields, and those wild Troops which stray'd }

Thro' Geshur's Realm, for Pastures ever green *

Renown'd, and the wide wand'ring Hagarene : *

To him enrag'd with loud Complaints she fled

Against the Rival of her Crown and Bed ;

Her and her faithless Lord with mortal Hate

She prosecutes, and urges on their Fate ;

Whilst her old Father, youthful Anger warms

Who

- Who for Revenge his fierce *Arabians* arms.
Herods lewd Court's all silent, or approve
650 With wicked flattery their Princes love;
Till to the *Baptist* brought by babbling *Fame*,
Whom *Zeal* to injur'd *Virtue* did inflame;
Inspir'd with that, he from the *Desarts* came;
Thence to the *Court* his steps directly bent,
The opening *Crowd* bow'd lowly as he went;
He past the *Guards*; struck with religious *fear*
None durst oppose his way; approaching near
Thro' every *Gate* and *Antichamber* past
Preventing his own *Fame*, arriv'd at last
660 To the retir'd *Alcove*; he thither prest,
Sees the false *Charmer* negligently dreft,
Sees the luxurious *King* lean loosely on her *Breast*.
Fierce *Herod* rose at the unwonted *Noise*,
And hasty asks with a death-threatening *Voice*
And *Eyes* all flame, what bold *Intruder* he
Who dar'd invade his Princes *privacy*,
And rush on certain *Fate*? — Nay rather tell
How dares a bold *Adulterer* rush on *Hell*,
The *Baptist* firm replies. — No sooner saw
670 The guilty *King*, but struck with trembling awe
Silent he stood confus'd, his *Queen* the same,
With anger pale by turns, and red with shame:
So strange a pow'r undaunted *Virtue* brings,
Daring e'en *Beauties* self and conquering *Kings*:
Hard was the struggle. — Now his nobler Part,
His Reason rul'd, and from his Royal Heart
Drew sighs of *Penitence*, Abortive sighs;
Nor sooner were his Tempters charming *Eyes*
Bent on him, but agen he doubtful stood;
680 Which that curst *Spirit*, eternal Foe to Good
Perceiving, found twas time himself t' engage,
Inspiring Him with *Lust*, and Her with *Rage*:
Silent the King, thus haughty *Herodias* said —
— Bold Priest — this *Insolence* shall cost thy *Head*,
Is't not enough, hast thou not cheated well
Who canst the *Vulgar* scare with Tales of *Hell*?
Let them drudge on, dull *Virtues* Laws obey,

But

But Princes find to Heav'n an easier way.
Guards, drag him hence, and him t' his Fate convey.

The King arose, with the vex'd Fair debates
And her imperious Sentence mitigates :
His ent'ring Guards the Pris'ner bids secure

690

17. And him in strong Macherus walls immure :
Fain each brave Warrior wou'd himself excuse,
And had they dar'd, th' ungrateful Task refuse ;
Fain, for the fearless Pris'ner intercede,
Who looks secure of Fate, and bids 'em lead.
Where e'er commanded by the Tyrant, they
With much regret and slowly, at last obey.
Nor after long, as chanc'd, the festal day
Of Herod's Birth arriv'd, at regal Bords,

700

21. As Custom call'd, his Captains and his Lords
And all his High Estates invited Dine :
The splendid Feast well o'er, in generous Wine
Concluded, Royal Musick finish'd all,
"Treating their noble Fancies at a Ball :
One Daughter, e'er from him Herodias fled
Had blest the injur'd Tetrarch's nuptial Bed ;
Too plain in her the World her Mother spies,
The same fair Face and false deluding Eyes ;
Like her, of Slaves she had a mighty band,
And cou'd like her, Smiles, Tears and Oaths command ;
Like her, sweet Poyson from her Eyes and Tongue
Distill'd ; she like an Angel mov'd and sung.
Some soft Arabian Tune the Musick play,

710

22. She at the signal glides as soft away ;
Her feet as nimbly as their fingers move,
From all that saw, the Wonder, forc'd or Love.
The King extravagantly pleas'd, and proud
As she her self to hear th' applausees loud

720

So justly on her thrown from every side,

23. Ask, by th' unutterable Name, he cry'd,
Ask what thou wilt, nor shall thou be deny'd,
Tho' half my Kingdom were the mighty Boon.

Instructed by her Mother, but too soon

She claims his Royal Word, Nor ought, she said,

24. 25. Ought wou'd sh' accept, besides the Baptist's Head.

He

He struck the Board--- Rather than that shou'd fall
26.

Take, cruel Maid ! not only *half* but *all*

730 My Realms, he cry'd ; If you'll my Words release,
And leave the *Holy Man to die in peace !*

Inexorable wicked still she stood,
Nothing cou'd quench her *Thirsty*, but guiltless Blood.

The Council diff'rent suffrages divide,
Some Love engag'd, fair Murdress ! on thy side ;
Some pure Revenge --- He at the Court did rail ;
Some hers, because they thought she wou'd prevail.

A generous few there were, who tho' he'd sworn,
His Oath unlawful thought, but over-born

740 Are lost i'th Crowd --- The King himself gives way,
And bids his Guards the Damsels word obey.

Scarce with long search they found a Villain, who
Was black enough the horrid work to do ;
Whom from the Dungeon when the Baptist spy'd,
Warn'd he that moment must for Death provide,
Long since that bus'ness is dispatch'd he cry'd,
That I was mortal born, I ever knew ;
And since this Debt's from all to Nature due,
The sooner paid the better, gladly I

750 In Gods fair Cause, and injur'd Virtue's die :
Nor if o'th' Edg of Life our Souls can see
Within the Realms of dark Futurity,
Shall long my guiltless blood unpunisht be.
I see th' Arabians from their Quivers pour
O'r Galilee a dusky deadly show'r ;
I see --- The ugly Headsman will afford
No longer time, his unrelenting Sword
Soon stop'd his breath, an easie way it found ;
And Blood and Life at once gush'd from the ghastly wound.

760 His Head they to the Feast in triumph bear,
With joy receiv'd by false Herodias there ;
Who, lest they should delude her Cruelty,
Wipes his ~~want~~ bloody Face, and cries 'Tis he !
Now saucy Censures at thy betters fling !
Now, if thou canst, preach on, and scorn a King !
Short-liv'd her wicked Joys base triumphs were,
For in the midst a panting Messenger
With

With dust all cover'd, Terror and surprize
 And hast and danger in his Face and Eyes,
 Thro' the thick Circle pale and bloodless springs,
 And from the Borders dismal Tidings brings; 770
 That Aretas with his Arabian bands
 Passage obtain'd thro' wrong'd Iturea's Lands,
 Jordan's small Streams had near Cesarea pass'd,
 And all the higher Galilee laid wast
 With Fire and Sword ; to whom strong Abel's Town
 Their Gates had open'd, marching Conq'ror down
 Thro' old Zaanaims Grove to Kedesh near,
 Which with high Ramah, struck with panic fear
 Prepar'd to yield — Tho' Guilt in Herod's Eyes
 Fear in his Face, to Arms, To Arms, he cries ?
 With speed the bold Invader meet, before
 He march too far, his Troops shall rove no more !
 His Forces then from proud Sebaste draws,
 And strong Macherus, which th' Arabian awes
 Wide-wandering thro' Baara's distant Vale ; *

From Carmel's Mount and Hermon's fruitful Dale :
 With his own Troops his pow'rful Treasure brings

Vid. Joseph. Antiq. Of Ishmael's Race, Auxiliary Kings

From Jordan's Eastern side, and now cou'd boast
 Had Heav'n stood still, a formidable Host :
 Ev'n Heav'n it self to bribe t' his side he'll try
 By unbecoming awkward Piety ;
 By mighty Gifts he to the Temple sent,
 And more than all -- he promis'd he'd repent.
 In hast a Corier to the Prison sends,

29. The Baptist's body to his mourning Friends
 He bids be strait deliver'd, him t' inter ;
 And he with Tears wou'd wash his Sepulchre :
 Thro' the thin Vizard all with ease perceiv'd,
 His penitence, nor Earth, nor Heav'n believ'd ;
 Loaden with Curses to the Field he went
 But more with guiltless blood --- You know th' event !
 His swift Retreat, his num'rous Army broke,
 The Day and Honour lost without a stroke.
 All this did babbling Fame t' our Lord convey
 Who with his Twelve at rich Caperna'm lay,

780

790

800

While

While the great *Baptist* his Disciples mourn'd,
Till *Herod*, furious to the Court return'd ;

810 Then with wise *Caution*, no unworthy *Fear*,
Seeks a more safe *Retreat* in *Desarts*, near
Bethsaida's wealthy *Villa*, where before*
He did, in Heav'ly *Wisdoms* sacred *Lore*,
Instruct his *Auditors* — Thither he went
With his lov'd few, and the calm *Moments* spent,
In thoughts of that great *Work* to which design'd,
And all the wond'rrous *Things* were yet behind.

The End of the Fourth Book.

NOTES ON The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK IV.

1. **T**IS pleasant when the rugged Storm is o'er.] The Hint was taken from that of Lucretius, — *Suave mari magno turbantibus æqua ventis, &c.* And tho my Thought want of the Finess of his, I think it has also less Ill-nature.

52. **Hail, Son of God ! announç'd, confess, approv'd !**] I was so well pleas'd with the Song of the Angels in Milton, on the same occasion, that I had a desire to try what I could do in that sort of Verse ; tho I have but one Precedent of introducing *Blank Verse* into a Poem compos'd of Rhimes, and that is in the famous Art of Poetry, done by a Person of Quality in our own Language, and how I've succeeded in't must be left to the Reader.

III. **Hell's Principality thou shalt destroy.**] So Mr. Mede interprets the *Seed of the Woman's Bruising the Serpent's head*; where he adds a pretty Observation of a certain Author, That there's not only a certain *Impression* of Fear on the Serpent, at the sight of a Man, which makes him run away, unless forc'd to fight for his Life, which he does with a particular Care of his Head; but which is more remarkable, that a *naked Man* frights him much more than one that's cloath'd, as if he still retain'd some *Idea* of his first *Enemy*.

167. **An easie Hill there is, whence looking down, Tiberias here, there Fair Bethsaida's Town, &c.**] Some place this *Mount of the Beatitudes* between Tiberias and Bethsaida : others East of Bethsaida, nearer Capernaum. Tradition agrees with the former Opinion, the People of the Country shewing to this day a little Hill thereabouts, which they call *Our Lord's Table*; and which the Pilgrim, who saw it, says, is neither very large nor very bigg. And this Opinion I chuse to follow.

178. **Equally ignorant and innocent.**] Undoubtedly our Saviour might have chosen his *Apostles* all *learned Men*; but he had great and wise Ends to the contrary, namely, to humble the *Pride of Man*, and convince him that neither *Birth*, *Learning*, nor any other external Advantage, are so acceptable to him as *Virtue* and *Innocence*. And besides, to obviate such *Objections* as he well knew would, in after Ages, be made against his *Religion*; since 'twas an impossible thing for such *simple* and *illiterate Men*, as his *Apostles*, to compose so excellent a System both of *speculative* and *moral Truths*; nor could they have them any where but from Heaven.

185. **Thence Philip, who Nathanael did invite.**] It's generally thought Bartholomew and Nathanael were the same; there's little to be said for't, and nothing against it. However Nathanael had the more *treatable Sound*, for which Reason I rather chose it.

187. **Matthew, who freely did the World forsake.**] Levi and Matthew the *Publicans*, are generally thought the same.

189. — *The*

189. — *The lesser James* — *Who justly honourable Kindred claims* — *With our low'd Lord.*] He's called *James the Less*, as is conjectured, from his *Stature*; and the *Brother of our Lord*, Gal. 1. 19. because his *Kinsman* after the Jewish Idiom.

214. *Hear Fathers*, part of *what be then exprest.*] I can't say I've wrought in every particular Passage of this best of Sermons, as 'tis left us entire in fifth, sixth, and seventh of S. Matthew, and some Fragments in others of the Evangelists, being a compleat Summary of our Saviour's Law, at least, as far as practical Truths. But I think I've not omitted many things remarkable in my Paraphrase upon it, endeavouring to give, as near as possible, the utmost and largest Import of every Expression in the particular Beatitudes; under each of which I've rank'd what seem'd reducible to it in the following Verses and Chapters, adding the contrary Woes, from St. Luke's Gospel.

217. *Still search for Happiness.*] 'Tis obvious to observe, as Grotius and others upon the Place, that our Saviour begins his Discipline with the *Search* after true Happiness; going higher than any Philosopher ever did before him, not fixing it in any worldly Enjoyments, Pleasure, Riches, Honour, &c. but rather in a Contempt or Indifference for them; nay even in the Want of them, in Poverty, Infamy, &c. if God's Providence think such Circumstances best for us; all which trifling Inconveniences, he asserts were so far from being Impediments to a good Man's felicity, that he carries his Followers even beyond the *Indolence* of the Stoicks, bidding 'em exult and rejoice under 'em, on consideration of the divine support in this Life, and eternal Retribution in a better; and this he asserts in several Paradoxes directly opposite to the generally receiv'd Sentiments concerning Happiness.

220. *There are who think their Bliss fast lock'd, they hold, &c.*] The most generally receiv'd Notion of Happiness is, that it consists in Riches, the contrary to which is prov'd, both from the Baseness of such an Opinion, and by applying several Properties of the *Summum Bonum*, none of which agree with 'em: *Certainty*, the ~~uncertain~~ law or having it in our own Power: *Durableness* and *Desirableness* for themselves and no other further good. 'Tis therefore rather fix'd in Poverty; the sense of which none has given better and closer than our own incomparable Hammond, who thus in his Paraphrase, "Blessed are they, that, how high soever their condition is "in this World, are yet in Mind, Affection and Conversation, humble and lowly; and when they are in worldly Poverty, bear it willingly, and not only of necessity: for to such belongs a Kingdom, &c."

241. *Unwary Youth, which seldom chuses right,*
Rush hot and furious after vain delight.] The next common Mistake concerning true Happiness, is of those who place it in worldly Pleasure; which our Saviour obviates in his second Paradox and Beatitude, *Blessed are those that mourn*, for the meaning of which *Mourning*, vid Grot. in loc.

263. *Others, as vain, attempt their Names to raise,*
Their Lives employ'd in eager chase of Praise.] A third sort of Men expect their Happiness from worldly Fame, Honour, Praise, or things of that nature. These, if I mistake not, our Saviour opposes in his third Beatitude, *Blessed are the meek.* I know Grotius thinks the *oi meek*, the *meek* here mentioned, are opposed *to the apathetic*, as he says they are in Aristotle, to the *Passionate* and *Angry*: Others, that such are meant by them as are not covetous of Revenge, but by the *Sweetness* and *Temper* of their Minds endeavour to oblige all Men. And accordingly, *De Dieu*, that they are here opposed to the *Proud*, and signifie no more than the *Humble*. However, if *Meekness* and *Humility* be here required, and the contrary Vices *Pride* and *Revenge* forbidden, the Causes and Effects of those Vices must be also included, and what can those be but an immoderate Desire of Fame, Praise, Glory, &c. Under which Head I've wrought in most of the Precepts in the following Verses, relating to *Meekness*. That of not calling our Brother *Racba*, (I think much of the same Import with our English *Sirrah*) in v. 283.

Nor suffering in ill Language, &c.] An Elevation of the Christian Doctrine, as Dr. Hammond observes, far beyond the Heathen Theology; Homer introducing one of his Goddesses, nay *Minerva* her self, who should have had more *Wisdom*,

encouraging *Abilles* to rail heartily at *Agamemnon*, tho he was not to strike him,
— οὐαὶ τοι ἔπειρος μηδ ὀγειστον.

302. *How few who any true concern will show,*
For ought but these vain perishing Goods below.] After removing these three former mistaken Notions of Happiness, our Saviour proceeds to establish a better, *Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after Righteousness*, &c. “Who, as *Spanheim* explains it, “being conscious of their own want of Righteousness, do most earnestly desire it. Justice or Righteousness here mentioned, being, according to *Grotius*, “A general, or Cardinal Virtue, implying all the rest, namely, whatsoever is grateful or acceptable to Almighty God. They shall be filled, they shall obtain what they pursue, says *Hammond*, and be satisfied in it. To this Beatitude is opposed the contrary Woe in *S. Luke*, *Woe to you that are full, for you shall hunger.* In the former Hunger and Thirst, *Grotius* and others think, is included, such a Desire after Piety and Virtue, as makes Men willingly or patiently undergo Hunger, Thirst, and all other Inconveniences, in order to obtain them. And under this Head I’ve inferred several of our Saviour’s Lessons concerning Resignation and Contentment.

360. *Blest is the Man, himself who truly knows,*
And Mercy, which he hopes, to others shows.] The Fifth Beatitude, *Blessed are the merciful*; which consists, as *Walker* explains it, “in shewing all Mercy and Compassion to our Neighbours in their Necessities; further explained ver. 44. and in chap. vi. 12, 14 and vii. 1, 12, &c.

372. *Traditions teach you, if your Bodies pure, &c.*] The Sixth Beatitude, *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.* “They, says *Hammond*, who defile not the Eye of their Soul, with worldly or fleshly Lusts: and as another, “who do not only subdue evil Deeds but evil Desires. In opposition to the false Glosses of the Pharisees; who, it seems, taught their Followers, that if they abstain’d from outward *Acts*, they might think what ill they pleas’d: and it’s plain, *Josephus*, who was a Pharisee, was of this Mind: and *David Kimchi* not only defends it, but wrests Scripture to that End. Now the Blessing promis’d to those who are thus *pure in heart*, by our Saviour, is, that *they shall see God*; not only by knowing his *Will* here, but in the Enjoyment of the *Beatific Vision*, to all Eternity: as *Spanheim*, *Bragensis*, and *Walker*, tho I think the *Old Man*, last named, goes a little too far, when he says, “*Looking even upon a Man’s own Wife, τὸ ἐμπνύματα αὐτῆς*, is a breach of this *Purity of Heart*, and will exclude out of *Heaven*.

404. *Are eager for an Hero’s sounding Name.*] The Seventh Beatitude is, *Blessed are the Peacemakers*; “which is plac’d, says one, in the Zeal on all occasions of making and preserving Peace. First, negotiating the *Peace of all men* with God, which was the Apostles Employment. And Secondly, procuring by all means, the *Peace of Men* among themselves: for this reason putting up *Affronts*, and suffering *Injuries*. This Character and Employment, should, without doubt, belong eminently to the *Governours* and *Doctors* of the *Church*, who ought especially to be the *peacemakers, the Light of the World, and Salt of the Earth*, and to teach Men to keep God’s Commands; but this not excluding private Christians. The Reward of these *Peacemakers* is, *they shall be called [shall be] the Sons of God*: like to God, says *Hammond*, as Children to a Parent; being already, as the *Apostle* says, Partakers of the *Divine Nature*: true *Heroes* or *Sons of God*; which Title was vainly affected by the great Men among the Heathen, and sought, not by *Peace*, but by *War* and *Bloodshed*.

453. *You first triumphant from the Dust shall rise.*] There was a *Notion*, as Dr. *Hammond*, Dr. *Sherlock*, and others observe, generally received by the Primitive Christians, that the Martyrs, nay, some extended it as far as the Confessors and eminent Saints, should, immediately on their deaths, enjoy the *Beatific Vision*. But there was another Point also generally among ‘em, concerning the same Persons, that they should *rise* before the *rest* of the *Dead* in the *Day of Judgment*: whence that Suffrage in their antient Liturgies, *ut partem haberet in Resurrectione prima*, for a part in the *first Resurrection*.

468. *When thus be them bad tbundred down from Heav’n.*] The Commandments were first spoken, and so are properly the *Decalogue*, or *Ten-Words*, after which they

they were written in the 2 Tables, first by God, and then by Moses; *Deut. 5. 22.* I know not whether I ought to make any Apology for inserting here all the Commandments, which our Saviour does not; but considering he mentions them all in general, nay several in particular here, and most of the rest in other places; considering these things I say, there needs no great Poetical Licence for my bringing them in all together.

472. *Nor from Heaven's piercing Eye such Treason hope to bide.]* Wherein I have given the sense of those words ἐνώπιον μου, or before me in this Command.

473. *By no resemblance vain, &c.]* By the word *resemblance* I endeavour to express the force of the Hebrew יְהוָה and the Greek οὐσία, which is so comprehensive, that all the *Image Worshippers* in the World can never get clear off; and there is no way of answering it, but by setting their *Index Expurgatorius* to work upon't, and razing it quite out of the Commands: Nor need we wonder they do so with the Words of *good Men*, when they begun with those of God himself.

474. *No hallow'd Thing let thy bold Sacrilege profane.]* The best Commentators conclude, that *Sacrilege* is forbidden in this Command; or the *Violation* of all holy Persons, Places, and Things, as well as the *Tremendous Name of God*, by a false or vain *Attestation* of it.

480. *Thy Parent and thy Prince, &c.]* That *Political* and *Ecclesiastical* Parents, as well as *Natural*, our Governors in Church and State, are here included, as well as our Fathers and Mothers, I think all assert, who have written upon this Command: And 'tis observed, the Promise annexed to it, is repeated in the New Testament by the Apostle, as assuring the followers of Jesus, that the *Obligation* was not ceas'd either on Gods part or ours: And I really believe that Blessing of long Life, on Obedience, seldom fails: I speak particularly as to *Natural Parents*. As well as all the rest, even *Temporal* Blessings, with which Providence does (according to the Observation of considering men) almost constantly favour the Piety of Obedient Children; whilst on the contrary the Impious Undutiful seldom or never scapes in *this* Life some Exemplary Severity from the Impatience of the Divine Justice.

489. *Each Sin in Thought abhor.]* This seems to be one of those *additional Explanations* (if I may be permitted to use such a Phrase) which our Saviour made of the Old Law, contrary to the Doctrines of the *Pbarisees* before mentioned.

508. *Since you a Form for your Direction need.]* The Apostles did need a *Form*, otherwise they'd never have ask'd it, [“Lord, teach us to pray”] or at least our Saviour wou'd not have given it, who does nothing in Vain. For it's true enough, that those who are *wiser* or *better* than the Apostles, may do without it. That our Saviour gave the very words to his Disciples, and requir'd them to make use of 'em in that very Form, Mr. Mede proves, I think unanswerably, in his excellent Works. Further, what *Grotius* affirms of this Prayer is very remarkable; “That the Form was not so much conceiv'd in Christ's own Words, as compiled by him out of what was most laudable, out of the Old Euchologies or Liturgies of the *Jews*; so far was he from any Affectation of unnecessary Novelty: Adding a curious Collection of all the particular Petitions, and most of the very words of that Prayer, from those old Forms of theirs: Nor sure, can any think the *Rabbies* wou'd since have inserted 'em, had they not been there before. The Collection he gives is to this effect; “Our Father which art in Heaven, “hallowed be thy Name, O Lord our God, and thy memory Glorify'd, both in “Earth below and Heaven above; (out of *Sepher Zephillim, Lusitan.* p. 115.) “Thy Kingdom reign over us both now and for ever, (*Sepher Hammastar.* 49. 1.) “Forgive and pardon them that trespass against me, (*Com. in Brike Avotb.* 24.) “Lead us not into the hand of Temptation, but deliver us from Evil; (*Sepher Hammastar.* 9. 12.) For thine is the Kingdom, and there shall reign gloriously for ever and ever. Amen. (*Id. Ib.*) And the same Observation has been made by our *Lightfoot, Gregory*, and others.

514. *Let thy dear Son his promis'd Empire gain.]* To explain this, take a remarkable passage out of a Latin Catechism printed here in *England* in King *Edwards* time, for the Use of the Protestants. On the Explanation of this Petition

tion, "Thy Kingdom come, (the Author goes on in this manner); *Adhuc enim, &c.*" For yet we see not all things put under Christ. We see not how the Stone should be cut out of the Mountain without Hands which broke in pieces and reduced to nothing the Image described by Daniel. How Christ, who is the true Rock, should obtain and possess the Empire of the whole World, which is granted him by the Father, nor is Antichrist yet destroyed. Whence we yet desire and pray, that these things may in due time come to pass.

519. *But chiefly feast our Souls with food Divine.*] Tho they must have an excellent Art at *Wiredrawing Consequences*, who can prove *Transubstantiation* out of those words, even supposing *εμέσος* here should signify *Supersubstantial*; yet all grant, that under this humble *Form*, wherein we expressly beg for Bread only, are included all Necessaries for Soul and Body, the chief of which, our Saviour himself, or his blessed *Assistance* and *Presence* by his Holy Spirit, which was ignorantly desired by those who said, *Lord evermore give us this Bread.* [Christians alone in Name.] Indeed they were not then Christians so much as in Name, being first so called at *Antioch*, as the sacred Writings tell us. However 'tis but a common *Prolepsis*, like *Virgil's Lavina Littora*.

578. *Whose Lord did in poor Trachonitis Reign — And wild Iturea.*] Herod the Great, as *Joseph. De Bell. Jud. Lib. 1.* in his last Will appointed *Archelaus* King in his room, *Antipas Tetrarch*, and *Philip* Lord of *Trachonitis*: Which Testament of his was thus altered by *Augustus*, (*Joseph. Lib. 2. Cap. 4.*) *Archelaus* had half the Kingdom, with the Title of *Ethnarch*; his Dominion containing, *Judea, Samaria, and Idumea*: *Herod Antipas* was *Tetrarch of Galilee*; his Brother *Philip* of *Batanea, Trachonitis, and Auranitis*; the yearly Incom of all together, as *Josephus* tells us, coming but to an Hundred Talents.

585. *Tbro' stony Fields and Woods of fatal yew,*

Did Bands of roving Ishmaelites pursue.] Strabo gives an account of the wild and savage Temper of these *Itureans*, calling them by no better a Name than *κακίγυς*, either *Rogues* or *Vipers*, and describing those Parts full of Caves, Woods, and inaccessible Mountains, so infested with Robbers, that the *Romans* were forced to keep constant Guards there, for the security of the Country. They were, it seems, excellent Archers both in *Iturea* and *Trachonitis*; the Bows of the first being famous as far as *Rome*; whence that of *Virgil*, — *Iureos taxi torquentur in arcus.* And *Josephus* tells us, that *Gratus* the *Roman* General conquered the Thieves that wasted *Judea*, by the help of the *Bowmen of Trachon.* *Bell. Jud. Lib. 2. Cap. 8.* He also gives a pleasant account of this poor Prince *Philip*, That he used to have his *Seat of Justice* carried about with him wherever he went; tho he gives him withal such a Character as he cou'd not his wealthier Brother: For he says, he was a *just and honest Man.*

610. *Then costly Babylonian Robes be brings.*] These were accounted the richest wearing among the Eastern Nations, generally appropriated to Royal Persons; as *Fuller* in his Description of the *Jewish Garments*. Hence *Achan* coveted the *Babylonish Garment* at the taking of *Jericho*.

614. *Who Salem and Sebaste might command.*] Herod had several noble Palaces, that at *Jerusalem* near the Temple, another at *Sebaste* or *Samaria*. *Joseph. Ant. Jud. Lib. 15. Cap. 11.*

639. — *At fair Damascus, Zobah him obey'd,—him Arams Fields, &c.*] One *Aretas*, we are sure, was King of *Damascus* not long after our Saviours time, who is mentioned in the *Acts* of the Apostles. That one of the same Name (who was *Herod's* Father-in-Law,) was King of one of the *Arabia's*, *Josephus* tells us; and that his Daughter fled from *Herod* to her Father, about the matter of *Herodias*; for which reason the Old angry King entred his Territories, and gave him Battle, wherein *Herod* was worsted, his Army forsaking him; which, the same Author adds, the People look'd on as a Judgment on him, for his cruelty against the *Baptist*. All this is Fact; and I have, to mend the story, clapt two Kings into one, or given one a little larger Kingdom than the *Map* will allow him; 'tis now of no great Concern, nor I believe will any of the Princes thereabouts be angry at the lessening their Borders.

Notes on the Fourth Book.

143

693. *And him in strong Machærus Walls immure.*] Some say S. John was Beheaded in *Machærus*, others in *Sebastæ*. *Josephus* seems to be for the former, in his Antiquities, Lib. 1. Cap. 10. Concerning which, honest *Ludolfus* tells a right wonderful Story; "That *Herodias* caus'd S. John's Head to be brought to *Jerusalem*, and cautiously Buryed there, near the Palace of *Herod*, being afraid lest the Prophet should rise again, if his Head and Body shou'd have been bury'd together. All the Question is, how this Passage came to be known, which could come out by no less than *the Inspiration*? and fruit seems it did, for he goes on, "This Head was afterwards found by the Monks, to whom the blessed *Baptist* appear'd, and reveal'd the place where they had bury'd it.

724. *Tho half my Kingdom were the mighty Bon.*] So those poor Proselytes affected to Talk, apeing the Magnificence of the old Eastern Kings. And because *Abasuerus* thus complimented *Hezher*, *Herod* must say the same to the Daughter of *Herodias*, tho his whole Kingdom I suppose hardly as large as one of the others, Twelve Hundred and Seven and Twenty Provinces; his whole Annual Revenue, as *Josephus* tells us, amounting but to 200 Talents.

776. —*Strong Abel's Town.*] *Abel-Bethmaacha* was a strong Town near the North Borders of *Galilee*, into which *Sheba* threw himself when pursu'd by *David's* Army.

786. *Wide wandering thro' Baaras distant Vale.*] *Josephus* says, *Herod* kept a strong Garrison in *Machærus* to bridle the *Arabians*; just against which was the famous Valley of *Baaras*, for the Wonders of which, that Historian has been so much Talk'd of.

812. *Bethsaida's wealthy Villa.*] 'Tis sometimes called a Village, at others a *Town* or *City*, tho if only a Village, large enough, according to *Josephus*, who says, every Village in *Galilee*, even the least of them, contained 15000 Inhabitants; (but sure there must be some mistake in the number). This *Bethsaida* he says, was for the pleasantness of it, erected into a *City*, and called *Julias*: But let it be then what it wou'd, our Saviour's woe is now accomplish'd against it, and 'tis reduced to its first Original, a Lodg in the Wilderness; nothing thereof now remaining, as Travellers tell us, besides 7 or 8 scatter'd *Cottages*, which scarce deserve the Name of Houses.

THE

THE
ARGUMENT
OF THE
Fifth BOOK.

TH E Apostle proceeds and relates the Miracle of the Loaves, at which the Multitude surpriz'd, would again have forc'd our Saviour to accept of the Kingdom; but he retires from them, and continues all Night praying in one of the Proseuchæ or Oratories of the Jews, having sent his Disciples cross the Lake towards Capernaum; whom he overtakes, walking on the Sea, before it was Day; the Disciples being affrighted, till knowing his Voice, St. Peter leaves the Ship and goes towards him, who, when ready to sink, supports him, and entring the Ship, they immediately land between Bethsaida and Capernaum; to the latter of which our Saviour goes with his Disciples, being followed by the Multitude, more for Interest than Devotion. His Sermon to them, in the Synagogue, on that Subject, and Discourse concerning eating his Flesh and drinking his Blood, at which, the Jews being offended, many of his Followers forsake him; and upon his Apostles Protestation of Fidelity, he prophesies that one of them should betray him. He cures the Son of Chuza, Herod's Steward, when desperately ill of a Fever, on which he himself, who had before been an Herodian, became his Follower, with all his House. The Miracle of the Centurion's Servant, Simon's Wife's-Mother, and the Paralytick, at Capernaum; and that on Blind Bartimæus, at Jericho. Going up to Jerusalem, he cures one that was born Blind, curses the Fig-tree; the first time purges the Temple of Buyers and Sellers, and cures the infirm Man, at the Pool of Bethesda. The Apostle next recites several of his Parables, that of the wicked Judg, and importunate Widow, the cruel Servant, the rich Miser, the Pharisee and Publican, and, more at large, that of the Prodigal Son; which newly finished, Chuza, who was an Acquaintant of Gamaliel's, being in Town against the Passover, comes to his House, brings his Friend the Centurion with him; where finding St. John and the other Disciples, whom he had formerly seen in Galilee, he desires a fuller account of the Mysteries of the Christian Faith, and the Person of our Saviour. This the beloved Disciple agrees to give him. Whose Preparations for it conclude the Fifth Book.

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Mat. 14

Book 5. pag: 143.

The five Loaves & Two Fish multiplied.

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A N
Heroic Poem.

BOOK V.

HUS far, attent, and pleas'd the *Fathers*
hear,
Nor any signs of *weariness* appear;
Tho' half the day was past, and *Sol* had
driv'n
His flaming *Courfers* to the top of *Heav'n*:
Th' Apostle paus'd, his *Hearers* cou'd not stay
But urge him on, *impatient* of *delay*;
What yet behind more earnest *press* to tell,
Nay not t' omit one *Word* or *Miracle*:
Who thus proceeds — Nor long our Lord conceal'd
10 Lay there, e'en more by his *Retreat* reveal'd;

U

As

As the *Suns Face* is with more *Eyes survey'd*,
 When veil'd in an *Eclipses* dusky shade:
 Where he himself and his lov'd Twelve repos'd
 Some *Shepherds* to the neighb'ring *Towns* disclos'd, *
 They flock by *Thousands* and the Saviour found,
 As him the Twelve, they them *encompass* round:
 Where on an *easie Hillock* rais'd he taught,
 At once *instructs*, and cures who e'er were brought: *
 With him the *Multitude* unwear'y'd stay
 Till length'ning *shadows* show'd declining day.

When the *Disciples* hasten'd them away

20
 Matt. 14.16. Luke 9.13. John 6.

From the *wild Desart*, where with *Hunger* prest

And *Travel* tir'd, they'd neither *Food* nor *Rest*:

Compassionate our Saviour casts his *Eyes*

Amidst th' *expecting Crowd*, and thus replies:

And shall we so *unhospitably* use

Our *Guests*? a short *Refreshment* them refuse?

Whom if the *Night* and *Hunger* joyn'd opprels,

They'll *faint* and *perish* in the *Wilderness*?

Rather let's all our own *small Stores* impart,

Presented with a *cheerful face* and *heart*.

When frugal *Philip* and wise *Andrew* cry'd,

Whence shall we Bread for such vast *Crowds* provide?

Five *Loaves* our stock, to which we chanc'd to take

Two *Fishes*, lately angling on the *Lake*.

Give what you have out of your *narrow store*

Our Lord, rejoyns, nor I, nor *Heav'n* ask more:

Be't yours t' invite and place the *Company*,

Dispose of them, and leave the rest to me.

This with his wonted *Majesty* he said,

And they with *faith* and *wonder* mixt obey'd:

Five *Thousand Souls* tho' we unreckon'd pass

The *weaker Sex* and *Age*, upon the *Grafs*,

Which plenteous flourish'd there, *discumbent* laid

For their great *Benefactor's* bounty staid:

Whom whilst half-fainting him intent they ey'd,

We in a hundred different *Troops* divide: *

Then in those glorious *Hands* the Food he takes

By which *what e'er he please, what e'er he please be makes*; *

His bands and eyes at once to *Heav'n* he rais'd

30

40

50

From

- From whence all good, and the great Giver prais'd ;
Then blest, and brake, and gave — A strange surprise
Seiz'd all, nor cou'd we trust our hands or eyes
Till last assist'd — we from him receive
And to th' astonish'd Crowd around us give
* Both Fish and Bread, a welcom humble Treat;
* Each wond'ring Guest with Thanks and Praises Eat :
Still unexhausted our miraculous store,
Till all the Company suffic'd give o'er ; }
60 When, as he bids, what still amaz'd us more,
Gathering the broken reliques of the Feast,
We saw the Wonder like the Loaves increas'd :
Twelve empty Baskets in the Vessel lay
Wherein we Fish from place to place convey : *
For these t' our Mates on Shipboard left we call,
And with the wond'rous Fragments fill'd 'em all :
Loud shouts the People gave which shook the Ground,
Tabor and Carmel's distant hills resound :
In grateful Songs spread the soft Sex his Fame,
70 " And teach their stamm'ring Babes to lisp his Name :
The Men in frequent knots together crowd,
First whisp'ring, murmur ring then, then speak aloud :
The Heathen Yoke why shou'd they longer wear,
Proud Herod and th' insulting Romans bear, }
When Heav'n had sent 'em a Deliverer ;
Who all their Wounds cou'd cure, their Wants supply,
Nay e'en their Lives restore, if in his Cause they die ?
Greater than Moses's self, by him foretold,
And all the holy Messengers of old : }
80 That Greatness whence he learnt a Crown to scorn
Declares he for a Crown was only born :
We've Force enough, a greater Army we
* Than joyn'd at Modin the brave Maccabee : }
No longer his injurious modesty
Let's suffer thus to hide his worth in vain,
And thus defraud all Israel of his reign.
First for Tiberias under him we'll go,
Samaria next our Princes pow'r shall know ;
And next Jerusalem, where stronger grown,
90 We'll fix him on his Father David's Throne : }

Wrought to the height they *Palms* and *Garments* bring,
 Hail promis'd *Prince* they cry'd, hail *Israel's King*!
 Their dang'rous kindness quickly drives him thence,
 Against a *Crown*, *Flight*'s only his defence:
 Of this far more than all his *Foes*, affraid;
 By hast'ning night at once, and the thick shade
 Favour'd, he *scap'd*, and did himself convey
 T' a place remote where oft he us'd to *pray*; * 100

Wall'd on the sides, as *custom* is, to yield
 A shelter from *wild Beasts* that range the field:
 Wide ope' to *Heav'n*, unless by chance 'twas found
 With pleasant *Trees*, like some fair *Arbor* crown'd,
 By pious *Industry* thick planted round:
 Here stay'd alone, till night began to wear, * 110

In *Meditation*, holy *Hymns* and *Pray'r*:
 Mean while the chosen Twelve at his *Command*
 Directly steer for rich *Capern'um's Land*,
 Where with *Bethsaida's* pleasant *Coasts* 'tis joyn'd.
 Long had we rov'd and beat it in the *Wind*,
 But yet with all our *labour* made no way;
 And now shrill *Cocks* foretold th' approach of day * 120

Which glad we heard, tho' yet no beam of light;
 All *Sea-marks* hid in the tempestuous night:
 Still wrought the *Waves*, the Bark so rudely tost,
 Our Lord not there; we gave our selves for lost:
 The *Mast* came close by th' *Board*, the *Helm* was gone;
 An useless bulk we lay, and floated on,
 As the *Waves* pleas'd, 'twas vain we thought to strive,
 Nor cou'd two *Glasses* more expect to live: *

Some *Rafts*, and *Boards* provide, some ready stand
 To quit the *Ship* and try to reach the *Land*;
 Then of each other our last farewell take;
 —When sudden, thus concern'd, *Barjonas* spake; 130

Or my *Eyes* fail me, *Mates*! or on the *Lake*
 Something approaching to the *Ship* I see:
 We look'd, and all in the same thoughts agree.
 Forward it mov'd, in humane Form appear'd,
 Till with us close came up; anew we fear'd
 Some danger worse than death — still nearer view'd
 Some horrid *Spectre* 'tis, we all conclude;

Which

Which when we at the very *Poop* perceive,
We with loud *Shreeks* prepare the *Ship* to *leave* ;
While crowding to the *Stern* in hast we *fled*
Distinct th' *Appearance* spoke, and thus it said :
— “Courage my *Friends* ! me still at need you'll *find* !
“ 'Tis I my self — Give these vain *fears* to th' *Wind*.
The dear lov'd *Voice* we heard twixt *hope* and *fear*,
Yet hardly durst believe our *help* so *near* :
When *Cephas* thus, if *Lord* thy *Voice* it be
140 Agen let's *hear*, and bid me *come* to *thee* !
Agen he *spake*, whilst *rapt* in *Joy* we stand,
And mild, invites him with his *Voice* and *Hand* !
Away he *springs* on the wide *watry* field,
Solid as *Rocks* the *Waves* refus'd to *yield* :
With daring feet thro' paths unknown he goes,
And *rises* as the *rolling* *Surges* *rose* :
But when he saw the *furly* *Ocean* frown,
The *hollow* hanging *Waves* look *lowring* down,
He in a *dreadful* *Vale*, the *Seas* and *Night*
150 Conjoyn'd to intercept our *Saviour*'s *sight* ;
The *Storm* more fierce, the *Winds* obstrunct his *race*,
And dash the *twisted* *foam* against his *Face* ;
Surpriz'd with *fear* he felt the *slipp'ry* *Wave*
Sink *underneath*, and cry'd --- O *Master* save !
He *heard*, and did his want of *Faith* upbraid :
He *heard* and *sav'd*, but asks him, Why *affraid* ?
Whence he so soon cou'd so *forgetful* prove,
And whether he *distrusts* his *Pow'r* or *Love* ?
Then to the *Ship* receiv'd — — —
160 We knew him all, and all our *Lord* adore,
And the next *moment* safely *reach'd* the *shore* :
* Nor long upon the sounding *Beach* we walk'd
And of the various *fears* and *dangers* talk'd
That dreadful night escap'd, e'er *welcom* day
* Did o'er sweet *Hermon*'s *Hill* its *beams* display :
To meet the *Sun* on a warm *sandy* *Bed*
Fronting to *East* our *Nets* and *Cloaths* we spread ;
These quickly dry'd, thence to *Capernaum* went,
To whose fair walls his steps our *Saviour* bent :
170 But e'er we reach'd the *Town*, as back we threw

- Our *wandering Eyes* the pleasant *Lake* to view,
 John 6. 23. We saw the *Western side* thick cover'd o'r
 With *Ships* and *Men*, we saw the *cluster'd shore*
 Grow thinner by degrees, till black no more }
 Its *Face* appear'd, but a fair *prospect* yields ;
 Here *ragged Rocks* and *Sands*, there *verdant Fields* ;
 Whilst the *green Sea* as late the crowded *strand*
 Is *blacken'd o'r* like some *well-wooded Land* : 180
 So when their way a *flight* of *Locusts* takes
 From Lubims *wild* and *Chelonidian Lakes*; *
- While Mizraim's Sons their *sacred Ox* implore
 And trembling see the *Plague* wide hov'ring o'r; }
 So when the *Westwind* clears their *reedy Shore*, * }
 Their *Fields* do's of their *straggling Squadrons* sweep,
 Precipitating in the *Arabian deep*; * }
 So looks the *Gulph*, when they a *period* find * }
 To their *long Voy'ge*, and driven by the *VWind*
 Almost from *Shore to Shore*, their *Bodies* spred,
 Changing the *Sea* to *black* which once was *red*: 190
 So lookt the *Lake*, when from the distant *side*
 Under a gentle *Gale* their *Oars* they ply'd,
 The Wind ver'd round to *West*, at once they sweep
 With equal numerous *strokes* the angry *deep* ;
 At once their secret *liquid way* they find,
 And leave alike long *closing paths* behind ;
 At once their *Vessels* cut the yielding *Sand*,
 They at *Chorazin* or *Caperna'm land* : 200
 Where soon surpriz'd, our *Lord* again they *found*,
 For well they *knew* he cou'd not *coast* it round
 By *Land* thro' fair *Bethsaida's bending Shore*,
 Nor *Boat*, with *winged Sail*, or *Fin-like Oar*
 To waft him cross, his own put off before.
 25. *Solicitous* they ask him, *when* and *how*
 He thither came ; who with a *steddy brow*
 Thus answers them *severe*, "If I shou'd tell
 This would no more than the last *Miracle*
 Convince your *unbelief*--- Too well I see
 26. You rather seek the *wond'rous Loaves* than *me* :
 Fond Men ! employ not thus your *fruitless pain*
 The *miscall'd Goods* of this *false VWorld* to gain ! 210

Why

Why so much *toil* and *care* for *per'shing meat*,
And why no more for what th' *Immortals eat*?
With this I all my faithful *Foll'wers* cheer,
To scatter this my *Father* sent me here,
And *seal's* with *Miracles*; this you'll receive
If you his words obey, and mine believe.

7, 2.

The *indocil Croud* more *VVonders* still desire,
New Signs from *Hear'n*, yet more *august* and *higher*:
Nothing but *Manna* pleases, that they fain
220 Wou'd *fast*, their *stiff-neck'd Fathers* did *disdain*:
* For *Angels Food* they long, to gratifie
Their *curious*, yet their *lazy Luxury*:

Num. 11.6.

How gladly he had their *Messia* been
T' have sav'd 'em from their *work*, tho' not their *Sin*!

For this the *Empire* of the *World* to gain
That they in *solid sloth* might ever reign:

Not so our *Lord*, who *Labour* recommends,
And but th' *industrious*, none esteems his *Friends*:

Nor wou'd more *Wonder's work*, lest if they grow
230 Too *cheap* and *mean*, they shou'd no more be *so*:

But tells 'em, 'twas not *Moses* did bestow

That *Manna*, which they did from *Heav'n* receive,
Nor was ev'n that the best that *Heav'n* cou'd give:

Its *choicest Fare* had *Virtues* far more high,
Virtues which those who *fast* can never die.

That *Bread* they fain wou'd have, That *Bread* am I,

Rejoins our *Lord*, tho' not as you *desire*;

I not the *Body*, but the *Mind* inspire

With *Strength Celestial*, *Vigour* all *Divine*,

John 6.32.

240 To do my *Fathers Will*, and his is *mine*:

38.

Whom thus I'll guard till *Life's* sad *Scene* be o'r,
Nor shall they ever *thirst* or *hunger* more:

Who e'r my *Father* sends, by the *sure Sign*

37.

* Of a good *Faith* and *Life* distinguish'd *mine*;
These with his *Grace* and *Holy Spirit* endu',

(Man's *bad* is all his *own*, *Heav'n's* all his *good* ;)

These I'll receive, none e'r *repell'd* shall be,

Who leave the *World* and *Sin* and *come to me*:

Yes, those who to my *sacred Laws* incline,

250 And keep *sincere*, for only those are *mine*;

Not

Nor *Earths weak force*, nor *Hells infernal bands*
 39. Shall *snatch or wrest* from my *tenacious hands*:
Them will I guard and keep in secret there
Until the last great Day, then with me bear
To judge the World unjust and doom to pain,
 40. Then by my *side* in *endless Glory reign*.

These new *uncommon Truths* still more amuse,
 More *harden* still th' already *harden'd Jews*:
Him for low Birth and high pretence they scorn,
What — Was he not a Galilean born 260
In little Naz'reth? Know we not, they cry
His humble Parents, can he them deny?
 43. *Joseph the Carpenter — H' has oft workt here;* *
*His Mother Mary --- his Relations near **
On either side --- How can it ever be?
Did these too come from Heav'n as well as he?

Our Saviour thus-- if this you not *receive*
How will ye yet far stranger Truths believe?
Murmur no more in vain --- Ageh, I say,
*'Tis I, I only am to *Heav'n the way*;
 57. 53. *My Flesh such Bread, who tafts it never dies:*
My Body an unblemish'd Sacrifice
To my great Fathers pleasure I resign,
My Blood effus'd at large, the only Wine
Can cheer your Souls; unless you these obtain
*Your hope of Immortality's in vain.**

John 3. 13. Seems this so *strange* that I from *Heav'n* came down
Stript from my Robes of Light and starry Crown?

John 6. 61. What *Admiration* wou'd possess you then

62. If thro' the *Air* you see me mount agen?
 If *Angels* you my *Ministers* shou'd find

Acts 1.911. A *Cloud* my *Chariot*, and my *Wings* the *Wind*?
 O *hard of heart!* Yet won't you *understand*
What I reveal, nor do what I command?
Your gross, your carnal minds immers'd in Love
*Of this *low* *World*, unfit for that *above*:*

John 6.63. A hidden *secret Sense* my *words* imply,
*Those who believe my *words* shall never die.*
Nor this can their false prejudice prevent
Murm'ring, the giddy Croud from Jesus went;

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Reprov'd

Reprov'd and disappointed leave the Shore
In shoals as thick as they arriv'd before: 66.
Almost alone himself our Lord did find
And none besides his chosen Twelve behind;
Then with a sigh which not from Pride did flow
But Pity, mildly asks --- Will you too go ?
When fervent Cephas thus, who scarce cou'd beat
So hard a thought --- To whom dear Lord, or where ?
Thou, endless Life on those who thee implore
Bestow'st, and is there any can give more ?
We know thou must the true Messiah be,
Our Hopes, our Souls, are all repos'd on thee.
Agen with Sighs he did his sorrow show,
More you, he says, than you your selves I know :
* Your Folly, and your Frailty I survey,
Your deepest thoughts as light and clear as day : 70, 71.
* I know the wretch who will his Lord betray ;
One of the Twelve I from the World did chuse
T' obey my Father, thence my Life I lose :
* Soon will he with base Slanders me accuse,
Soon will the Fiend himself, a dreadful Guest
Seize for his own his avaritious breast,
We all with just concern and horror hear,
Each ey'd the next, but for himself did fear :
* Why shou'd I strive to mention what in thought
I scarce cou'd track, each mighty Wonder wrought,
While in Capernaum's fruitful Coasts he stay'd ?
What crowds of Fiends his dread Commands obey'd ?
What crowds of Men by Physicks feebler aid
Left desp'rare, by their Friends and selves giv'n o'r,
His healing touch or pow'ful Word restore ?
With these, as oft as he occasion law,
His perfect Doctrine mix'd and sacred Law :
Sometimes unveil'd relates, and sometimes tells
In moving Schemes and lively Parables :
Now do's some antient Prophesie explain,
And blames the hardness of their hearts in vain :
Then a false gloss from some true Text remove,
And teach the People what to hate and love.
330 All must not pass untold and some express'd,

You'll easier form a Notion of the rest.

As chanc'd, (with us 'twas *Chance*, with him *Design*)

Where at the *Feast* he *Water* chang'd to *Wine*

Returning from the *Pasch* a while we stay'd

Nor there we long our *Residence* had made

E'r thither posting from *Capern'um* came

John 4:36. A rich and pow'rful *Lord*, *Chuza* his Name; *

Herod's high *Steward* he, and did beside

O'r all the upper *Galilee* preside,

Who when *Youth* spurr'd to *pleasure* and *excess*

Himself did of th' *Herodian Sect* profesi. *

Worse ev'n than *Sadduces*, tho' near the *same*;

Virtue they only thought an *empty Name*;

All *Good* and *Bad* designing *Statesmens Rules*,

And *Heav'n* and *Hell* but *Tales* to frighten *fools*:

What wonder then, if madly they employ

Their thoughtless *hours* in lewd *voluptuous Joy*?

If each some new *delight* each day contrives

And to their *Genius* sacrifice their *Lives*?

Among the rest too long young *Chuza* staid

In the *luxurious Court*, too long betray'd

By *Vices* wiles, and *Pleasures* flatt'ring *Charms*,

Who claspt him close in their soft *treach'rous Arms*.

Till riper years the dang'rous *Cheat* reveal'd

And *Judgment* shew'd what *Passion* had conceal'd:

To *Business* now, e'r 'twas too late, grown wise,

Once his *Aversion*, he himself applies:

One *secret Cause* which with *success* did move

To such a happy *Chance* was *virtuous Love*:

The bright *Joanna* she that caus'd his *Flame*,

Who ev'n in such a *Court* preserv'd her *Fame*:

Almost her *looks* with *Virtue* them inspir'd

Her *Mind* and *Lovely Form* alike admir'd:

Of a just stature and *Majestic meen*,

With *sweetness*, in the *great*, but rarely seen:

She like an *Angel* look'd, and liv'd, and sung;

Virtue that fill'd her *Breast* inspir'd her *tongue*:

Her oft with *transport* had young *Chuza* ey'd,

Well-born and Fair, without one *spark* of *pride*:

He *saw* and *lov'd*, and won her for his *Bride*;

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With

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With wise Susanna then, whose pious care
Had form'd her tender Mind, did soon prepare
His Treasure from the dangerous Court to bear : }
So her desire ; and sought a blest retreat
At his Hereditary Country Seat,
Near fair Capern'ums Walls ; nor long they went,
E'er Heav'n a joyful Heir to Chuza sent ;
Who now beneath a Feavers mortal rage,
One Lustre hardly past of his short Age,
380 Lay struggling, all sad signs of death appear
T' his Parents, frightened, both half dead with fear ;
Whilst his sad Mother weeping o'er him stood,
With quick uneven stroaks the poison'd blood
Did thro' his throbbing Veins small Flood-gates roll,
And beat a march to the departing Soul :
Black his chapt Tongue, earthy his Breath and short,
Unnatural motions his quick Eyes distort ;
Little Convulsions in each part appear,
He catches swift at every Object near.
390 When Art was pos'd, and him they yielded lost,
They heard that thro' the Galilean Coast
* Our Lord was seen returning, who they knew
By his Allmighty Word cou'd all things do :
Away the Father posts, more swift than death,
For Cana, or for lofty Nazareh ;
And vow'd, if he his Son restor'd receive,
He'd the next hour with all his house believe :
* When near small Jephtha'l's streams our Lord he found,
Quitting his Chariot, prostrate on the Ground
400 He lowly adores, and begs, if not too late,
T' reverse his only Son's untimely Fate.
* Our Lord who knew, tho' far remov'd, his Vow,
Who best knows when to help, and where, and how,
Resolv'd his Patience and his Faith to try,
He'd his Request nor grant, nor yet deny :
But turning to the Crowd his radiant Face
His Followers thus accosts — O harden'd Race !
How far shall Infidelity proceed ?
How long will you these signs and wonders need ?
410 How long shall stubborn Sense 'gainst Faith rebell ?

Why will you not be sav'd without a *Miracle*?
 Th' impatient *Father* cou'd no longer stay
 But interrupts — “ The *Cafe* bears no *delay*:
 Tho' to the *Town* we back like *Jehu* drive
 We hardly now shall find the *Child alive*:
 To whom our *Saviour* this kind *Answer* gives
Disturb thy self and me no more — He *lives!*
 With Faith and Joy his *Chariot* he ascends
 And back his course to rich *Capern'um* bends,
 The *officious Servants* meet him at the Gate
 With the glad *News* — Tho' their glad *News* too late:
 What he well knew, they all in *Transport* tell
 His *Son* was on the sudden strangely *well*;
 He, whom giv'n o'er as lost, they lately *mourn'd*,
 His *health*, nay e'en his *strength* agen return'd:
 Careful he asks, exact, the *time*, the *hour*
 When first they did observe the *Feavers* power
 Abated — He the easie Question soon
Resolv's, 'twas when the Sun was past his *Noon*,
 The *Day* before, — 'Twas then, he *Ravish'd*, cries,
 Lifting to *Heav'n* his grateful *Hands* and *Eyes*,
 Precisely then the mighty *Prophets* *Word*
 Declar'd my *Son* was from the *Grave* restor'd!
Beanteous Joanna heard with *Tears* of *Joy*,
 And in her *hand* she led the *smiling Boy*;
 Him *safe* and *well* to his *pleas'd Father* shows,
 About his *neck* his little *arms* he throws,
 And *welcom'd home*, with *pretty folly* said
 — What e'er the *Servants* told, he *was not dead!*
Lab'ring with *Thanks* the noble *Chuz'a* now
 T' his *Family* declares his *sacred Vow*:
 All freely grant he cou'd perform no less,
 And *Jesus* the *Messia* all confess!
 Nor long e'er thither with our *Lord we went*,
 Whose *Fame* did his *Arrival* still prevent.
 The news of his *approach* was soon aloud
 Proclaim'd, the *doors*, the *streets*, the *roads* they *crowd*
 With half dead *Patients*, by his *Touch* restor'd
 Or *Look*, or *Word*, they *kneel'd* and him *ador'd*:
 A brave *Centurion* there among the rest

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440

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By

- By Proxy humbly his *desire* exprest ;
Whose Word, the Roman Garrison that lay
* To bridle hot Capern'um's Youth, obey ;
The Cause, a Servant he from Rome had brought,
Whom justly dear for his *deserts* he thought
Whom many a *painful* day he faithful found,
And many a *night* spent on the *frozen Ground* :
Full Thirty hard Campaigns he had endur'd,
To Southern Heats, and Pontick Snows inur'd :
460 But when his Fiftith Winter now did wear,
His Age feels what his Youth with *ease* cou'd bear :
Afflictive Cramps his stubborn Sinews bend,
Which stronger in a deadly Palsey end :
Helpless he more than half a carcass lay ;
A lump of cold disanimated Clay.
All his right-side, his left but little less,
And only his strong Vitals Life confess :
Vast Sums in vain for his recovery spent,
What Nature cou'd produce or Art invent
470 His Master try'd, first to the Bathes he sent,
* Near where Calirhoe's Sov'raign Waters fall
By Lasha's Brook, and strong Macheru's Wall :
When these no alteration on him make,
Him next the King's Physicians undertake ;
A tedious Course prescribe his health to gain,
But they too find their boasted Art's in vain :
No humane help did now untry'd remain,
His generous Master did his Fate deplore,
And kindly sigh'd that he cou'd do no more :
480 A Servant whom such Faith and Love conamend
He justly thought a less familiar Friend ;
" Valiant and true, he him had often try'd,
" No danger ever made him leave his side ;
" Nor gold cou'd tempt his Secrets to betray,
" Nor knew he his own Worth too well t' obey :
When now all humane Remedies were vain
He seeks Divine, for only those remain :
* " With ill-directed Pray'r's devoutly made
To his own Aesculapius flies for Aid ;
490 * Vows he'd a Cock and greater Presents give

T' enrich his *Fane*, if his lov'd *Servant* live :

2 Kings 18. But the poor *Marble Idol* was not near,

27. Or else too busie, or too dull to *hear* ;

His *Vow's* in vain, his *Servant* *despr'ate* grew,

When some who of our *Lord's Arrival* knew

Came panting in, the *welcom News* to bear,

Persuading him to seek for *Succor* there :

He rose and *vow'd*, if him our *Lord* wou'd hear

He all his *helpless Gods* wou'd strait *cashier* :

Not *Mars* himself shou'd stay — Long since his *Mind*,

Tho' *weak*, had been to *Truths blest Laws* inclin'd :

500

4. 5. He *lov'd* our *Nation*, their *Devotion* prais'd,

And a fair *Synagogue* his noble *Bounty* rais'd :

Thus fix'd, his *Servant*, he'd have fain *convey'd*

Abroad, and at the *Feet* of *Jesus* laid,

But 'twas too late, he's *gasping* thick for *Breath*,

And struggling in the *agonies* of *Death*:

Yet durst he not *himself* to *Jesus* go,

His *Thoughts* were of *himself* too *mean* and *low* ;

But ah ! he rightly did not *Jesus* know :

None for their *Merits* e'er did with him stay,

None for *Humility* he turns away :

Jairus for him, and other *Friends* implore *

That he his *much lov'd Servant* wou'd restore :

He yields, and kindly to the *house* repair'd,

Of whose approach when the *Centurion* heard,

No, 'tis too much he cries — It must not be !

Too much to go one *single step* for me.

Tho' he e'en a lost *Gentile* not disdain,

Unworthy him those *Walls* to entertain !

510

All I desire he'd do, which well he may,

Since *Hand-maid Nature* must her *Lord* obey,

(As me my *Soldiers* under *Discipline*,

Observant of each *beck* and *secret sign*,

Nay hardly dare in *Thought* my *Will* controul ;)

520

7. Is, that he'd *speak* the *Word* and make him *whole*.

Pleas'd with his *noble Faith* our *Lord* looks round,

9. The like in his own *Israel* never found,

Aloud professing, nor were they alone

Design'd *Affessors* on th' *Almighty Throne* :

530

Who

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Book 5. pag: 159.

Christ talking with y' Samaritan Woman at Jacob. Well.

Who fear and serve him with a perfect mind

In every Nation shou'd acceptance find;

And while lost Israel's Sons expect in vain,

In bliss with all the holy Patriarchs reign.

But Faith like this what is there can withstand?

'Twill e'en Omnipotence it self command:

Bid the brave Man return, his grant is seal'd,

And e'en this moment his lov'd Servant heal'd;

— He said, 'tis done, he ease and strength receives,

540 His Master, he, and all the house believes.

In vain I all his Wonders wou'd relate,

How many rescu'd from the brink of Fate:

How with a Touch he Simon's Mother rais'd:

How him the joyful Paralytic prais'd:

How, Jairus! thy Daughter he restor'd;

Tho' dead she heard, tho' dead obey'd his Word.

What Virtues e'en his sacred Robes diffus'd;

How by th' ungrateful Nazarites abus'd

He vanish'd thro' the crowd, they beat the Air,

550 Nor ever since his Presence blest 'em there.

What wond'rous Truths he did the Woman tell

In curst Samaria's Fields by Jacob's Well:

How many long of their dear sight bereav'd,

Earthly and Hear'ny Light at once receiv'd:

This all Bethaida's wond'ring confines know,

And this thy Gates, delightful Jericho!

E'en yet old Bartimeus lives, who there

Did many a doleful year in darkness wear;

To which yet still a heavier plague was joyn'd,

560 He's miserably poor, e'en worse than blind:

* His head with reverend baldness doubly bare,

Expos'd to all th' Inclemencies o'th' Air,

To heat and cold — Methinks I see him there!

Or in the Gate I see him begging lie,

* Or at the lovely Balsom-Gardens nigh:

Once as it chanc'd our Master passing by

Vast multitudes attending, he admir'd

The Cause, and earnest what it means enquir'd,

For he their noise and trampling feet cou'd hear,

570 And well he knew some mighty Concours near:

Luke 4. 39.

5, 18.

8, 55.

Matt. 9. 20.

Luke 4. 29.

Joh. 4. 5 &c.

Mark 10.

46.

Nor

Nor sooner to the *Blind* was *Jesus* nam'd *
 But he with *Faith* and holy *Hope* enflam'd,
 (For oft he heard what *Miracles* he'd done)
 Exclaims — *O mercy ! mercy ! David's Son !*
 Some bid be *still* ! some cry to take him thence,
 Nor let him with his loud *Impertinence*
 Disturb our *Lord*, nor will he yet give o'er,
 But cries more *loud* and *earnest* than before,
 Great *Son* of *David* ! let me *mercy* find !
O shew thy wonted pity on the Blind !

580

— None e'er *deny'd* or *sad* from *Jesus part*,
 His *earnest Pray'r*s soon reach'd his *ears* and *heart*,
 And till he's *call'd* he wou'd no *further go* ;
 Soon did th' *old man* the joyful *Tidings* know *
 From those about him, soon he *cheerful rose*,
 Away his *Staff* and *ragged Garment* throws ;
 His *Garment* left it might impeach his *speed*,
 His *Staff*, which he shou'd now no longer *need* :
 Away he runs, nor for a *guide* wou'd stay,
 Following the *Voice*, oft *stumbling* in the *way*,
 Of whom when *near arriv'd*, our *Lord* inquir'd
 What *Boon* with such *loud outcries* he desir'd ?

590

51. Lord ! thou canst *dōt*, he with *large Tears* replies,
 And thou alone, *restore* me my *dear eyes* !
 52. — 'Tis thy victorious *Faith* directs thee right,
 Well pleas'd our *Lord* rejoyns, — *Receive thy sight* !
 'Tis *said*, 'tis *done*, a thick and *churlish skin* *
 Which stop'd the *windows* of his *Soul* within,
 Flew off, nor did he ought this *painful* find,
 Like *Cobwebs* loose, *unravel'd* with the *Wind*,
 He *saw*, his *Saviour* with loud *Thanks* did meet,
 Embrac'd his *knees*, and prostrate kiss'd his *feet*.

600

Nor need I, *Fathers* ! wast the *day* to tell
 Those *Wonders* all the *City* know so well !

Matt. 21. 19. The *blasted Fig-tree*, which you yet may see

Without the *Walls*, i'th' *way* to *Bethany*,

John 9. per tot. Him who at *Silo'm's streams* receiv'd his *sight*,

Nor ever saw, till then, the *cheerful light* ; *

Where, after their exactest *scrutiny*,

No fraud the angry *Sanhedrim* cou'd see.

610

Him

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Book 5. pag: 161. The Woman taken in Adultery.

168

65

Him who so long at *fam'd Bethesda* lay,
Beyond the Angels *Cure*, sent heal'd away
By' our Saviour's pow'rful *Word*, whom *harden'd* still
For that good work the *Jews* attempt to kill:

John 5. 2.

16.

Too well, says *Joseph*, I their *Envie* know,
At him whom *height* of *Virtue* makes their *Foe*:
Much I rememb'ring learnt from what he taught,
Witness of many a mighty *Action* wrought;
But few have *scap'd* me here; my self I saw
With what just anger and majestick *awe*
He did his *Father's House* the *Temple* cleanse,
And chas'd the *Sacrilegious Merchants* thence.
I saw too, when our *captious Elders* brought
Th' *Adul'tress* in the very *Action* caught;
* Whence them he *self-condemn'd* and blushing sent,
And clear'd the fair convicted *Penitent*.
But of this *Miracle* I only knew
By *Fame*, and glad wou'd learn the *Truth* from you.

John 2. 14,
15, 16.
John 3. 4.

* 'Twas at the famous *Pool*, well known to all

John 5. 2.

Jerusalem, that *Heav'nly Hospital*
Where every injur'd *Sense* a *Cure* may find,
The *Deaf*, the *Blasted*, *Palsy'd*, *Lame* and *Blind*;
* Here, says the *Apostle*, at the Sun's first rise,
While they present the *Morning-Sacrifice*,
* You know from *Heav'n* some courteous *Angel* brings
Unfailing *Cures* beneath his healing *Wings*
To such as to the *Water* first descend,
You know too him who did so long attend,
Who *Blasted* in his tender *Youth*, had stay'd.*
Almost six weeks of years expecting *Aid*:
In vain expecting, weak and *Bed-rid* laid,
Whence others, readier, still *slept* in before,
Till disappointed oft, he hop'd no more;
His only *Comfort* now was in *Despair*,
With speed to end his *Life* and *Torments* there:
Our Saviour saw, and asks, his *Faith* to try,
If for his *pain* he wish'd a *remedy*?
Yes, *Death*, said he, with unconcern'd neglect,
Nor any other *ease* must I expect:

4.

5.

650 The rich crowd in, and meet a speedy *Cure*,

Y

Tho

7. Tho' e'en an *Angel* will not help the poor :
 But that will I, our Saviour, kind, replies,
 8. And bids him in his *Fathers Name* Arise !
 Arise and *Walk*, and thence his *Couch* convey !
His blasted Limbs their *Makers Word* obey ;
 9. *Vigorous* and *strong* he in a moment grows,
His Blood thro' its *forgotten channels* flows ;
 All o'er himself he *views*, but do's so *strange*
 T' himself appear, he scarce *believes* the change.

Such *Acts*, such *Crimes* as these, if *Crimes* they be
 Have made our *Sanhedrim* his *Enemy* :

Ibid. True, on the *Sabbath* he this *Wonder* wrought,
 And has against their *vain Traditions* taught,
 But sure those *Works* for which him *Heav'n* did send
 To this bad *World*, can never *Heav'n* offend.
 All *Holy Works* of *Charity* confess,
 Nor do's from them e'en his great *Father* rest ;
 Nor do's he old *Traditions* blame but where
 With *Laws* divine they *clash* or *interfere* !

Matt. 23.2, 3. For never *man* so *meek*, so *good*, so *kind* ;
 All *Love* himself, all *Love* b' his *Laws* enjoyn'd :
Compassion, *Alms*, *Forgiveness* oft he prest,
 And a *good Life*, true *Faith*'s unfailing *Test*, *
 These the fair *Terms* on which he *Pardon* gave,
 " He came his *People* from their *sins* to save.
 This did he oft his crowding *Audience* tell,
 Now *plain*, now in some lively *Parable*,
 As *ancient Seers* us'd — And, but I fear *
 Already I've too long *detain'd* you here,
 Some of the *Cheif*, I, *Fathers* ! wou'd recite,
 Equally yielding *profit* and *delight* :

Almost they're *angry* at so *short* a *stay* ;
 All, all, they ask, *impatient* of *delay*.
 Th' *Apostle* thus — Then gladly I'll relate
 The *Prodigals Return*, the *Misers Fate* :
 The *Lord* who with his *Servant* did contend,
 His *Cruelty*, and *just* tho' *dreadful end* ;
 The *Widdow* and the *Judge* did *God* nor *Man*
 Regard, the *Pharisee* and *Publican* :

To prove we ought repeated *Pray'r*s to make

660

670

680

690

At

- At Gods high Throne, and no denial take
This Parable did our lov'd Lord declare,
— A Judge there was, no matter when or where:
* Neither on Honour he or Conscience stood,
Grown fat with Bribes, and Orphans Tears, and Blood:
A Widow near him h' had long since bereft
Of her lov'd Lord, and poor and friendless left:
Whom a vexatious Neighbour us'd to wrong,
No help she had besides her Tears and Tongue;
700 No Oyl Advocate her Gold cou'd bribe
To espouse her Cause, no subtle smooth Tongu'd Scribe:
What shou'd she do, worse mischief to prevent?
E'en to the wicked Judge himself she went;
And with loud Outcries close besieg'd his door,
With long Petitions begs he'd help the poor!
There did she everlasting Entry keep,
Nor wou'd in quiet let him eat or sleep:
In vain's she threat'n'd Lash, as much in vain
His Servants drag her thence, she comes again:
710 If in his Robes he to the Bench repair,
Or pays a Visit, or but takes the Air
'Tis still the same, she haunts him every where.
Attends him like his shade, go where he will,
And worries him with Justice, Justice still!
He grieves, he rages, fumes and swears in vain
Sweats, stamps, and rails, she still comes on again.
What's to be done, when he by chance got breath?
Was ever Judge before thus talk'd to death,
T' himself he cries — Altho' I neither care
720 For Man, nor God himself, much less for her,
Her for my own sake I must right, or she,
As many I have done, will murder me:
Good Woman say — What is't that you require?
She ask'd, he gave her all her hearts desire;
Punish'd her Foe, and then, and not before
She rais'd her siege and left his Lordships door.
The moral easie is, and plain in view;
If Importunity so much can do
E'en with the worst of men, if that can sway
730 The Great, and all but Gold it self outweigh;

Luke 18. 1.

If here so strong, it will not less avail'd
In Heav'n's high-Court, nor there of answer fail :
Nor that th' Almighty Judge above can e're
As those below be tyrd with mortal Prayer,
But tho' he's always prone and free to give,
Man is not fit the Blessing to receive
Till his *unweary'd Faith* to *Heav'n* aspire,
And help with ardent humble Vows desire.

7. Then will he aid, for he can aid alone
Rev. 6. 9. Those injur'd Souls who under th' Altar groan;
Justice aboud their guiltless Blood demands; 740
Close by th' All-high full charg'd his Thunder stands:
"Vengeance has lead'n feet, but iron hands."

Rom. 12. 19. Vengeance is God's, his Wisdom tis secures
It cannot but be just; be mercy yours! unless you do
If you'd of *Heav'n* no such requital have

Matth. 18. 24. As that bad Servant whom his Lord forgave?
We beg to hear 't, which thus he did relate.

A Lord of mighty Wealth, and vast Estate
Ten thousand Talents to his Servant lent; 750
Which either he in Luxury mispent,
Or lost by negligence -- As on a day
His Lord by chance did his Accounts survey
And found he neither Int'rest wou'd pay,
Nor Principal, he strait the whole demands,
Nor longer will he trust it in his Hands;
Speechless and pale th' insolvent Servant stands;
Trembling with Guilt and Fear, his Lord displeas'd
Gives order, he and all his House be seiz'd:
Low at his Feet the miserable fell 760
And a short respite begs -- His all he'd sell, yet still
All his Estate, and his Friends bounty try,
Rather than in abhor'd confinement die:
Nor his Petition unsuccessful prove
His Words, and Tears his generous Master move.
Nor wou'd he seize his House, nor him enslave,
But frankly all the mighty Sum forgave:
Thence went th' ungrate, his Fellow-servant met,
A hundred Pence was all his trifling Debt:
Yet grasps him by the Throat, with furious Hands,

770
And

- And every *mite* immediately demands :
Trembling and pale he at his *Feet* did fall,
Begs but a little *Time* he'd *pay him all*.
Ev'n that deny'd he's into th' *Dungeon thrown*:
Whose *Fate* when to his *Fellow-servants known*,
Themselves *concern'd* lest they his *Fate* shou'd share,
They to their Lord th' *unpleasing Tidings bear*,
For him, enrag'd, he the next *moment sent*,
And thus, arriv'd, did his just *anger vent*.
- 780 ---O worst of *Wickeds !* cruel and *ungrate !*
Did I forgive so *vast* a *Sum* so *late*?
And is't so soon *forgot*? such *pity shewn*
To thee *Distress'd*, hast thou for *others none*?
Guards ! without *Pity* drag him hence, and bear,
Repriv'd no more, to th' *Executioner*.
Slav'ry's too little now; him *scourge and bind*
That owns so much a worse than *servile Mind*:
- So justly will my *heavenly Father do*,
So will severely be *reveng'd* on you,
790 Unless you, as becomes my *Foll'wers*, live;
And from the *heart* your *Brother* you *forgive*.
Why can you not this *Worlds* vain *Goods contemn*?
Why are they *Lords of you* while you of them?
On those if all the *happiness* depend
You must expect the cheated *Misers end*:
Who scarce himself his countless *Treasures knew*,
Scarce ever all his own *Demeans* did view;
On ev'ry side cou'd lose his *wilder'd Eye*;
Scarce o'r one half a *panting Kite* cou'd fly,
- 800 But short of *midway rest*.—
His *Bags*, his *Chests* so full, they both ran o'r,
His *Barns* so full, long since they'd hold no more,
High close-pil'd *Stacks*, besides his *Granaries*
In ev'ry corner of his *yard* he sees.
Let the *poor curse*! he hopes 'twill be more *dear*,
Nor will one *handful* sell till the *next year*:
Press'd with thick *clay*, and sunk in *worldly care*,
He none for his *neglected Soul* can spare:
Or fondly thinks, he that might always *please*
- 810 With *fordid Wealth*, or *dull voluptuous Ease*:

For

For this considers deep what course to take,
Resolves new *Houses* and new *Barns* to make:

18. Pull down, says he, those *Hovels* rais'd before ;
Here's not *half-room* for my *increasing store*,
And add me twenty *Bays* of building more ! }
19. Let's treat the *moments* kindly while they stay !

I'll ev'n enjoy my self, and live to day :

Sure I've enough, nor need a *Famine* fear,
Enough for many a long *voluptuous year* !

-- He said, when the same hour his *Fate* is seal'd,

20. Which in loud *Thunder* thus the *All-high* reveal'd :
Ah fool, who fondly dost thy self deceive !
Nor one day more is thine lost wretch ! to live !

Another *cheerful Sun* thou ne'r shalt see,

This very *Night* the *Fiends* shall seize on thee : }
Then whose shall all thy boasted *Treasures* be ? }

Hence for your *Souls* be studious whilst you may ;
Intend their safety while 'tis call'd to Day !

Heb. 3. 13.

They'll ask your utmost diligence and care
To root out *Vice*, and plant each *Virtue* there :

And all this done, to save the *Heav'n-born Soul*

An humble *modesty* must crown the whole :

Luke 17.

10. Pride's the most dang'rous, and the last mistake,
Of *Saints* as well as *Angels*, *Fiends* 'twill make :

The best you do needs an attuning *Friend* ;

Despise not others, nor your selves command,

To fix this *Truth* more deeply, yet attend }

And hear a *Parable* ! -- Two Men there were

Who to the *Temple* went one morn to *Pray'r*,

Luke 18.

A *Pharisee* and *Publican* ; the first

840

10. Who t'other scorn'd, the proudest and the worst :
What dost thou here, he cries, thy *Pray'r*'s in vain :

Touch not my holy *Robes* -- Stand off profane ;

With stately steps then to the *Altar* goes,

And thus, erect, tells *Heav'n* how much it ows :

11. ...O *Israels* God ! aloud I praise thy Name
For such a *Life* as *Envy* cannot blame :

That there shou'd such a *Gulph*, such *Diff'rence* be

Betwixt th' ungodly *carnal World* and me :

That no man e'er I've wrang'd by *Force* or *guile*,

850

Or

Or ever did my Neighbor's Bed defile:
Unblameable my Life by God or Man;
Not like that reprobated Publican!
Each week I set apart two days as thine,
* Which almost equal makes thy Time and mine.
Nor am of those whose wicked boast twou'd be
Of rightful Tithes to wrong thy Priests and thee;
If ought from thence they gain, triumphing more
Than all their less belov'd Lay-Cheats before:

- 860 Not the least Herb which in thy Garden grows,
Not the least Gain which from my Labor flows,
Nought Tithe-free made by Custom or Design:
E'er I dare ever touch the other Nine
I separate the sacred Tenth as thine.

Thus he, with Voice articulate and clear,
Then round him looks in hopes that some did hear:
While thus i'th' outer Court the Publican
With Voice and Eyes submiss to Heav'n began.

- 870 O searcher of all Hearts who know'st me best!
I'm an unworthy Sinner, 'tis confess:
Father of mercy! Mercy I implore
For Sins are past, and Grace to Sin no more!
This humble self-condemning Penitent
Answer'd and pardon'd from the Temple went:
The Pharisee returns as he came in,
Or more confirm'd in Vanity and Sin.

- These he, and many more; but most of all
That of the poor returning Prodigal
Deep fix'd I still retain
880 And were not Day well wasted --- Wast no more
Gamaliel says, more earnest than before
To hear the rest, while Nicodemus cries
Those only wast the Day who lost in Vice
The sliding Hours profusely misemploy
In short-liv'd pleasures and voluptuous joy:
Who while the sliding Hours fly swift away
Fondly themselves beguile, and not the Day:
But who like us their happy moments past
'Tis they, they onl' of Life have a true tast,
890 They use their Time, which others only wast.

But

But pray proceed, those *Parables* recite
 Which mix *Instruction* with so much *Delight*.
 Slip not one word or *passage* careleſs o'r,
 Believe we long to hear it all and more.

Then thus the younger Son of Zebedee :
 Since yet I find I ſhall not tedious be
 At large I'll every *Circumstance* relate,
 In the young *Prodigal's* strange happy *Fate* :

Luke 15.11. A good old *Sire* there was, whom *Age* and *Cares*
 Had bleſt with *Wealth* and crown'd with *silver Hairs* :

900

Two Sons he had, his *ages Prop* and *Pride*
 Who at his *Death* muſt all his *Wealth* divide :
 The *Elder* grave and “careful of the main,
 Enur'd to earn his *Bread* with *sweat* and *pain* ;
 Not ſo the *younger*, whom *profuse* and *vain* *

{

His careful *Father* long with anxious mind
 To *lewdness* and *ill Courses* found inclin'd :

He hated *Work*, but if a *Wake* or *Fair*
 In many a *Mile*, he'd never fail b'ing there :

Above his *business* he, too great and *wise* ;

910

Did long the ſordid *Country Dirt* despise :

What car'd he tho' th' *Old man* did chide and frown,
 So he for a few *Days* but ſaw the *Town* ?

Oft he flew out, and prodigally spent

His own allowance and his *Fathers rent* ;

In vain he, prudent, every Method tries,

To make him quit each darling dang'rous *Vice* ;

Oft begs with delug'd *Cheeks* and flowing *Eyes*,

He wou'd from what muſt prove his *ruin*, part ;

What wou'd he gain to break a *Fathers heart* ?

Inexorably lewd he stops his *Ears*

920

Against his *Words*, or laughs at what he hears :

And thus ungracious answers --- If he fears

To ſee his *ruine*, give him but his share

He'd ſtraiſt be gone, nor longer cause his *care*.

With *Hopes* he might in time grow *wise agen*,

If trav'ling far he *manners* ſaw and *men*,

The *Father* grants his *wish*, his *Portion* gives

Lib'ral and large, which he o'joy'd receives ;

To this his *Mother* adds (her darling, *He*)

930

Gold

Gold, which before the Sun did never see,
980 But rusting close remain'd for many Years ;
With these both give their Blessings and their Tears ;
Tho' neither did he, Graceless, much regard,
But thought th' old Folks, that trouble might have spar'd :
To bid 'em both Farewel, he scarce cou'd stay,
But to some forein Region speeds away : } 13.
Thither arriv'd, rich, young, prophane and gay,
Resolves to taft what e'er the World can give,
And to the height of lawless Pleasure live :
In Masks and Balls, in Gaming, Treats and Plays,
990 In Mirth and Wine, he spent his thoughtless Days ;
Wit, Beauty, Musick, all the World can boast,
Their Forces joyn, and they're a pow'rful Host,
To Charm him theirs.—How did he now despise
His old, his doating Fathers grave advice !
His Brother, who still drudg'd for sordid Pelf !
And how applaud his wise and happy self !
Thus liv'd he till his Bags, exhaustless thought
At first, to their low desp'rare Ebb were brought :
And worse, when thence the last slow Drop h' had drain'd,
1000 O'er all those Realms a dreadful Famine reign'd : } 14.
His Trencher-Friends now no Relief afford,
But drive him from their Houses and their Board :
One only who more Kindness had profess'd, *
And whom h' had more oblig'd than all the rest,
Him entertains, first by himself did seat,
Soon after bids him with his Servants eat ;
Till by degrees he lower did proceed,
And sends him to the Fields his Swine to feed : * } 15.
With them he lives, like them, or worse he fares,
1010 For his allowance narr'wer far than theirs :
On Acorns they, or Wildings richly dine, *
He sighing sits, and envy's e'en the Swine ;
Tho' Hunger gnaws, he wisely did refuse
To steal from them, lest he his Place shou'd lose : } 16.
In this sad Posture when himself he found,
Cold, naked, hungry, fainting on the Ground ;
Pleasures false mists from his deluded Eyes
Remov'd, he views himself, and inward — Sighs ; } 17.

Recalls to mind how *vaſt* the *Gulf*, between
 What now he *was*, and what he once *had been*: 1020
 How oft his *Fathers Plenty* he despis'd,
 When to his *Lust* his *Wealth* he sacrific'd :
 Then thus, his long despairing *Silence* broke,
 With trickling *Tears*, and deep-fetch'd *Sighs*, he spoke :
 ---- Ah *Wretch* ! who didſt thy *Fathers House* despise !

Ah hapless *Youth* ! unwary and unwise !
 Whilſt here for *Want*, I *perish* in despair,
 And only think of *Plenty* reigning there :
 Nor dare I from his *Table* ought desire ;

17, 18, 19. That *Bread* which thoſe partake, who *ſerve* for *hire* 1030

My utmoſt *Wifh*, and thither gladly, I
 Wou'd now return tho' at his *Feet* to die ; }
 At leaſt if *mine* have *ſtrength* enough, I'll try }
 To bear me on ---- With much of *Pain* he rose,
 And by *ſhort Journies*, homeward feebly goes ;
 Of his unhop'd return his *Father* hears,

Up starts the *rev'rend Sire* with joyful *Tears* ;

20. And do's far off in *baſt* to meet him go,
Love wings his *Feet*, his *Age* no longer *flow* :
 See how they *meet* ! How tenderly *embrace* !

What different *Paſſions* reign in eithers *Face* !

Here, with *Compaſſion* mixt, is painted fair,
Ingenuous Love, *Ingenuous Shame* dwells there.

Ibid. Surpriz'd he shou'd ſuch kind *Reception* meet,
 The Son falls trembling at his *Fathers Feet* :

21. Where thus ---- O *Father* ! If you not *disclaim*
 That *long abuſ'd*, that dear, tho' *injur'd Name* ;

If 'tis not yet too late my *Crimes* to grieve,

If either *Hear'n* or *You* can yet *forgive* :

Tho' I to a Sons *Honour* may 'nt alſpire,

That *Title loſt*, O let me *ſerve* for *Hire* !

So may I oft enjoy the *envy'd Grace*,

E'en tho' he *Frown*, to see a *Fathers Face* :

Nothing to this, o'erjoy'd, th' *old Man* replies,

Or if he *speak*, 'tis only with his *Eyes* :

Nothing to him, but to his *Servants* there,

Gives *Order* they his *Festal Robes* prepare ;

Which brought, he in the *richest* and the *beſt*,

1020

1030

1040

1050

With

- With his *own Hands*, did his lov'd *Son* invest :
1060 With this his *Signet* from his *Finger* gave,
A mark of Honour, he no more a Slave : * 23.
Then bids a plenteous *Feast* that *Night* prepare, *
And call his *Friends*, so just a Joy to share :
They crowding came, and the blest Moments spent,
In temp'rate Joy, and harmless Merriment ; 24.
In Songs which *Heav'n* it self did erst inspire,
And Seraphs sing to *David's* royal *Lyre* : * 25.
In modest *Dances*, no Dishonour thought,
When th' *Ark* of *God* to beauteous *Zion* brought. Ibid.
1070 The sober *Glass* with sparkling *Gaza* crown'd, *
Grateful to *God* and *Man*, walks slow and cheerful round : *
Mean while the *Elder* of the *Sons*, who now,
Night hastening on, came sweating from the *Plough*,
Much wonder'd when, the *House* approaching near,
He *Light* did see, and *Songs* and *Musick* hear ; * 26.
The *Cause* inquir'd, a *Servant* thus replies,
With *hast* at once, and *pleasure* in his *Eyes* ;
Your *Brother* whom so long as *lost*, we mourn'd,
In *distant Lands*, this *Evening* is return'd : 27.
1080 For his arrival all this *Joy*'s exprest,
And only you are wanting at the *Feast* ;
Where, with impatience you've expected been —
— Enrag'd the *Brother*, wou'd not enter in : 28.
The *Guests* disturb'd, began to quit their *Seats*,
The *Father* comes, and mildly him intreats :
Still resolute and fierce without he stay'd,
And thus displeas'd did th' old *Sire* upbraid :
— How many a *Year*, still stupidly content,
Have I in your unthankful *Service* spent ? 29.
1090 Slavishly dutiful I've with you stay'd,
Nor ever yet displeas'd or disobey'd ;
Yet never cou'd I yet presented be,
With one small *Kid* t' oblige my *Friends* and me :
But when your hopeful *Son*, your Darling's come
From *Stews* and *Brothels*, stript and naked home ;
For him has all this *Feast* and *Rev'ling* been : 30.
Give me my *Portion* too ! — *I'll not come in.*
— Agen the *Father* mildly thus replies,
Son ! 31.

Son! Why this *Anger* in your *Words* and *Eyes*?
 Thou know'st I only thee my *Heir* design,
 Wait a few *Days*, and all th' *Estate* is thine!
 Why art thou *Angry* then, and *Discontent*,
 At this *small part* upon thy *Brother* spent?
 Why shou'd we not *Rejoyce*, when since his *Birth*,
 There never yet has been such *cause* of *Mirth*?
 Whom giv'n for *dead*, we strangely see *revive*, *
Lost and *despair'd*, again receive *alive*.

Scarce he the lively *Parable* did end, 1110
 When *Chuza* came, our Saviour's *grateful Friend*,
 And wise *Gamaliel's* both, whose *welcom Guest*,
 He often was at the great *Paschal-Feast*:
 Enters with him the *brave Centurion* too,

Luke 7. 5. Their *Benefactor* all our *Nation* knew :
 The first *Endearments* past, when looking round,
 Th' *Apostles* well-known *Faces*, *Chuza* found :
 More pleas'd, he *each Embrac'd*, and tells 'em he,
 Hop'd not to meet so much *good Company*:
 I know, he adds, your blest *Employment* still, 1120
 Is to *perform* and *teach* your *Master's Will*:
 I interrupted your *Discourse*, I fear,
 Which none, than *me*, with greater *Joy* wou'd hear :
 So much my self to that *great Man* I owe,
 You'll highly *Oblige* me if his *Truths* you'll show, }
 Something I know, but more I *wish to know*: }
 Forgive me that I call'd him *Man* before!

For sure his *Godlike Actions* speak him *more* ;
 Around his *Face* mild *Rays* of *Goodnes Shine*,
 His *Life* and *Laws* confess him *All-divine*. 1130
 Say, you who *happy* in his *Bosom* lie,
 If ought of this *tremendous Mystery*,

Ought, which from *Vulgar Ears* is yet conceal'd,
 May be to us, your *Trust* still *safe*, reveal'd ?

Yes, Sir, the Son of *Zebedee* reply'd ;
 We from the harden'd *Crowd* some *Truths* must *hide*, *
 Till more *prepar'd* to hear 'em ; but to *you*
 Rank'd by our Lord among the *favour'd few*,
 And these *good Men*, who tho' they much *discern*,
 From our low *Converse*, not *disdain* to learn ;

1140

I'll

I'll speak, permitted, what from him I heard,
What he in 'Closet-Privacy declar'd;
What in my Breast th' unerring Spirit seals,
And by my acted Tongue to you reveals.

He said—But O! how vast a Change they spy?
What awful Grandeur sparkled in his Eye?
So Truth wou'd look, cou'd she a Body take,
And as like Truth he look'd, like Truth he spake:
Greater he seem'd, and something more than Man;
1150 And thus our Saviour's happy Friend began.

The End of the Fifth Book.

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK V.

14. **S**ome Shepherds to the neighb'ring Towns disclos'd.] As probable a way of his being known as any.

18. *At once instructs and cures.*] So says Beda, *Quoscumque in corpore salvabat, eos pariter & in anima reformabat*, He reform'd their Souls as well as heald their Bodies.

20. *Till lengthening Shadows shew'd declining Day.*] From Virgil's — *Majoresque cadunt de montibus umbræ.*

25. *And thus replies.*] 'Tis a common Scheme of Speech both in the Evangelists and other holy Writers, to introduce Persons *replying* or *answering*, where there's at most only an *involv'd* Question going before. So S. Matth. 11. 25. *Iesus answered and said, I thank thee O Father, &c.* tho we read of no preceding Question or Compellation; an usual *Hebraism*, as *Maldonate* on the places, the Word *My* signifying not only *answering* a Question, but also *beginning* or *continuing* a Speech.

47. *We in an hundred different Troops divide.*] St. Luke 9. 15. *They sat down by fifties in a Company;* an hundred of which fifties there are in five thousand.

49. *By whicb what e'er be please, what e'er be please be makes.*] I don't think changing Substance, to be so great a Wonder as would shock my Faith, had our Saviour ever declar'd he had actually done it in the *Blessed Sacrament*; because we've not only an example of that Nature in Sacred Story, in *Moses's Rod*, but, if I mistake not, Instances on't every day in that *Protens-Matter*. Had our Saviour therefore been *pleas'd* to have chang'd the *Bread* into real *corporeal Flesh*, undoubtedly he might have done it, (as God, in the former Instance, chang'd *Wood* into that Substance.) But still, as a great Man of our Church observes, here's the *Miracle*, that after the *Change*, the thing's still the same that ever twas. At which rate our Saviour might as well have persuaded the People here, that a *Miracle* had been wrought, the *Loaves* multiplied, and their *Hunger* satisfied without giving 'em one *mouthful*; alas, their gross *Senses* were not to be believ'd, this being all Spiritual Food. *Ludolfus* here, has a very odd *Allegory, Mystice*, says he, *per quintos Panes quinti libri Mosis intelliguntur, per duas Pisces Prophetæ & Psalmi.* By the five Loaves are mystically understood the five Books of *Moses*, by the two Fishes, the Prophets and *Psalms*.

61. *Bids us collect the Reliques of the Feast.*] *Grotius in loc. observes,* "That this was more than *Moses* did in the *Manna*, or *Elias* in the *Barrel of Meal*. But *Heinsius*, "That our Lord did this, according to the *use* of the Jews, whose Custom 'twas to reserve their Fragments for the Poor: whence that of Rabbi *Eleazar*, Whosoever

" soever eats without leaving any Fragments must not expect a Blessing. Tho indeed this was expressly forbidden in the *Manna*, where nothing was to be left till the Morning, and all had enough for that Day. And it might be enjoined by *Elijah*, tho not recorded; nor is it very much difference whether our Saviour gave or followed a good Example.

63. *Twelve empty Baskets in the Vessel lay,*

Wherein we Fish from place to place convey.] There are two different Words us'd for what we render *Baskets*, *Kόριντος*, and *κανέλλες*, the former in the Miracle of the five thousand, the latter of the four thousand. These *Kόριντος*, were so famous among the Jews, that their Nation was distinguished by them, as *Grotius* and others: so *Juvinal*, — *Quorum Cophinus Fænumque Supellex*, whose *Basket* and *Hay* were all their Household-stuff, and — *Cophino Fænoque relicto*. The Word being changed from *Greek* to *Latin*, and perhaps further, into our *English Coffin*. These twelve Baskets then seem to be the proper Goods of the twelve Apostles, serving 'em either for the conveyance of Fish, or as a kind of *Sea Chests*, to hold all their Necessaries. The *κανέλλες*, Dr. *Hammond* thinks, were a larger sort of *κάριντος*, since one of 'em was big enough to hold a Man, *S. Paul* being let down from *Damascus*, *κανέλλη*, in a *Basket*, we render it, *Act. 9. 26.* our Word not noting a limited Capacity, but only the kind of the Vessel.

83. *A greater Army we, — Than join'd at Modin the brave Maccabee.*] *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 12. cap. 8.* says, those who join'd *Matthias* were no more at first than the Inhabitants of the small Village of *Modin*, and even when his Son *Judas* came against the Army of *Antiochus*, under *Gorgias* and *Nicanor*, consisting of forty thousand Foot and seven thousand Horse, he had no more than three thousand Men, and those raw and badly arm'd. *Cap. 11.* of the same Book.

98. *A place remote, where oft be us'd to pray,*
Wall'd on the sides as Custom is. —] I take that passage in *S. Luke 6. 12.* where 'tis said our Lord continued all Night in Prayer to God, εἰ τὴ περιστέχει τὸ δῶμα, to relate to the Place even more immediately than the Action, according to the Notion of *Druſias*, Dr. *Hammond*, Mr. *Mede*, and other learned Men, who think this εἰ τὴ περιστέχει τὸ δῶμα, ought to be translated, in the *Proseucha*, Prayer-house, or Oratory of God. The Fashion of which *Oratories* Mr. *Mede* describes from *Epiphanius*, after whom I have copied. His Conjecture he makes more probable by *Philo's*. ἐδυτικόπολις, the *Alexandrians* cutting down the Trees of the Jewish *Proseucha's* or *Oratories*: and the same is probable from that Comparison of *David*, *I am like a green Olive-tree in the House of my God.*

104. *Here stay'd alone till Night began to wear.*] The περίητη φύλαξ or fourth Watch of the Night, among the Jews, was undoubtedly near day; but the Phraſe δῆλα ηραγής is here us'd, *S. Matth. 14. 23.* When the Evening was come he was there alone. 24. *But the Ship was tossed.* 25. *And in the fourth Watch of the night, &c.* Now the same word δῆλα is used v. 15. When it was Evening. Dr. *Hammond* thus reconciles these Places, " That the Word δῆλα, is taken in different Sences, sometimes " for the precise Evening or Sun-set, at others Synecdochically for the whole Night, " as Morning for the Day. So in *Moses*, the Evening and the Morning were the first Day, a natural Day of twenty four Hours. Thus, in the first place, 'tis to be taken for the precise Evening or Sun-set, in the latter for the whole Night: to which might be added, (if any thing can be after Dr. *Hammond*) that the second δῆλα may be at a great diſtance from περίητη φύλαξ, see v. 23. " When the Evening was come, our Saviour was alone in the Mountain Praying; which must take up some time, as it did, we know, whole Nights together: then v. 24. The Ship was in the Sea, and not till 25. In the fourth Watch of the night Jesus went unto them, &c.

111. *And now shrill Cocks foretold th' Approach of Day.*] Either some they had a *Ship board*, or, if not so well laid in, from the neigb'ring Shores, since it appears on comparing the Evangelists, that the other Side, to which our Saviour ordered 'em to row, was only croſs a ſmall Arm or Creek of that ſmall Sea, compare *S. Matth. 14. 22.* with *S. Mark 6. 45.*

120. *Nor could two Glasses more expect to live.*] Some may object, I make the
Disciples

Disciples better Seamen than they really were, and introduce 'em talking more *Ship-shape*, as the Sailors call it; but the same Objection lies fuller against *Virgil*, whose amphibious *Heroes* are as good at *Sea* as at *Land Service*, being grown excellent *Seamen* as soon as ever put a *Ship-board*; whereas my Sailors were bred to it, probably from their very *Cradles*: nay they might have *Glasses* too: for we read of the *fourth Watch of the Night*, and how should they know one *Watch* from t'other, had they not *Glasses* to distinguish 'em, in the same manner with our modern *Navigators*.

162. *The sounding Beach.*] I took the Epithet of *sounding*, partly from *Homer's* πολυφροσύνη, tho indeed he uses it of the *Sea*, not the *Beach*; partly from Observation, the *Sea* or *Shore*, which you please, making a great Noise when the Pebbles are roll'd or trail'd along by the Motion of the *Water*, especially in a *Storm*.

165. *O'er sweet Hermon.*] *Hermon* was East of *Jordan* and the *Sea of Galilee*, *Deut.* 4. 47, 48. They possessed their land (of *Sidon* and *Og*) on this side *Jordan* (the *Wilderness* side, where this Book must therefore be written) toward the *Sun-rising*, from *Aroer*, which is by the *Bank of the River Arnon*, even unto *Mount Sion*, (70. the *Mount of Sion*) which is *Hermon*.

180. *So when their way a Flight of Locusts takes
From Lubim's wild and Chelonidian Lakes ;
While Mizraim's Sons their sacred Ox implore,*

And trembling see the Plague wide hover'ring o'er, &c.] All Authors who write of *Africa*, observe, that those Deserts produce vast Armies of these destructive *Creatures*, a People there called the Ἀκεδόπαιοι, or *Locust-Eaters*, taking their Names from making *Reprizals* upon 'em, and devouring them, because they have left 'em nothing else to eat. See the *Scholia* on *Dionysius*, v. 559, 560. *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, and several of the Antients, (as *Ludolfus* since) and others quoted by *Bochart*, *Lib.* 4. *Cap.* 3. give us their Description and History; that learned Man deriving one of their *Arabian* Names, *Alhabsan*, from *Habessinia*, a part of *Afric*, which they seldom fail to visit, being brought thither, by Winds, from those vast sandy Tracts of Ground that lie South and West, in which are the *Chelonidian* Fenns, *Chelonides Paludes*, in the Geographer, by a continual Stream discharging themselves into the *Niger*. Now the same South or West Winds which brought them from the *Wildernes*, might carry 'em on to *Egypt*; *Bochart* being of Opinion, the *Egyptian Locusts* came from this Country: tho I rather believe they took not so long a Journey, being born from the Happy *Arabia*, East of *Egypt*, and where enough of 'em are often found to supply all their Neighbours, the *Arabians* being but too well acquainted with them, and their Writers giving a more particular description of them than any others. It may not be unpleasant to instance but in one, because of his odd Easterly-way of Expression, who complains of their molesting 'em at their very *Tables*; he is quoted by *Bochart*, in his *Locusta*, in these Words, " Said *Algesen* the Son of *Aly*, we were sitting at the Table, I and my Brother *Mahumed* the Son of *Alchanaphia*, and the Sons of my Uncle *Abdalla*, and " *Kethem*, and *Alphidal*, the Sons of *Alibas*, and a *Locust* lit upon the Table in " the middle of us, &c. However the *Bochart's* Conjecture mayn't here hold, because 'tis said 'twas a רוח קריַת, an *East-Wind* that brought these Locusts, for which reason they must rather come from *Arabia* which lies *East*, than *Ethiopia* which is *South* from *Egypt*; yet they may be, and are frequently carry'd thither from *Abyssinia*, by thole South and West Winds, which often bring 'em from the Cape, or the Deserts of *Mount Atlas*. For that Expression, *The Plague wide hovering.*] 'Tis agreeable to what Historians deliver of the vast flights of these *Locusts*, which sometimes obscure the Sun, and darken large Tracts of Ground, two of their Names, חנגב and צלצל, being deriv'd, by *Bochart*, from such Roots as imply *Veiling* and *Darknes*; further affirming out of *Cadamaeus*, that they sometimes reach for twelve Miles together. And *Surius* says, " That even in *Poland*, Anno 1541. " a Cloud of 'em appear'd two Miles in length, and hindred the *Light* of the Sun " from all that Tract of Ground, over which they flew.

383. *So when the West-wind clears their Reedy Shore, &c.*] *Exod.* 10. 19. *The Lord turned*

turn'd a mighty strong West Wind, which took away the Locusts, and cast them into the Red Sea. I call it Reedy Shore, because that Sea is stil'd in the Hebrew, Jam Zuph, the reedy, sedgy, or flaggy Sea; from the Multitude of Flags and Weeds which grow in it, as well as on its Bank; "Tho never so many ill Weeds there, says Fuller after his way, " as when the Egyptians were drown'd in it.

185. *Precipitating in th' Arabian Deep.]* The Red-Sea, of which see more Lib. 6. is also called by Dionysius and others, Κόπτης Ἀραβίας, the Arabian Gulf, (now Mare de Mecca) from its washing the Shores of Arabia. This is the usual end of those Creatures, as Pliny, S. Jerome, and others; I'll only instance in Sigebert, even in our own Countrey, who tells us in his Chronicle, "That after a parcel of these Tartarian Travellers had made a stragling Visit into Europe, and put all France under Contribution (or rather Military Execution) they were at last all carried away by a Blast of Wind, and drown'd in the British Ocean, in such vast numbers, that being thrown up again on the Shores, their putrified Bodies infected the Air, and brought a terrible Pestilence, which destroyed an incredible number of Men.

191. *Under a gentle Gale their Oars they ply'd — The Wind veer'd round to West.]* The Gale must be gentle, otherwise they could not have us'd their Oars. It must be to West, or somewhere in that point, for their convenient and speedy Passage over to the East or North East side of the Lake, to Chorazin and Capernaum, whither our Saviour went after his Landing, it being the Place of his usual Abode, *vid. St. John 6. 24.* Tho they might well be surpriz'd to find him there so soon in the Morning, knowing his Disciples went away without him, it being at least fourteen or fifteen Miles from the Mountain of Miracles, supposing it to be South of Bethsaida, where 'tis generally plac'd, round to Capernaum; the Sea being, according to Josephus, fourteen or fifteen Miles long, and six or seven broad, and this Journey containing about half the Length, and all the Breadth of it, besides the Loss of Way by Creeks and Turnings. I lay Chorazin and Capernaum, because they lie near together, being joined together by a Bridge, in Fuller's Maps, like Southwark and London; both of which Places, according to our Saviour's Prophecy, now lie buried in Dust and Ruines; the Pilgrim, who saw 'em, telling us, that even Capernaum itself is now nothing but three or four little Fishing-Cabins near the Lake.

221. *For Angels Food they long.]* It seemes the Jews desired our Lord to give 'em Manna, which they tacitly beg, *St. John 6. 31.* and more plainly *v. 34.*

263. *Joseph the Carpenter has oft work'd here.]* I know the Word τέκτων, as well as *Faber* in the Latin, has a larger signification than our English *Carpenter*, and some of the Fathers were of Opinion, that *Joseph* was *Faber-Ferrarius*, a *Blacksmith*, as he's called in the Hebrew *Gospel* of *St. Matthew*; but the greater stream of Writers goes the other way, supposing him a *Carpenter*: thus *Justin Martyr*, who affirms that our Lord himself did make *Ploughs* and *Yokes*, and indeed he is called τέκτων, *St. Mark 6. 3.* and therefore, it may be presumed, actually wrought at his Father's Trade. And to the same purpose the famous Answer of the Christian to the scoffing Heathen. As for *Joseph's working at Capernaum*, I confess 'tis my own Addition, tho probable enough; for if he were a *Good Workman*, as I know not why I may n't suppose him, he might be sent for from *Nazareth* thither, not above some twelve Miles distant.

264. *His Mother Mary, his Relations near.]* These Relations of our Lord, call'd his Brethren in Holy-Writ, according to the Jewish way of speech, seem to be no more but his Cousin-Germans, or Sons of his Mother's Sister; for she that's called the Mother of James and Joses, *St. Mark 15. ult.* and *16. 1.* is stiled *Mary* the Wife of Cleopas and Jesus's Mother's Sister, *St. John 19. 25.* For which reasons there's no need of taking the famous ιως ἀν, in that same sence with *Helvidius* and his Followers: not but that I think full as bad Arguments are made use of, even by some of the Fathers, and by *Walker*, and other Moderns, to prove the perpetual *Virginity*. To instance in that *Ezek. 44. 2.* *This Gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, &c.* tho they might as well have prov'd it from *Gideon's Fleece*, or the *Bush* in *Horeb*, both of which *Vida* makes Types of the Blest Virgin, *Hæc Virgo est rubus ille, &c.* and it's a wonder none of her zealous *Idolizers* ha'n't all this while found out that

Text in the following *Ezek. 46. 3.* to enforce her *Adoration, The People of the Land shall worship at the door of this Gate before the Lord*; the same *East-Gate*, as appears on comparing the places. This, I say, might, in my judgment, be as properly and decently urg'd for her *worship*, as the other for the purpose to which 'tis brought. The best on't is, this *Matter of Fact* can be no Article of Faith, either of one side or t'other, since nothing's said on't in Scripture. For which reason it should seem 'twas only a piece of *Monkish Zeal* that made *Helvidius*'s mistaken Opinion a *down-right Heresie*: an Extremity those ill *natur'd Hermits* were driven upon out of an abundant Caution for their darling *Doctrine of Abstinence* in those matters, in which many of 'em seem more than *half-Gnosticks*, or *Priscillianists*, if not akin to those mad Hereticks, the *Valesii* and *Severiani*, of whom *Eusebius, Eccl. Hist. lib. 4. cap. 27.* and *Epiphanius, Heres. 58.*

287. *An hidden secret Sence my Words imply.] St John 6. 63. It is the Spirit that quickneth, the Words that I speak unto you they are Spirit, &c.*

289. *Now this can their false Prejudice prevent.] It seems plain, that the Jews understood our Saviour's Words, *I am the Bread of life*, in a gross, carnal, literal Sence, sounding to *Transubstantiation*; which Mistake our Saviour endeavours to rectifie, but they continued obstinate, and would not give him leave to understand his own Words.*

307. *I know the Wretch who will his Lord betray.] v. 64. Jesus knew from the beginning who should betray him.* This being a wonderful Instance of his *Humiliation and Submission to the Divine Will*, that in obedience unto it, he chose such a Person for one of his Family, as he knew from the very first wou'd prove a Traitor.

310. *Soon will be with base Slanders me accuse, — Soon will the Fiend, &c.]* I take the Word *ἀδελφός* here, *one of you*, namely *Judas, is a Devil*, in the largest sense, as 'tis used in the Sacred Writings, answerable to the Hebrew, *וְעַד*, which signifies, as Dr. *Hammond* and *Grotius*, among other things, an *Adversary in Foe*, a Delator, an Informer, an Accuser, especially a false Accuser; so here, *ἀδελφός*, says one, is as much as *qui deferet me apud Principes*, One that will accuse me to the *Elders*. But I understand it in a yet stronger Sence. *He is a Devil*, that is, our Saviour saw he was already given up to the Power of the *Evil Spirit*, who would, at the *last Supper*, enter into him, tempting him to betray his Master; and indeed, without some such Diabolical Instigator, 'tis hard to suppose any thing humane could be capable of such a piece of *Villany*.

315. *What in Thought — I scarce could track, each mighty Wonder wrought.] Agreeable to St. John's Hyperbole, St. John 21. 25. And many other things did Jesus, which if they should be written every one, I suppose the World would not be able to contain the Books that should be written.*

337. *A rich and powerful Lord, Chuza his Name.] Lightfoot, Walker, and others, think that the Nobleman, St. John 4. 46. whose Son was sick at *Capernaum*, was no other than that *Chuza* the Husband of *Joanna*, who ministered to our Saviour and his *Apostles*, St. Luke 8. 3. which Opinion I follow, for reasons, which will be plain in Lib. vi.*

370. *He saw, and lov'd, and won her for his Bride.]* The Courtship, I confess, should, in decency, have taken up more time; but that I've greater Busines on my hands, and must therefore omit that Formality.

391. *That through the Galilean Coasts, — Our Lord was seen returning.] St. John 4. 43. After two days, he departed thence, (from the Coasts of Samaria) and went into Galilee.*

398. *When near small Jiphthael's Streams, our Lord be'd found.]* A Brook of that name in Galilee, the same, I think, with *Sibor-Libanus*.

453. *To bridle bot Capernatum's Youth.]* The Centurion being fixed in this place, there seems little doubt, but that 'twas a Station of the Romans, of whom there was need enough in that factious Country of Galilee, whereof *Capernaum* was one of the most considerable Places, if not the *Metropolis*.

472. *Near where Callirhoe's Streams, &c.] Josephus describes these Waters, both in his Antiq. lib. 8. cap. 17. and in Bell. Jud. lib. 7. cap. 25. He says, " They arise about Machærus,*

" *Machærus*, from two Springs of contrary Natures, one hot and sweet, the other cold and bitter; which meeting together, have many excellent Virtues, giving Help, both by drinking and bathing, for several Diseases: tho' *Herod the Great* try'd em in vain, by the Advice of his Physicians, they being like to kill instead of curing him. These Waters are so plentiful, that they not only run off, but make a fair Current, or *River*, on whose Banks, stood the antient City *Lasha*, afterwards *Callirhoe*, whence the Baths themselves are named, being stiled by *Josephus*, the Baths of *Callirhoe*, as our *Tunbridge-Waters* take their Name from the Town, tho' tis some Miles distant from them.

488. *With ill directed Prayers, devoutly made.*] From Cowley's, *With good and pious Prayers directed ill.*

490. *Vows he'd a Cock.*] A noted Sacrifice to *Aesculapius*; I suppose, because while a *Mortal Quack*, the Good Women us'd to present him with a *Pullet* or *Cock-kill*, now and then for a *Fee*.

492. *But the poor Marble Idol, &c.*] *Aesculapius* his first Seat was at *Epidaurus*, thence, in a great Plague, his Godship was sent for to *Rome*, or the *Devil* in his stead, for *Ovid* says, a great Serpent appear'd in the Ship that was sent to fetch him thither. But above all their foolish Gods, I wonder what good Wife first deified the Son of this *Aesculapius*, I mean *Machaon*, who, it seems, got a List among the Stars for nothing less than inventing the most excellent Art of *Tooth-drawing*.

513. *Jairus for him and other Friends implore.*] St. Luke 7. the Centurion sent the Elders of the Jews; the Rulers of their Synagogues were chosen out of these Elders; one of these Rulers was *Jairus*, with whom undoubtedly the Centurion was intimate, since he himself had built the Jews a *Synagogue*.

565. *Or at the lovely Balsom Gardens nigb.*] For which the Jews quarrelled with the Romans, vid. *Joseph*.

584. *Soon did tb' Old Man the joyful Tidings know.*] In the History thus, *Be of good comfort, for behold he calls thee.*

597. *A thick and churlish Skin.*] I suppose it a sort of a *Catarract*.

608. *Nor ever saw, till then, the cheerful Light.*] He was born *Blind*, and therefore his Cure such a Miracle, as *Grotius* observes, as was unanswerable, after all the Cavils of the Jews.

625. *Whence them be self-condemn'd and blushing sent.*] St. John 8. 9. *being convicted by their own Conscience they went out, &c.*

629. *'Twas at the famous Pool, well known to all — Jerusalem.*] 'Tis hardly to be supposed so remarkable a thing could be unknown to any about *Jerusalem*, any more than that St. *John*, who was an *Eye-witness* of all, would invent such a Story, had it not been true; especially when the *Circumstance* related not to the Honour of his *Master*: our *Lightfoot*, I think, gives the most probable Reason for the Silence of the *Jewish Writers* in this matter; namely, " That the wonderful Virtue of these Waters, might be reckon'd as a sign of the *Messiah's Coming*; *Miracles* being expected as a Token of his *Reign*, for which Reason, he thinks, the *Rabbies* never mention it.

635. *You know from Heav'n some courteous Angel brings.*] That 'twas a real *Angel*, not the *Priest's Boy*, which wrought these Miracles, *Grotius* brings these following Arguments, " 1. 'Twas done at a certain set time. 2. All Diseases were cured. 3. The Waters were first to be moved, whereas in natural Cures they must be calm. As for the first and last of these Arguments, the odd *Hypothesis* which a very excellent Person stumbled upon, in relation to this matter, absolutely precludes them; but the second, I think, is unanswerable; he endeavours indeed to avoid it, explaining all Diseases by *some*, the Word *whatsoever* there denoting, as he thinks, a *limited Universality*, referring to the Diseases after-mentioned, the *Blind*, *Halt*, *Witber'd*, &c. But neither will this do, for tho' there may be a kind of a Virtue, in the Remedies he mentions, against *Lameness*, I believe 'tis a new discovery that they're good against *Blindness* too.

668. *Nor does he old Traditions blame, but where, &c.*] He bids his Disciples,

Whatever the Pharisees commanded, that to observe and do; that is, undoubtedly, in Cases indifferent, since he was very severe against 'em, as in the busines of Corban, where they made God's Word of none effect by their own Traditions.

673. *And a good Life, true Faith's unfailing Test.]* From that of our Saviour, *re are my Friends, if ye do whatever I command you.*

677. *Now in some lively Parable — As ancient Seers us'd.]* Those who would know the difference between the θεοῖς and μαρτυρίαι of the Antients, wherein consisted all their Wisdom; and the parts of the θεοῦ, the περὶ τοῦ, and ἀνθρώπους, may consult Grotius on St. Matt. 13. These Parables, Apologues, Similitudes, or Fables, were much used by the Eastern Nations, especially the Syrians, and those of Palestine; who, as St. Jerome observes, seem to have a particular Genius for them.

694. *Neither on Honour be, or Conscience stood.]* The same with, *He feared not God, nor regarded Man.*

750. *Ten thousand Talents to his Servant lent.]* Which, unless I'm out in my Calculation, supposing the Talent but Silver, is, three Millions seven hundred and fifty Thousand Pound.

843. *Touch not my Holy Robes.]* His Fringes and Phylacteries, and some wore a huge Flapping Hat besides.

855. *Which almost equal makes thy time and mine.]* The Jews fasted Mondays and Thursdays; from a Tradition among them, as Drusius has it, that Moses went up to Mount Sinai on a Monday, and came down on a Thursday.

905. *Not so the Younger, who profuse and vain.]* Grotius justly observes, that among all our Saviour's Parables, this seems to be the most excellent, adorn'd with the finest Colours, and full of the liveliest Passions, “ appositum, says he, in Junc. ‘‘ ore ponitur Exemplum depravati Ingenii, Youth having generally less Wisdom and more Passion than other Ages.

Ibid. *Not so the Younger, who profuse and vain.]* By profuse I would express the ζαρδόντως, living prodigally, lewdly, vainly, or naughtily, nequiter, which Grotius thinks exactly hits the Greek ζαρδόντως, after which, v. 14. 'tis said, *He began to be in Want, οὐαγέντος,* which, methinks, from the notation of the Word, should be translated to run behind hand, or run out, as we usually say.

1004. *One only who more Kindness had profess'd.]* I confess, I thought this might have been some good Substantial Citizen, of his former Acquaintance; but Ludolfus, on those Words *Civi se adjunxit, (ἐκσύνησεν,* was a sort of a Hanger on) tells us, “ by this Citizen was meant the Devil, the Inhabitant of the Kingdom of Darkness, and the Shadow of Death.

1008. *And sends him to the Fields, his Swine to feed.]* Quo nullum vilius Ministerium, says Bochart de Porcis. Who also tells us, out of Donatus, that there were three sorts of Pastors among the Antients, *Bubulci,* our Cowherds, from whence the *Bucolics,* now the name for all *Pastoral;* the *Opiliones,* our proper Shepherds, the chiefest Subjects of our *English Pastoral,* tho' I think least of the Greek; the *Caprarii,* or Goat-herds, famous with the Grecians. But of *Swinberds* there's no mention, either in *Theocritus* or *Virgil;* tho' what's greater, Grandsire Homer has made *Eumeus* immortal who was *Swinberg* to *Ulysses,* vid. *Odyss. lib. 22.*

1111. *On Acorns they or Wildlings.]* There's much dispute what's meant by these *μεγάλα,* which we render Husks, the Latin *Siliquas.* Some think 'em the Shells or Husks of Beans, Pease, or such Pulse, which pleases not Bochart, because he lays, out of *Theophrastus*, those are not called *μεγάλα,* but *λίκεια.* Others make them the Fruit of the *Caroub,* or *Wild Fig-tree.* But leaving the Learned to agree among themselves, I take a new way of my own, feeding 'em with *Acorns* and *Crabs,* as probable in it self as either of the other.

1061. *A mark of Honour, be no more a Slave.]* A Ring was a mark of Liberty and Ingenuity with the Romans, and Wealth and Honour in the Eastern Nations, vid. Gen. 41.42. and St. James 2.2.

1062. *Then bids a noble Feast, that Night provide.]* The *μόρις αἰρτρός,* the fatted Calf, may be put, in the *μεγάλια* of this Parable, for all sorts of Dainties, in the

the *avlāmōdōs*, Maldonat says, all Interpreters agree that our *Saviour* is thereby intended.

1067. *And Seraphs sing to David's Royal Lyre.*] David's Psalms were sung in the Temple, where the Angels were present.

1070. *The Sober Glass, with sparkling Gaza crown'd.*] We are not to suppose they made a *Dry-Feast*; but that when they had *Musick* and *Dancing*, they had a Glass of *Wine* too; which sure was *innocent*, if a sober one: as honest *Theognis* says bluntly,

Οἴνον τα πίνειν πελῶς, κρύον, οὐδὲ πε αὐτόν
Πίνη δημαρθνώς, εἰ κρύος, ἀλλ' αγαθός.

1071. *Grateful to God and Man.*] To God in Sacrifices, *Judg. 9. 13.* and *Num. 28. 14.*

1075. *He Lights did see.*] Coming from work, it must be now the Evening, and Lights in the House, tho, I suppose, not like our Illuminations.

Ibid. *And Songs and Musick beard.*] We read, *Musick and Dancing*, in the Original, *Çυρωνίες καὶ χορῶν*. *Camerō, exultantem Cætum*, or *concentris Cætus Carmina*.

1108. *Whom given for dead.*] Those are called *vixi*, dead, in the Holy Scriptures, who are lost in Vice, or *dead* in Trespasses and Sins. So *Philo* defines the Death of the Soul, the Destruction of Virtue; and *Pythagoras*, as *Hammond* on the Place, was wont to erect *Cenotaphs*, or *empty Tombs*, for those that left him.

1136. *We from the hardned Crowd some Truths must bide.*] *Jesus spake in Parables for the Hardness of their Hearts.* vid. *Hammond* on *St. Matt. 8. Not. b.*

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Sixth BOOK.

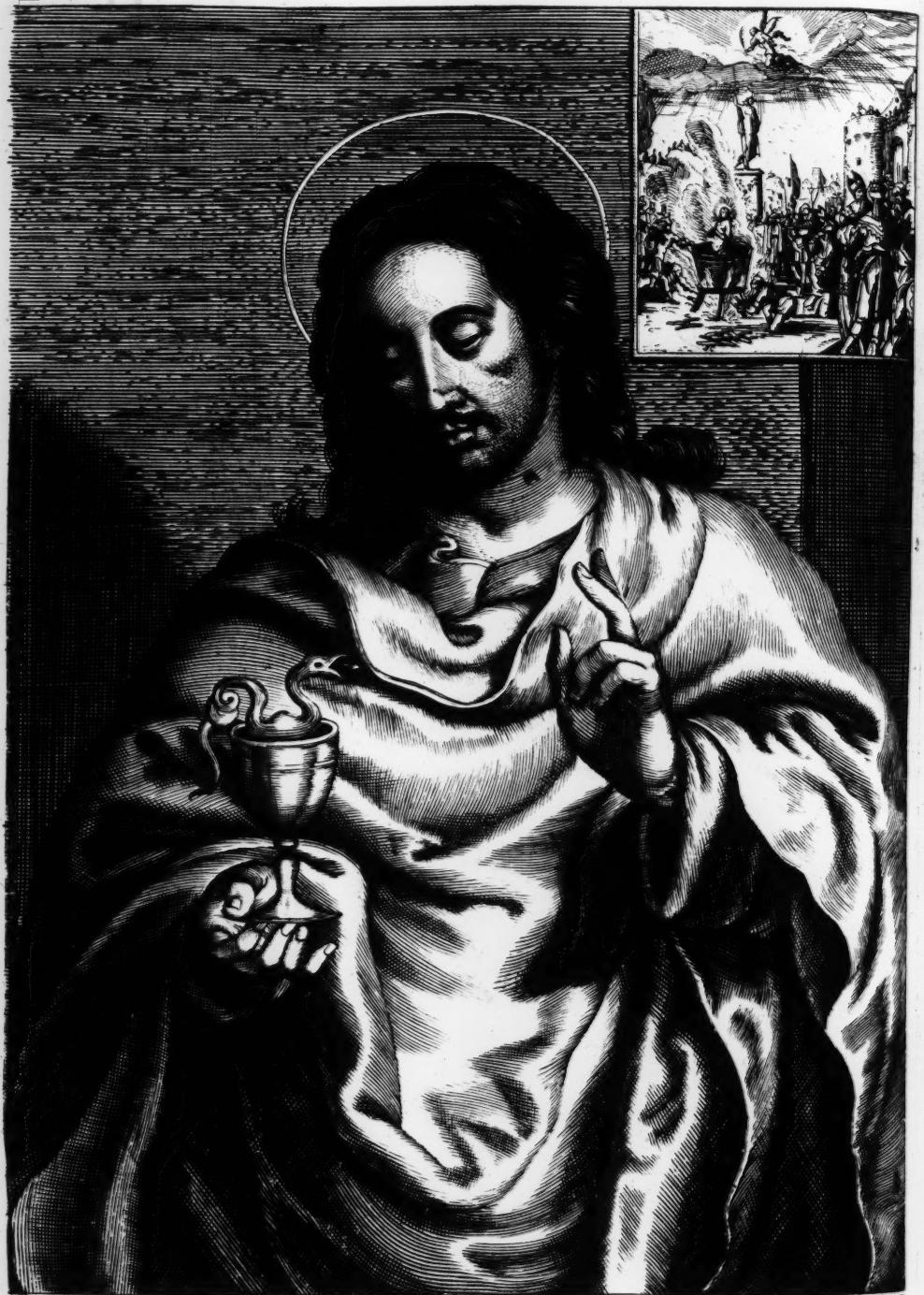
ST. John, in a Pindarique Ode, asserts the Divinity and Eternity of our *Saviour*, as he has done in his *Gospel* and *Epistles*; describing the Trinity in the greatest part of the three first Stanza's; the Creation of the World by the Son in the fourth; the Fall and Restitution in the fifth and sixth; Proving our *Saviour's* Existence before his Birth, by his appearing to, and conversing with, the Patriarchs in humane Form, in the seventh; and like an Angel with the Israelites in the eighth; further, in the ninth, proving him to be God by *Isaiah's Vision and Prophecy*; and that he, some way or other, enlightens all Men, in the tenth; as he is the Divine Word, and Eternal Essential Reason.

The Centurion appears surpriz'd at his Discourse, thinking he had been deeply read in the Platonic Philosophy, the Sibyls, &c. and wondring to find so much Learning among the Jews, whereas they were represented, both by Grecian and Roman Historians, as a mean

mean and ignorant People. Gamaliel sets him right, and tells him, that tho' twas true, what the Disciples knew, was miraculous; yet the Jews, not only had all parts of Philosophy among them, but that they were also the first Learned Men in the World, and both the Grecian and Roman Antiquities originally came from them. Of which the Roman appearing very diffident, Gamaliel instances more particularly, and proves the Heathens had their very Gods, their History and Poetry, and other Learning from the Eastern Nations, as they from the Jews; beginning his Discourse on that Subject with a Disquisition concerning the first Rise of Idolatry, and ending it with Praises of the Ancient Poetry, which Linus and Orpheus first brought from Phoenicia into Greece; adding, that even as far down as their own Ovid, their Poets borrowed their Matter from the Hebrew Prophecies and Histories. The Centurion owns himself convinc'd with the Reasonableness of his Assertions, and Clearness of his Evidence, only thinks he is too severe against all the World besides his own Nation, on the account of their Image-Worship; which, tho' himself had left, he had yet more Charity for those that us'd it, pleading, the very Images were not worship'd, but the supreme God by them, and urging all the common Shifts, made use of on that Topic. All which Gamaliel answers, and closes his Argument with the second Command, wheren all such Worship was expressly, and unanswerably condemn'd. The Roman rejoins, that it's not fair to bring Scripture against them, when they themselves wo'n't abide by it, as the perfect and only Rule of Faith and Life, the Pharisees not only equalling their Traditions with it, but exalting 'em against it. To this Gamaliel replies, He'll dispute no further on that Head, but if they desired to hear what could be said in defence of Traditions, he had a Pupil eager enough for 'em, and learn'd above his Age, and, if twere possible to be done, able to defend them, and whom he'd call in for that Purpose. On their agreeing to his Proposal, and St. James's undertaking to manage the Dispute, Paul of Tarsus enters, warmly urging the Common Arguments for Tradition and Infallibility, against the Scriptures, and Judgment of Discretion or Private Reason, which St. James answers, and withal prophecies, that he himself shall become as strenuous a Defender, as now he was a forward Opposer of the Christian Faith. After he has left the Room in a Rage, Chuza, being pleas'd with the Discourses he has already heard, and finding some of the Sadducees Opinions and Arguments, which he could not yet well answer, desires Liberty to propose them, in order to his intire satisfaction in those Matters: and, Leave obtain'd, produces their received Tenets and Arguments against immaterial Substances, the Resurrection, and future Punishments and Rewards; to which Joseph of Arimathea and Gamaliel return him satisfactory Answers. After which St. Peter subjoins other Proofs, taken from our Saviour's Miracles and Discourses, and that they had not only heard him assert there were Evil Spirits, but had seen him cast them out; concluding with the Parable of Dives and Lazarus. Which ended, the Company breaks up, and the three Disciples return to our Saviour.

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S.^t IOANNES.

THE
L I F E
O F
C H R I S T :
A N
Heroic Poem.

B O O K VI.

I.

*  O E ! th' *Eternal Word* I sing,
 Whose great *Spirit* my *Breast* in- John 1.
 spire !
 Whilst I touch the sounding *string*,
 Tune, some *Angel* ! Tune my
Lyre !

Rise, my *Eagle-Soul* ! arise !
 Mount and mean thy *Native Skies*,
 And view th' *eternal Sun* with thy *ambitious Eyes* !
 (If once direct his *Glories* on me *shin'd*,
 How gladly wou'd I be for ever *Blind* ?)

10 Let thy first bold *Essay* be,

What

What wou'd employ Eternity,
 To sing the Father of the World and Thee :
 — In the beginning of his endless now,
 Before this beauteous World was made,
 Before the Earths Foundations laid,
 Before th' officious Angels round his Throne did bow ;
 He was, he ever is, we know not how.
 No mean Succession his Duration knows, *
 That Spring of Being neither ebbs nor flows :
 No Point can mortal Thought assign,
 In his interminable Line,
 Nor our short Compass meet the Circle All-divine.

1020

1030

II.

Whatever was, was God, e'er Time or Place ; *
 Endless Duration he, and boundless Space :
 Fill'd with himself, whereever Thought can pierce
 He fill'd, himself alone the Universe.
 One undissolv'd, nor ceases to be One,*
 Tho' with him ever reigns th' eternal Son.
 In his eternal Mind conceiv'd,
 Not to be argu'd, but believ'd.*
 Down goes my Reason, if it dares Rebel,
 As the ambitious Angels sunk to Hell.
 Ineffable the way, for who
 Th' Almighty to Perfection ever knew ?
 But he himself has said it, and it must be true.
 The Fathers Image he, as great, as bright,
 Cloth'd in the same unsufferable Light ;
 More closely joyn'd, more intimately one
 With his great Father, than the Light and Sun.*
 Equal in Goodness, and in Might,
 True God of God, and Light of Light :
 Him, with the Father we adore ;
 There is no After, or Before. *
 Equal in their Existence have they been,
 Nor ever did the Son begin ;
 No room for one short Moment, or bold Thought between.

1040

1050

III. The

III.

The Father lov'd the Son, the Spirit came

From their conspiring mutual Flame,

From both proceeding, yet with both the same.

50 Equal to th' Father and th' eternal Word,

The eternal God, th' eternal Lord,

With equal Reverence his Great Name ador'd.

One God, for what's supreme can be but one:

* Three more then Names, the Father, Spirit and Son.

Triad and Monad both, where Faith may find

What strikes Philosophy and Nature blind,

* Three Great self-conscious Persons, One self-conscious Mind.

Who made the World is God, and he

Who made all Time must needs Eternal be.

60 * This by the Spirit did the Son,

The Fathers Will by both was done,

* As was resolv'd i'th' Consult of the great Three-One;

High on his Throne with dazzling Glory crown'd

Sate the Allgood, Alwise,

And with his piercing Eyes.

Surveys wide fields of nothing round,

Privations airy Realms, and Waft profound.

To his lov'd Son ay-reigning by his side

With equal Glory dignify'd,

Let's make a World he cry'd!

* Those fair Idea's be express'd

Retain'd in our Almighty Breast.

This, mild, no sooner said

His ready Son, his lov'd Commands obey'd.

IV.

And first the Heav'ns he built

Gen. 1.

Not those above we see

So gaily deckt in glitt'ring Bravery,

* With Luna's silver Waves and Sol's fierce beauties gilt.

Far more refin'd, far more remov'd than they,

80 Their Light wou'd soon put out Sol's twinkling Ray,

B b

Their

Their *Light* is *Gods high Throne*, scatt'ring eternal day.
 The *Angels* next he made *
 In *Love* and *Flame* array'd
 The *new-born Angels*, chearfully adore
 Their *Maker* and their *Lord* unseen before :
 Job 38. 7. Their *new-born Voice* and *Lyre* they try
 In sweet *Celestial Poesy*,
 In lofty *Hymns*, and *Heav'nly Harmony*.
 The *Refuse* of their *World* did ours compose
 Which yet's so *beautiful* and *bright* 90
 Each scatter'd *spark* of *Heav'nly Light*
 Falling from thence some *Sun* or *Planet* grows.
 But first on the dark *Void* the gentle *Spirit* descends,
 First, *Matter* wills, then *Form* to *Matter* lends, * [Friends.
 First different *Somethings* makes, then makes those *Somethings*
 No longer with wild *Ferment* now they strove,
 O'er *Matters Waves* the gentle *Spirit* did move,
 And all around was *Light*, and all around was *Love*. *

V.

After the glorious *Orbs* above were made
 And *Earth* and *Sea* and *Air* were fram'd, 100
 The *Albigh* with *Pleasure* all his *Works* survey'd,
 And *Man* the *King* of all his *Works* he nam'd :
 But ah ! how short his reign !
 How soon by God who plac'd him on the *Throne*
 When *Lawless* he and *Arbitrary* grown,
 By God who had the *Pow'r* alone *
 Dethron'd again.
Ill Councillors his *Fall*, he did receive
 Into his *Cabinet* the *Devil* and *Eve*.
 Th' *Albigh* as much as what's *Divine* can grieve 110
 Refents his *Fate*, and fain wou'd save
 Both him and that fair *World* he for his *Palace* gave,
 But first he must his *Justice* show
 Before he *Mercy* cou'd bestow.
 If any, asks, wou'd satisfie *
 His *Wrath*, that *Adam* might not *dye*?
Archangels trembl'd, no bright *Warriors* there

To

120

To undertake the vast adventure dare:
Rather all Earth and Heav'n they'd chuse to bear
Than the Creator's Wrath, sad Notes they sing
Each Cherub seems to flag his beauteous Wing
Those gentle Spirits signs of pity gave,
And mourn'd the loss of man they cou'd not save.

VI.

When forth th' Eternal Son undaunted stood;

(How vast, how infinite his Love?
How deeply him did our sad Ruins move?)

The dang'rous Enterprize to prove,
To God to reconcile us by his Blood.

A Body he did for himself prepare,

130

To save the World by suffering there.

Nor like an Angels, form'd of air

Which when their Work on Earth is done

Is the next moment into Atoms flown,

But true and solid like our own,

In all but Sin, like man-- With goodness mild

On his lov'd Son the Father smil'd,

Accepts his offer and declares

For him the guilty World he spares.

Whilst th' accursed Spirits below

Trembling fear a greater Blow:

While the gentle Spirits above,

Who Mankind protect and love,

The Great Redeemer's Glory raise

In lofty Notes of Godlike praise.

140

VII.

'Twas he who oft in humane Form attir'd

Stoop'd to our World below.

As he our better State wou'd know,

Or Company desir'd.

Now shorter he, now longer Visits made,

And once in Royal Robes array'd,

At sacred Salem stay'd.

150

To him their *Gifts* obedient *Nations* bring
 At once a wondrous *Prophet*, *Priest* and *King*.
 He, frequent, With the *Holy Patriarchs* walkt,
 With him they eat, with him they talkt.
 At hospitable *Father Abraham's* Feast,
 He, with two mortal *Angels*, once a *Guest*,
 Where the old *Sire* his kindness did require
 When coming faint and weary from the *Fight*,
 He him t' his frugal *Board* did call : 160
 There *Abraham* saw his *Day* and did rejoice,*
 To *Heav'n* he rais'd his grateful *Eye* and *Voice*,
 And gave him *Tithes* of *All*.

VIII.

'Twas he who did the *wand'ring Jacob* guide; *
 'Twas he, who met by *Jabbock's* side
 That valiant Shepherd try'd;
 His more than *holy boldness* did dislike,
 And him with gentle *Lameness* strike.
 'Twas he to whom the expiring *Father* pray'd,
 When on his *Grandsons* head his *Hands* he laid,
 And begs he them as well as him would aid. 170
 This uncreated *Angel* he,*
 Whom *Moses* in the *Bush* did see
 When it with *Lambent Lightning* flam'd;
 What *Angel* else those *Title*s durst have claim'd,*
 In every *Sacred Page* *Adonai* nam'd.
 Him *Royal* *Essay* saw, whose lofty *Vein**
 Excels bold *Pindar's* *Dithyrambic* strain,

Him *saw* and lov'd, and learnt his *Will*

Whose *Glory* did the *Temple* fill,

Officious Seraphs waited round

And *Holy!* *Holy!* *Holy!* sound.

And when with *Sacred Fire* they touch'd his *Tongue*
 Almost as *loud* as them he thus their *Master* sing.

IX.

" Sad *Israel* weep no more !

" Dry those vain *Tears*, those *Sighs* give o'r !

" Thy

Gen. 32.25.

Isai. 9.6, &c:

190

" Thy God will thee increase, and thee restore !
" He comes, he comes ! Welcome as the sweet Morn
" That follows tedious Night, the lovely Boy is born ;
* " The lovely Boy, in whole auspicious Face
" Already opens each Majestic Grace.
" With Virtues equal to so vast a care
" Unmov'd the Frame of Heaven and Earth he'll bear.
" But who, alas ! who can proclaim
" All his high-Titles, and his awful Name ?
" Proclaim his Titles far abroad,
" Stupendous Wisdom ! O all-powerful God !
" Eternal Father ! for he's one;
" With his Eternal Son,
" O Salem's Prince ! with speed thy Empire gain,
" And o'er the peaceful Nations ever reign !

200

X.

—Tho' us, who from the Word a difference boast,
He with more large effusions do's inspire,
Not the poor Gentiles are entirely lost,
Their Reason is a spark of his Celestial Fire ;
His Beams, than Sol himself more strong and fair.
* Enlight'ning all, and every where,
They Life and Light at once impart,
Thro' Error's scattering mists like Thunder dare
Direct the Head, and warm the Heart ;
Altho' alas ! to most they uselesse be,
Who, stupid, close their Eyes, and will not see ;
Useless to those who in the Twilight stay,
When Revelation brings the Day,
Too short, too dim to those to Heaven the Way ;
Yet still there were a wiser few,
Improv'd and practis'd what they knew,
Devout and pious, chaste and just,
* And did in their unknown Creator trust ;
These shall acceptance find where e'er they live ;
Who well improve their narrow store,
Kind Heaven will soon indulge 'em more,

220

And

And greater Talents give.
 That faint, that glimm'ring Light
 Which pierces thro' the Clouds, and shines in spight
 Of Errors and of Vices Night,
 If follow'd close will to such Beams convey
 Such orient Lustre, so Divine a Ray
 As shall encrease to perfect, and eternal Day,
 That this is God, the Argument stands fair. 230
 It can do all things, and is every where,
 Or God himself, or at the least must be
 Some Emanation of the Deity.
 The Word Divine, tho' not b' his own receiv'd
 Expected by the Fathers and believ'd.
 In the Messia this must center'd be,
 And if conjoyn'd the Baptist, Hear'n, and we
 Can ought of Faith deserve, our Lord is He.

*Poeta loqui-
tur.*

Surpriz'd a while were all the Audience by,
 With such mysterious Truths, august and high, 240
 Beyond the reach of narrow Natures Rules,
 Or Roman Eloquence, or Grecian Schools :
 Tho' something not unlike in Greece which you
 Vid. infra. From ancient sacred Hebrew Fountains drew
 Your pleasant Walks divinest Plato knew :
 Hence the vain Heathen World, and vainer Tribe
 Of Atheistick Fools to thee ascribe
 Many a noble Truth and Mystery,
 More ancient than the Grecian Name, or Thee,
 From all the blinded World before conceal'd, 250
 And only to the chosen Jews reveal'd,
 Nay ev'n by them kept secret, and alone
 To the few wise and good amongst 'em known,
 To all his Followers by our Saviour shewn. 2

Hence even the learned Doctors they outdo,
 Who wonder'd whence such wondrous things they knew :
 So those who here But freer than the rest
 Thus the Centurion his suprise exprest.
 --- That you're good men is easily discern'd,
 But I confess I never thought you learn'd : 260
 And are the Grecian Arts too hither spred ?

For

* For I perceive, Sir! you have *Plato* read!

* Nay e'en our *Virgil* or I gues amis,

For many strokes of yours resemble his.

* Our *Sybils* too, who mingling false with true
I nought believ'd till 'twas confirm'd by you.

I find our *Roman Writers*, to be free,

Unjustly brand you with *Barbary*.

To whom *Gamaliel* thus reply'd, and smil'd:

270 Learning which is at *Greece* and *Rome* a Child

Has been so long amongst the *Hebrews* known,

'Tis at full Age, if not decrepid grown.

Egypt from us, from us the *Grecians* drew

Their Arts, and as their own they lent 'em you,

Who borrow all you think of us you know

* From fabling *Greece*, and falser *Manetho*,

Who by *Abuses* cunningly provide

Their ancient *Thefts* from all the *World* to hide.

What have they that's not ours, had all their due,

280 'Twere easie to convince you this is true.

That who the *Jews* as *barbarous* contemn,

Have borrow'd all from us, we none from them,

Their very Gods, their ancient *History*,

Their *Shipping*, and their boasted *Poetry*.

Letters and *Laws* — Half this if you cou'd prove

Replies the *Roman*, you'd my wonder move,

Till then, excuse my Smiles, for Truth to tell

Yet, Doctor! I'm a very *Infidel*.

I ask no favour, no Opponent fear

290 Replies the *Sage* — Lend an impartial Ear

And first their Gods, with which when wand'ring wide

Phenicia all the *Heathen World* supply'd.

To us their Gods *Phenice* and *Egypt* owe,

We only their true *Origin* can show.

* Their ancient mighty *Jao* was the same

With our conceal'd, unutterable Name,

Their false *Jove* from our true — *Adonai* came.

And he to whom you did a *Temple* rear,

* Was only the *Phenician Thunderer*.

300 Tho' skulking in as many different shapes

As when employ'd below in *Thefts* and *Rapes*.

{

Now

Now Hammon him from ancient *Cham* you call,
 Now Belus name him from our injur'd *Baal*; * }
 Your Juno has the same *Original*

Howe'er *disguis'd* as when she once did rove
 O'er all the *Earth* in quest of wand'ring *Jove*.
 Whether by *Sydon* nam'd, *Baaltis* she, *
Belisama, or fair *Astarte* be :

Where is not great *Astarte* known ? the same
 Th' *Egyptians Isis*, you *Diana* name, * 310
 Whom when your *Matrons* fruitful pangs invade
 They loud invoking cry, *Lucina* aid ! *

Now *Berecynthia*, Mother of the *Gods*, *

A Huntress she in *Ida's* sacred Woods ;

Rhea the same, the same with both the *Moon*, *
 Whose beauteous silver *Rays* make *Night* pale *noon*.
 Thus track 'em to the *Spring* and still you're poor,
 Your *Gods* but few amidst the your boasted *store*,
 In vain you one poor *Idol* oft divide,
 He's still the same however multiply'd ; 320
 The same in vain's in different figures thrown,
 All our Three hundred *Joves* in less than one, *
 From *Phenice* first he round the *World* did rove,
 Old *Saturn*, *Moloch*, *Phaebus*, all but *Jove*.

Roundly you all assert, but Sir, I fear
 The *Roman* urg'd, we little proof shall bear.
Sol, *Saturn*, *Jove* — You young and old confound,
 In Errors endless Circle wand'ring round.

Astarte, *Isis*, *Juno* — How the same ?

What likeness in their *Worship* or their *Name* ? 330
 How from *Phenicians* we, and they from you
 Divide their *Gods*? and if th' Assertion's true
 How you'll avoid the shame of *Idols* too.

To your *Objections* freely I'll reply,
 And doubt not but I them shall satisfie
Rejoyns Gamaliel — You must with me bear
 While first the rise of *Idols* I declare.
 When *Man* forgot his *God*, he soon began
 Himself t' adore, and make a *God* of *Man* :
 With *Gods* true *Knowledge* all good *Arts* beside
 In a few *Centuries* decay'd and dy'd : 340

The

The wicked World grew barbarous agen,
* As e'r the Flood, and monstrous Beasts and men
Rang'd o'er the Plains, the strong the weaker awe,
Love then was only Lust, and Force was Law :
Among the rest some few bright Spirits arose
Who shild the Weak, and Force with Force oppose ;
Incense as well as Praise the Vulgar bring,
Nor was't enough to make a Heroe, King ;

- 350 But of their Benefactors they devise
Prodigious Tales, and numerous grateful Lies :
A Centaur then who e'r a Horse bestrid,
And he that kill'd a Bear was made a God.
Of some departed Father, Friend, or Lord
They first an Image form'd, and then ador'd ;
While others, who above the rest cou'd boast
Their skill and knowledge of the heavenly Host,
How all things by the Suns kind Influence grow,
* And Seas, as Luna bids them, ebb and flow ;

- 360 What friendly Influences fill the Skies,
When o'er th' Horizon the sweet Pleiads rise,
* Or mighty Mazzeroth, thro' silent Night
Scatters profuse his Donatives of Light ;
These scorn'd their Adoration there to give
From whence they cou'd no Benefits receive,
While to the glorious Bodies plac'd above
* Which some thought living, for they saw 'em move ;
Which cheerful Heat and Light to all dispense,
* And as they dream, some secret Influence,

- 370 Which as they pleas'd, unblest or happy make,
To these, by a too incident mistake
To humane Minds, they think they all things ow,
Which from the first Great Cause of Causes flow :
These they adore, not him did them create,
Their kindly properties they celebrate.
Hence came the ancient Mythologic Tribe,
Who secret venerable Names ascribe
To what they worship'd, tho' as Time roll'd on,
The Reason of the name perhaps unknown,
380 Yet Footsteps of our Language still remain
In spite of Time and Ign'rance so plain,
They their first Origin wou'd hide in vain.

Job.

Sometimes their *Heroes* they, and *Stars* wou'd join,
 And both to' oblige, they make 'em both Divine :
 At others, they import, afraid, and loth
 To disoblige 'em, *Gods* of foreign growth :
Fish, *Fowl* and *Beasts* and *Man* their *Gods* they call,
 Nay to make all things sure, the *Fiends* and all. *

They'd need some kind of *Pantheon* now provide
 So much at last the *Race* is multiply'd,

390

Which neither they nor we can marshal right, }
 For *Truth* is one, but *Error* infinite : }
 How e'r we've yet some glimm'ring *Tracks of Light*, }
 Some marks in most, which not unlikely show }
 From whence at first they came, where e'r they go.
 Most of *Phenician* growth and *Language* be, }
 The same we not in fruitful *Egypt* see, }
 First founded on our *Tongue*, or *History*. }

Of *Jove*, if more there need, I'll prov't agen,
Father by you esteem'd of *Gods* and *Men*,

400

Now him *Baalsamen*, the *Phenicians* call }
 Great *Lord* of *Heav'n*, now *Eliun*, *Belus*, *Baal*. *

'Tis plain they only mean the *Sun*, by all. }
Moloch and *Belus* is with them the same, *

Saturn with both, the diff'rence but in name *

These one *Inscription* oft together ties, *

Alike their *Form*, alike their *Sacrifice*. *

To both the *Nations* their *Bætylia* raise, *

And both far more for *Fear*, then *Love* they praise. *

Agen, that *Isis*, *Io*, *Juno*, are

410

The same, your own best *Writers* oft declare. *

The same their way of *Life*, all giv'n to rove, *

And all, (but one indeed,) the *Wife* of *Jove*. *

All born'd alike their *Images* we see, *

Whence *Jove* himself too in the mode must be,
 For *Iris*, e'er to *Libyan Wafts* he fled

With her own double *Crown* adorn'd his *Head*. *

But what's more plain than that so odd a *Dress*
 In *Hieroglyphicks* did the *Moon* express? *

Tho' something further too was their intent,
 Their sacred *Oxe* did *Joseph* represent; *

Him then t' a *Star* they join'd, and long before

420

Your

Your *Rome* was *Rome*, his *Crest* their *Idols* wore
E'en their *Astronomy* by us was taught,
* By *Father Abraham* first from *Chaldee* brought;
* Whether from *Seth's* eternal *Pillars* learn'd,
Or by *Traditions* glimm'ring *Light* discern'd.
* To them the *use* of *Letters* long unknown,
* Their boasted *Hermes* ours, and not their *own*,
430 * Nay e'en the old *Chaldeans* sacred *Fire*,
Which *Delphos*, you, and all the *World* admire,
Your *Vesta*, *Persia's* *Mitra*, are but *one*,
The same with *Moloch*, *Ammon*, and the *Sun*.
With as much ease I shall convince you soon,
Astarte's Juno, Isis, and the Moon:
Th' *Egyptian Isis, Queen of Heav'n* you name,
* Your *Juno*, our *Astarte* is the *same*,
* And all the *Moon*, in *Venus* all agen,
You find, great *Mother* she of *Gods and Men.*

440 See then whence your *Divinities* do flow!
Or *Sun* and *Moon* above, or *Men* below.
Your *Vulgar* e'en their *Images* implore,
And the less stupid *sacred Blocks* adore;
From place to place where e'er they trav'ling coime
Officious, carry, or they'd stay'd at home;
For whatsoever their *false Priests* declare
That *Gods* meet *Gods*, fierce-jousting in the *Air*,
Further than them their *Votaries* did bear,
They never stirr'd — Thus came *Astarte* o'er
450 * To *Cyprus* first, from the *Sidonian* shore,
Cypria, and *Paphia* call'd, and thence went on
* From *Isle* to *Isle*, and past *Icaria* gone
* At *Samos* touch'd, where they her *Temple* rais'd,
* And by the *Grecian Name* of *Juno* prais'd:
Whence *Men* the neighb'ring *Land Ionie* stile
And *Samos* bears the name of *Juno's Isle*:
* Nor far remov'd other *Erythians* live,
To whom the neighb'ring Goddess *Name* did give,
Fair *Erycina* call'd, when wafted o'er
460 By *Cytheron* to rich *Trinacria's* shore,
* *Melita* past, thence her the *Tyrians* bore.

By her old Name to those new Walls they found *
 Your Rival Carthage — West to utmost ground }
 They next proceed, where no more World is found ; }
 To Gades, and the rich Tertessian strand
 Arriv'd, and fierce Geryon's fertile Land
 Whom their brave Captain slew in manful Fight,
 And seizes his rich Isle by Conquest's right ;
 It's Name it changes, as it chang'd its Lord
 Erythia call'd, from Venus there ador'd * 470
 Now Aphrodisia it the Ancient's stile, *
 Astarta now, now Juno's sacred Isle. *
 Nay, thro' Herculean straits ne'er past before *
 To that new World without their Gods they bore, * }
 Whose fair white Rocks oppose the Celtic shore * }
 Where Cesar late, for Life, not Honour fought, *
 And at so dear a price their Conquest bought,
 Bel and Astarte known and worshipp'd there, *
 And Taramis, the dreaded Thunderer. * 480
 If back agen to East you turn your Eye
 In the Red Sea a little Isle you'll spy
 Which Eryhra, the name pronouncing false *
 The Fabling Grecian for Erythia calls:
 To Venus here a Fane the Tyrians found,
 And gave her the whole Isle as sacred Ground.
 From her Astarte term'd — Still further on *
 Past e'en the Ethiopian Floods they're gone,
 There early and undrest surpriz'd the Sun :
 Where he retir'd, least Mortals shou'd behold, 490
 By Heav'nly Art turns the blest Earth to Gold. *
 Where Gomer's Land thrusts out its double head *
 To West of Ganges-Gulf, e'en there they spred
 Their Idols praiſe, tho' by a different Name,
 Colias, is Venus call'd, tho' still the same. *
 Next more to East, threat'ning the Seas and Skies,
 Outstretch'd the Corean Promontory lies ; *
 Near where a Town the Natives Cory stile,
 In Taprobæn, that ancient Indian Isle ;
 Which easily, I think may be believ'd 500
 From Chora, Juno's Name, their own receiv'd : *
 Nor more than her has Jove himself stood still,

First born to Crete, and then to *Ida's Hill.*

Now you at fam'd *Olympus* him might view ;

Then wand'ring with the *Corybantic Crew*

The *Thracian Samos* him did entertain,

* Where he did with the *sad Cabiri* reign

Thus far we're then advanc'd, and you I've shown

That *Iris*, *Juno*, *Venus* are but *one* ;

510 As *Moloch*, *Saturn*, *Hammon*, and the *Sun*,

That those choice Gods were from *Phenicia* born

From utmost *West*, to utmost *rising-morn* :

What yet remains as easie 'tis to clear,

That they'd their very *Names* and *Language* here

As *Greece* and *you* from them, and yet that we

Cannot be blam'd for their *Idolatry*,

Beelsamen, *Ashteroth*, *Baalitis*, *Baal*

Howe'er since chang'd from their *Original*,

Must at the first be own'd pure *Hebrew* all.

520 Some *Names* of *God*, which the vain *Mimic Tribe*

Of *Idol-slaves* to their *false Gods* ascribe ;

(Those which so high an *Honour* cannot *boast*

At least claim Kindred with the *Heav'nly Host* :)

If hard enough, they well contented be,

For then there's something int' of *mystery* :

Like our *unutterable Name* 'twill show,

Tho' not their *Priests* themselves the *meaning* know.

From *Hebrew Histories* ill-understood,

They sometimes borrow ; hence with *humane Blood*

530 Barbarous, *Heav'n's angry King* they strive t' attone,

With *Virtue* and with *Mercy* pleas'd alone.

* Hence *Moloch's cruel Food* at ancient *Tyre*

Where precious *Victims* fed their *sacred Fire*,

* Thence did the *Savage Rites* to *Carthage* come,

And thence, if I'm not missinform'd, to *Rome* ;

Where oft your bravest *Youth* devoted dies,

Or them, to save the *Herd* you sacrifice.

* The same *curst Offerings* are in *Albion* made

When of their dreadful *Painted Foes* afraid.

540 From *Isaac* all, whose *Fathers Faith* to try

His *Friend* his *Son* requir'd, but wou'd not let him *dye*.

Ill *Apes* of what they think from us they learn,

Or

Or by Traditions glimm'ring Beams discern
 Those two great Lights our Books describe, which sway * }
 By their successive motion night and day ; }
 Hence to those Lights the stupid Gentiles pray,
 Now several Hero's they in one comprize, }
 To ancient Truths new Dreams and Tales devise, }
 And oft they know not whom they Idolize ; }
 Now mighty Nimrod they their Bacchus make,
 Then our great Moses for the same mistake ; * }
 Who sometimes must the fam'd Taantes be,
 The German and Egyptian Mercury.

550

That Letters did from us, and Learning flow
 The Elements themselves, consulted, show.
 From us — Had yours their Order, Names, and Pow'rs, *
 Their very Form not much estrang'd from ours.

Cadmus who taught the Grecians first to write, *

What was he but a Coward Cadmonite ?

Who long in Rocks and Holes was skulking laid,

560

Of God's and Joshua's vengeful Sword afraid,

Whence their old stories, mingling false with true, }

Make him at last a Serpent's Form indu : *

Nor only this, the Letters Colour too

Where large and great, their Origin confess,

Their rise in glorious Tyrian stains express.

Those Letters first to the Phenicians came *

From Grandfire Sem, and Father Abraham,

Whose mighty Pray'r's, nor less prevailing Hand

Incredible ! with his small faithful Band }

570

Gen.14. 15. From four invading Kings set free their grateful Land :

Then, Arts and Piety amongst 'em brought,

Which Abram Sem, Sem holy Noah taught ; }

Whose story learnt, like his they Vessels wrought, *

And coasting, travers'd many a distant shore,

E'er Rome was Rome, or Grecia handled Oar.

This he whose Birth place Samos boasts well knew, *

Whom Fame of Hebrew Knowledge hither drew,

Nor thought his Blood too dear a price, to learn

Those sacred Truths which only we discern ; }

580

These once obtain'd, the precious Treasure bore

To Croton's Walls, and your Calabrian shore,

This

* This learn'd *Hermippus* owns, who with delight
And diligence his *Masters Life* did write;

This *Plato's* self had done, whose piercing *Eyes*
Unveil'd beheld our deepest *mysteries*,

* Had that great man but been as just as wise.

His *One* and *Many* he from us receiv'd,
And our mysterious *Triad* he believ'd:

* His *Psyche*, *Logos*, *En*, what can they be

590 But *Elohim's* great undivided *Three*?

Who e'er his *Works* with curious *Eyes* survey'd,
Wou'd there perceive a *VWorld* of *Nothing made*,
By the first *Cause*; the *Angels*, and the *Fall*,
And strokes of our great *Moses* in them all.

* Whom the first *Legislator* you must own,
The *Founder* he of written *Laws* alone.

Nor was this useful *Art* by him conceal'd,
By *God* to him, by him to us reveal'd,

* Before *Troy's VVar*, as from our *Books* appears,

600 By many rolling *Centuries* of years.

Hence *Grecian Lawgivers* their *Pandects* drew,
Who when they of so rich a *Treasure* knew

* Did to our neigg'ring Isles from *Greece* retire,
And steal some *Sparks* of our *Celestial Fire*.

* To us the *Attic Laws*, esteem'd so wise,

* To them your old *Twelve Tables* owe their *Rise*.

For *Poetry*, which you your selves confess

* An *Heav'ly Art*, and we believe no less;

Long e'er twas *ape'd* in *Greece*, we had it *here*,

610 And can assign the *Century*, the *Year*,

When our best *Authors* flourish'd, yet we show

Their *VWorks*, which true and genuine all we know,

Within our *sacred Archives* kept with care,

* Each *Line*, each *Word*, each *Letter* number'd there.

Then *Poetry* was pure, a *Vestal* then,

The *Acts* of *God* she sung, and *Godlike men*;

By the *Great sacred Spirit* himself inspir'd,

And not by *Wine*, or *Gain*, or *Passion* fir'd:

Poet and *Prophet* then indeed the *Jame*,

620 Their *Inspiration*, not an empty *Name*.

Past, future, present at one glance they see,
Gen. 49. Fathers their Children blest in Poetry.
When righteous Heav'n some monstrous Tyrants crimes
Exod. 15. Aveng'd, his Fall they sung in sacred Rhimes ;
How on the Clouds great El'him conq'ring rod,
And all the ancient glorious Wars of God ;
Nor did such Godlike men forget to praise
Whom for those arduous Works he pleas'd to raise ;
Good Princes, which by suffering bad, we know
The best good thing Heav'n can on man bestow ;
For Love they praise, not sordid Hopes of gain,
Reward enough to share their peaceful reign. 630

To wicked Nations they just Plagues foretel,
But promise to the virtuous All things well ;
And Heav'n with Signs attests their Oracle.
This saw th' Arch-Fiend, and better to beguile
The Nations, strove to ape the sacred Style. *
But ill at first succeeded the design,
His Priests invoking him, and all the nine 640
With much of pain wrung out one doggrel Line. *
Rough and deform'd with ease their Author known
Ev'n Envy's self wou'd think 'em Satan's own.
Ah ! had he such a Poet still remain'd
He ne'r had thus the cheated World enchain'd :
Some Renegadoes to his side he drew,
Who something of our sacred Learning knew ;
Old Linus, first enticing crost the Seas *
The Master of the Tyrian Hercules ;
Fam'd Orpheus next, whose hot unnat'ral blood *
Stain'd the wild Thracian Fields, and Hebrus flood ; 650
His Priests and Poets they, his rites attend,
File his rough Verse, his frightful Style they mend ;
And that they might not him ungrateful call
He to requite 'em, made 'em Laureats all.
Aided by them his Idol-worship spred,
And all the World ador'd the Stars or Dead :
Yet all by Rote they sung, the Prince of Night
Yet had not taught his Votaries to write :
Nor he himself, who next succeeded these
The Grecian Bard, old Melesigenes 660

His

His Works e'er saw to written Rolls consign'd
Worse than the *Sibyls*, wand'ring in the *Wind*,
* But leaning on a *Staff*, (the Bard was blind)
T his *Harp* he sung, his *Follow'r's* do the same,
Thence *Rhapsodies* his scatter'd *fragments* name.
But to whatever *distant Fields* they've gone
Our *Siloam* first supply'd their *Helicon*.

Something of the first *Tast* there still remains
Tho' ting'd with passing thro' such *various Veins*.

670 * Hence his fam'd *Chaos*, drew th' *Ascrean Sage*,
And many a *God* that fills his antic *Page*.

Hence ev'n your *Ovid* his, and if y' admire
Whence we our *Learning*; we more justly' enquire,
Whence he the *Old World's* *Flood*, the *New's* last *fated Fire*.

He said, and paus'd --- The *Roman*,--- I must own
Far more than I cou'd e'er believe you've shown,
Evincing clear to an *impartial View*
That all the *World* has been at *School* with you;

And there's some *Reason* for the *Nations Pride*,

680 Whom we unjust, as *barbarous* deride,
Far more our selves --- But might I Sir, be free,
For those Iv'e left, I've yet some *Charity*;
And in my Judgment, you *Idolatry*
Unjustly on 'em charge; for *Images*
* They only make the *Properties* t' express,

Of that *Great Jove* who fills the *Thund'rers Throne*,

Whom King of *Heav'n* and *Earth* we all must own.

Nor scarce the stupid *Vulgars* selves believe

Those *Images* relief or aid can give,

690 Only design'd to fix the *Thoughts* and *Eye*,
And since at *once* we scarce can *mount* so *high*
Or apprehend *Heav'n's boundless Majesty*,
What fits frail *Mortals* shorter *steps* they take,
The *Mediums* these of their *Devotions* make:
This better still t' attain, for this beside
They all their *Train* of *lesser Joves* provide;

In these their *weakness*, and their *Maker's State*
Consult, betwixt 'em both they *mediate*,

For since when here, they *Mortals* ne'r did fail,

700 Much more the *Heroes* will, when *Gods*, prevail,

If this the *Vulgar Gods*, much rather then
 The mighty Mother both of *Gods* and *men*,
 The glorious *Queen of Heav'n* that reigns above,
 The pow'rful Mother of our mortal *Jove*. *

*I*s her self, who may her *Son* command,
 And stop the *Thunder* in his lifted *Hand*.

The fairest *Plea* that *is*, or e'er can be
 Reply'd the *Sage*, for their *Idolatry*
 You've now produc'd, and if I that confute
 I've then for ever silenc'd this *Dispute*. 710

For what you've urg'd, and oft has been before,
 That they the *very Image* don't *adore*,
 I must *dissent*, since evident we see
 In numerous Instances the contrary.

From these all *good* they ask, all *bad* they fear,
 These they from conquer'd *Cities* with them bear; *
 They to the *very Image* lift their *Eyes*,
 To that pay *Incense*, *Pray'r's* and *Sacrifice*,
 If then their *Incense*, *Vows*, and *Trust*, and *Pray'r*
 Not proper *Acts* of *Adoration* are, 720

We fain wou'd know what 'tis they such *believe*?
 What have they more to *Jove* himself to give?
 Besides, if them they *Mediums* only made,
 Why should not all alike *Devotion* aid?
 Why glutted this with *Pray'r* and *Sacrifice*,
 While that forsaken and neglected lies?
 Where foul and old he's four and *wayward* grown,
 Half starv'd to *Death* sits *gloomy* on his *Throne*.
 Whilst o'er his mouth their *Nets* the *Spiders* spred,
 And *Owls* and *Bats* perch on his *Godships* head. 730

Why they the great *Diana* magnifie
 That dropt from *Heav'n* --- Unless her *Priests* do *lye*?
 To all her *Sister Idols* her prefer,
 Tho' as well made *substantial* *Blocks* as her?
 Those whom they chuse for greater *Ease* and *State*
 Betwixt their *Jove* and them to mediate,
 Whom they their *Demy-Gods* or *Heroes* call
 Were now the *worst* of *men*, now *none* at all, *
 Meer fabled *Names*; now *Death's* and *Hell's* *sad Lord*
 In *Satyr's* or in *humane Form* ador'd. * 740

But

But grant 'em Good, yet wou'd it, think you, be
A Testimony of your Loyalty
To snatch your Prince's Scepter from his Hand,
And contrary to his express Command
That and his Crown to some great Courtier bring,
And seated on his Throne, salute him King?
Agen, if we this baffled Plea shou'd take
That Stocks and Men they only Mediums make;
E'en this, if God himself a Judge may be,
750 Reason or God, is still Idolatry.
For Reason's self declares, the Deity
A Spirit unbodied, boundless, simple, pure,
And thence can no base Mimic Form endure.
This e'en your ancient Law-givers confess,
* Old Numa's Temples knew no Images.
Our sacred Books in every Page declare
God's Glory he with others scorns to share.
All Images forbid in that Command
Spoke by th' Almighty's Voice, writ by th' Almighty's Hand,
760 So plain express, 'twill no excuse admit,
No vain perverse Essay of humane Wit.

Nor yet, replies the Roman, must I yield,
Once more I'll charge before I quit the Field.

No solid Reason e'er I yet cou'd see
Why that Command you urge confin'd must be
To such a Sense, since God by whom twas writ
More largely seems himself to Interpret it:
Did not that Moses whom you all admire
When God he met in Sinai's smoke and fire,
770 Observe his Labbs, and his Direction take,
* By that, exact, your moving Temple make.
And did not he, as your own Books declare,
Place glorious Forms with Wings extended there?
Besides, if you a final end of strife,
A Rule exact and sure, of Faith and Life,
Those sacred Books affirm, the World concern,
How comes it you your selves appeal from them!
* Your Corban you'd unwillingly decide
By that, but take Tradition as your Guide.

The Rabbi thus — The Cherubin we own,
 By which the Form of God was never shewn,
 But of those bright Attendants round his Throne,
 These there by his express Command were wrought,
 Tho' of their Worship yet we never thought.
 Not visible, how can they Idols be,
 Or Images ador'd we never see?

Vid. Joseph. None e'en o' th' Priests themselves might enter there
contra Appi. None but great Aaron's Mitred Successor,
 And he himself no more but once a year.

For what you further argue, to be free,
 Other Opponents you must seek than me:
 Corban for Corban's self must plead, I fear,
 But if their usual Arguments you'd hear,
 A Youth there is at ancient Tarsus bred,
 Of Hebrew Race, whose Father lately dead
 Him to my Charge committed, deeply read
 In all that Rome or Athens yet have known,*
 In boasted Grecian Learning, and our own;
 Deeply in all our Principles imbu'd,
 Altho' too hot his Zeal, too warm his Blood:
 In him, or I mistake, if you're inclin'd
 His Force to try —
 You'll no contemptible Opponent find.

Gladly, rejoyns the Roman, wou'd I hear
 Their utmost strength, but since my own I fear,
 Least a good Cause, and this I'm sure is so *
 Disgrace by an ill Champion undergo,
 The Argument I gladly wou'd transmit
 To these good men, who oft have handl'd it:
 Oft have they heard, with Eloquence Divine
 This Topic manag'd by their Lord and mine:
 (For since for me such mighty Works h' has shewn,
 'Twere base, if I his Service shou'd disown:))
 Whom both at Feasts, and Synagogues I've heard
 As of Traditions he his Sense declar'd,
 And e'en your Sect who teach 'em, nothing spar'd.
 The fair Proposal, James, desir'd by all
 Accepts, when speedy, at Gamaliel's call
 His Pupil enters, who no sooner knows

780

790

800

810

The

826 The Cause, but glad his Art and Zeal he shows;

Thus, eager, all Opponents did prevent,

Full of himself, and the lov'd Argument.

Still were those wholesome Laws our Fathers made

In force, nor thus despis'd, and disobey'd;

Who their Traditions break, condemn'd, & expire

* Midst shov'rs of stones, or sheets of deadly fire,

That wou'd the curst Transgressors best confute,

For ever silence the abhor'd Dispute:

* But since our ancient Discipline is broke,

830 Our shoulders worn beneath the Conqu'rs yoke,

With Reason's Sword we now content must be;

With that alone extirpate Heresie:

* Whose Patrons, sacred Oral Truths deny,

And to the Scriptures still for shelter fly:

* "For Heresies have all the same pretence,

"And quote the Scripture in their own defence:

Thus I demonstrate then from Reason's School

* The Word is neither clear, nor perfect Rule.

Not clear — It can't the doubtful Sense declare

840 "When Piles meet Piles, contending in the Air,

"Squadrons of Texts drawn out on either side,

How shall the controverted Truth be try'd,

Without a last Appeal to some unfailing Guide?

And where shou'd that, search all the World around,

But in th' High Priest and Sanhedrim be found?

Nor perfect is the Word, since much is lost

Of what the ancient Hebrew Church cou'd boast;

And Moses self did to the Guides commit

Many a sacred Truth that ne'er was writ;

850 Those Cabala, the Fathers did receive,

To the great Synagogue and Ezra leave,

As they to us, these all Disputes decide,

By these the doubtful Word it self is try'd;

They our unerring Rule, the Church our Guide.

"Thus ev'ry Age do's one another move,

"And trusts no farther than the next above,

"Our good old Doctors always took this way,

"Each asks but what he heard his Father say,

All doom'd to Death who dar'd their Sentence disobey.

Thus

Thus he, with zealous Fury in his eyes,
To whom thus, temperate, the Saint replies.

860

With those who are to your sage Sect inclin'd,
Beyond gross Sense and Reason too refin'd,
The surest way to see is to be blind;
That thus, their eyes subdu'd, and mortify'd,
They, with Tradition's broken Reed supply'd,
May grope about for some unerring Guide.
That Criminal must have a desperate Cause
Whose only Plea 's t' object against the Laws:
The Statute's clear, but those it won't acquit
May well use all their skill to darken it.

870

Cast by plain Texts, you to your selves appeal,
By your own Votes declar'd infallible.

Reason and Scripture both alike cry down,
Since they defend not you, you them disown.

You urge not Reason, you, but its pretence,
Not Scripture, but false Glosses draw'n from thence,
Reject — But is it not the same if you,
Must the sole Judges be of false and true?

Reason you plead, if you it seems t' acquit,
But if condemn'd, its Vote you won't admit.

880

But still, if private Reason you pretend

Must be the Judge, Disputes will never end:

Were this suppos'd, you cou'd but thence infer

That men must still be men, and still may err.

Nor shall they that, if they with Minds prepar'd
A higher Guide than Reason's self regard,

Attending, free from Prejudice and Sin

The Word without, th' unsailing Spirit within.

Still you complain the Scriptures are not clear,
And you the Spirits must try before you bear:

Your meaning is, you fairly both reject,

For both Tradition and the Church erect:

But what can easier be to understand

Than Gods own Word, his own express Command?

Or what's more plain than that on no pretence

You ought must add, or ought diminish thence?

That his blest Law all perfect is, and pure,

Nor can Tradition's base Alloy endure.

890

- 900 Perfect as well as clear, approv'd and try'd,
In every part of Life a Rule and Guide.
In Faith and Life the Scriptures both avail,
Nor can you give one Instance where they fail.
The justest Notions they, of God, impart,
And teach to serve him with a bumble heart,
Describe the terms of Happiness, and more
That wond'rous Prince who shall the World restore,
- * That Christ, that true Messia we adore :
- By whom, if ought from Ages past conceal'd,
- 910 The Fathers Will's entirely now reveal'd.
If then some Books are lost, (which if they are,
Where's the High Priests and Elders boasted Care?)
This not affects the rest, since still we find
A clear and perfect Rule is left behind.
Much of the Cabala, so highly priz'd
* Are Trifles by the Learned World despis'd ;
* Your Sephiroth are Truths i'th' Scriptures plain,
But darken'd whilst you them unfold in vain.
Ezra and the great Synagogue you boast,
- 920 Whose Doctrine both and Piety you've lost :
Much younger those Traditions you embrace
Beside the Word ; for them in vain you'd trace
* One step beyond the Hasmonean race.
- Fallacious all those Arguments you use,
And for Infallibility produce :
Tho' manag'd they with all your Art and Care
They still against plain Fact expressly bear ;
For tho' High Priest and Sanhedrim you say
Can without Error shew to Heav'n the way,
- 930 'Tis plain to Sense, you this unjustly boast,
Themselves in Error oft, or Vices lost,
* Sometimes th' High Priests, as you must own, embrace
Th' abhorr'd Opinions of curst Sadoc's Race ;
* The Elders too, as sacred Writ averrs
Have Israel's God deny'd, and turn'd Idolaters :
And can two crooked Lines compose one right ?
Two Finites ever make an Infinite ?
- But what the Fathers told, you must believe,
Since such good men nor cou'd, nor wou'd deceive,

Since

Since every Age do's on the other move,
 " And trusts no farther than the next above :
 — But the blind *Heathen* take the self same way,
 " Each asks but what he heard his *Father* say,
 He errs, they follow, and stupidly obey.
 While those no *false* or *dangerous steps* shall make
 Who *Reason*'s and the *Words* safe *conduct* take ;
 Which them, if from their *paths* they never stray,
 To our great *Prophet* will at last convey,
 Whose *Divine Spirit* shall with resistless *might*
 Soon fill the *dazzled World* with *Heav'nly Light* :
Gentile and *Jew* shall his blest *Law* receive,
 Vain *Idols*, and as vain *Traditions* leave ;
 E'en you your self — Unless amiss I see
 In the *unerring Glass* of *Propheſie*,
 You, who so fiercely now our *Law* oppose,
 And think us *Gods* at once, and *Cesar's Foes*,
 Struck to the *Earth* by a kind *dazzling flame*,
 Your *Conqueror* shall to *Gentile Worlds* proclaim, [Name.]
 And round the spacious *Globe* shall spread the *Christian* }
 He said, th' young *Disputant* shot furious thence
 Too weak, and much *enrag'd* to make *defence*.
 When *Chuza* thus — You so *successful* prove
 In this, my *doubts* I hope you'll too *remove* :
 From a *loose Court* to *Sadok's Sect* inclin'd, *
 Some *Notions* I imbib'd which yet *disturb* my mind,
 These in their *usual Words* I'll urge, nor fear *
 To find a *just* and candid *Answer* here.
 You know that *Sect* all *future Life* decry,
 All *Immaterial Substances* deny :
 A *Spirit* they'll not *believe*, unless they *see*,
 What they've no *Notion* of can never *be*,
 No *pains* for th' *ill*, or *joys* for those *live well* ;
 They laugh, as idle *Tales*, at *Heav'n* and *Hell*.
 Thoſe distant *hopes* and *fears* alike despise,
 Impossible to them the *dead* shou'd *rise* ;
 Much less, shou'd they an *after-state* receive,
 Cou'd ought therein of *endless pains* believe,
 Since *finite Sin* is *disproportion'd* quite,
 They think to *Punishment* that's *infinite*

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And



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S^t. PAVLVS.

3

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980 And hard, for *Thoughts* or *wand'ring* or *impure*,
We shou'd t' eternal Ages, *pains* endure.
This is the sum of what they *Reasoning* call,
The rest *Scuttrility*, and *Nonsense* all :
Thus, modest he objects, thus calm and wise,
He who of *antient Rama* nam'd, replies.

That *immaterial Substance* cannot be,
Because *some* can't conceive it, and *nones* can see,
VVith ease is answer'd the *Brutish Atheist's* own *idle* talk,
They can't conceive a *God*, but is there none?

990 Ask the received *Sense* of all *Mankind*!
Is there no *Sun* because the *Beetle's* *blind*?
* Their *Breath*, the *Air*, their *Thoughts* they *cannot see*,
Yet still they *Breathing*, *Thinking* *Creatures* be.
That *God's* a *Substance* 'tis confess'd by all,
VVhom, but *Blasphemers*, *none material* call: on b'low
* Matter's extended, passive, finite own'd; I od b'low HA
If *God* be such, he's from his *Heav'n* dethron'd,
Equal with that *vile Man of Dust* he made,
Nay lower yet, and nearer *Nothing* laid.

1000 He must have *Parts*, *Mutation* must prevail
O'er his weak *Frame*, "and what may change may fail."
Angelic minds who ever reign above,
Ay hymning the Great Spring of *Joy* and *Love*;

These are *all Spirits*, for they, tho' young and fair,
They seem to *Men*, drest in light robes of *Air*;

Their business done their short-liv'd *Bodies* leave,

Their elemented *Form* the *Winds* receive.

Loose from dull *matters* *Laws* no longer stay,

But the next moment think themselves away;

1010 Preventing ev'n th' amaz'd *Spectators* Eyes,

From *East* to *West*, from *Earth* to *Paradise*;

And from the *Altar* oft to *Heav'n* aspire

In *Clouds* of curling *Smoak*, and *Glebes* of *Fire*.

Can you such *Pow'r*s as these in *Matter* find?

Can ought do this, unless 'tis *perfect Mind*?

There is a *Spirit* in *Man*, th' *Almighty's Breath*;

Something *Divine*, that must survive his *Death*.

Who can with *patience* think he all must die,

And in dark *Nothing's* *Chaos* floating lie,

1020 Who wou'd not rather with a *blest Eternity*?

If Man, as Sadoc dreams, all matter were, 1030
How cou'd he apprehend, compound, infer & his Rule,
How Universals form, Reflect, or Will, in Earth & Heav'n,
And on those Acts make new Reflections still ? But still
How Sciences invent, or Arts devise, 1035
And ev'n by Folly and Mistakes grow wise ? So ev'n all
How everlasting Poems, Works divine,
Which to compose both Earth and Heav'n must join ;
How these produce, how weave each Notion there, 1040
And give each stubborn Thought its Turn and Air ?
As soon wild Atoms into Whirlpools build & break, 1045
Might make this beauteous Poem of the World.
A heap of Letters in a Mirror seen
As soon might form great Maro's Works therein.
If all were Matter, Sadoc argues well,
Wou'd no Hereafter be, no Heav'n or Hell ? 1050
All wou'd be Fate, and Man as justly then
Might punish Stones, as God cou'd punish Men.
But shan't the Judge of all Men justly do ?
Shall not eternal Truth it self be true ?
That here things equally he don't dispense, 1055
Evn Sadoc's Sons must own, who argue thence
Against his Justice and his Providence :
Tho' we more fairly a future World conclude
To plague th' Unjust, and recompence the Good ;
Which by th' inspir'd of old in every Age 1060
Was fair inscrib'd on many a sacred Page ;
Tho' far more legibly than all the rest,
By him of Heav'n and Earth belov'd, exprest.
Dan.12.2,3. Nor this last Refuge to th' unjust remains, 1050
This glimm'ring Hope, that Time shall end their pains :
As soon the Fiends may break their Iron Chains,
As wretched Souls from the sad Prisons rise,
From those eternal Shades, regain the lightsom Skies.
Habits of Vice are Hell, that World of Woe,
They needs must with 'em bear, where e'er they go :
The loss of Heav'n is Hell, who banish'd thence,
Their pain of Loss equals their pain of Sense ;
And cou'd they to that blissful Place repair,
Yet what, ah ! what cou'd vicious Souls do there ? 1060

Who *Life* and *Death* propos'd, the latter chuse,
And a fair *Option* granted, Heav'n refuse.

Thus he — When Chuza — Easily we learn
Those *Truths* we might from *Nature's self* discern,
And you my *Faith* with small reluctance, gain
T' unmatter'd *Minds*, and endles^s *Joy* and *Pain*:
But that which shocks *Philosophy* and *Sense*,
And crosses all our *Notions* drawn from thence,
Is your assertion that the *dead* shall *rise*,
1070 Our *mouldring dust* agen enjoy the *Skies*;
Those *Seeds* of things thro' *Air* and *Water* tost,
Thro' *Earth* and *Fire*, *Bodies* in *Bodies* lost;
That these shall be in their *old Form* rejoyn'd,
Each *Atom* shall its *brother Atom* find:
If then there's ought your *sacred Books* contain,
If ought in *Reasons School* can this explain,
The useful *Knowledge* candidly impart,
And ever more command a *grateful Heart*.

Gamaliel thus — Who *erring minds* regain,
1080 Their *Pleasure* richly do's reward their *Pain*;
And *Reasons* self no worse *success* secures
* In those so well *prepar'd* for *Truth* as yours.
Not that from *Nature* you clear proofs can see
Of what's a supernat'r^{al} *Mystery*.
But first we'll prove 't, tho' from the *World* conceal'd,
By Gods *unerring Spirit* to us *reveal'd*,
Then to our *Faith* the aid of *Reason* bring,
And prove no *Contradiction* in the *Thing*.
* The *Law*, the *Prophets*, and the *Psalms* contain,
1090 This *Truth* the *Sadducee* denies in vain.
When Fate the *Souls* and *Body's link* unties
* The *Spirit* says, Man rather *sleeps* then *dies*. }
Express great *Esay* writes the *Dead* shall *rise* ; }
When the *last Trump* the joyous news shall bring,
That those who dwell in *Dust* shall *rise* and *sing*. }
Tho' this seems strange to our *short sight*s who dwell
In *mortal Clay*, with God 'tis *possible*.
His *Pow'r* can do what *Nature's* never can,
And reproduce the same *numeric Man* ;
1100 From various things that *Body* can restore

Is. 26. 19.

Which his dread *Word* from *Nothing* made before.
 Those *Seeds* of things too fine for *humane* Sight,
 Tho' granted *numerous*, can't be *infinite* ;
 But were they, the *Almighty* is the *same*,
 And *knows* 'em all who calls the *Stars* by *Name* ;
 Each *Atom* can t' his *proper place* return,
 And raise a *Phænix* from a *dusty Urn*.
 Tho' shou'd he *different parts* of *matter* take,
 With the *same Soul* he the *same Man* wou'd make :
 The *Soul's* the *Form*, by this *dull matter* lives, 1110
 And th' *individuating Seal* it gives ;
 That still *survives*, for what can that *destroy*?
 The *Bodies Harbinger* in *Pain* or *Joy*.
 While *Body's* still in *Flux*, still loose it flies,
 Ev'n join'd to *Soul*, each *Day* 'tis born and dies, *
 And when Fate calls, it thence divided, must
 Scatter in *Air* or moulder into *Dust*.

He said and paus'd, all pleas'd with what he spoke,
 When *zealous Cephas* thus his silence broke.

Well have you *reason'd*, *Fathers* ! and as well 1120
 For *Truth* have urg'd *Truths* sacred *Oracle* ;
 Yet *Reason* some evade by *Sophistry*,
 Some *Scriptures* *wrest*, but none can *Sense* deny.
 To this our Lord by *Miracles* appeals,
 In all those *Truths* which he from *Heav'n* reveals }
 By *Miracles* him his Great Father *seals* ;
 Which thousands can as well as we *attest*,
 By *Friends* admir'd, by *Enemies* confess'd :
 Who can by his own *Pow'r* both *Worlds* command,
 And raise the *Dead* by his dread *Voice* or *Hand* ; 1130
 Whom *Heav'n* and *Earth* obey, all must believe,
 His *Testimony* all the *World* receive.
 But never *Man* like him these *Truths* e'er taught,
 He *Immortality* to *Light* has brought ;
 That *Heav'n* the *Good* with *endless Joy* shall gain,
 The *wicked* mourn in *Hell* with *endless Pain*.
 As little, *immaterial Substance*, we
 Can doubt, so much we've heard, so much we see.
 Legions of *Fiends* we see our Lord obey,
 VWho spightful him confess, and hast away ; * 1140

VWhether

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Book: 6: pag: 113.

The 2ⁿ ten prophet w^t David.

Whether to their own dark Abyss confin'd,
Or them he in the howling Desert bind ;
Whether before they haunt some lonely Tomb,
Or bolder into Towns and Cities come,
And strike afflicted Mortals blind or dumb.

This have Capernaum's Walls with wonder seen,
* This from his Hills th' affrighted Gadarene,
Where to their Saviour they their Swine preferr'd,
Where Beasts and Fiends obscene in Legions herd.

1150 Were our Eyes false, we've stronger Evidence,
And proof ev'n more infallible than Sense.
These Truths did Truth it self to us reveal,
Or plain, or in some lively Parable :
One I among the rest remember yet,
And think I hardly ever can forget ;
Still are, methinks the Scene's before my Eyes
The pains of Hell, the joys of Paradise ;
And were not Day well wasted --- Wast no more
Gamaliel says, more earnest than before

1160 To hear the whole : while Nicodemus cries,
Those only wast the Day who, lost in Vice,
The sliding Hours profusely misemploy
In shortliv'd Pleasures and voluptuous Joy,
VVho while the sliding Hours fly swift away,
Fondly themselves beguile, and not the Day :
But who like us their happy Sands have past,
'Tis they, and they alone, Life truly tast,
They use their Time which others only wast.

1170 But pray proceed, slip not one passage o'er,

Believe we long to hear it all and more.
He thus --- I'll every circumstance relate ;
Thus was the Poor-Rich-Man's tremendous Fate,

--- See his luxurious Body cover'd o'er

With Royal Purple, fetch'd from Tyre's proud shore.

* The softest Linnen next his tender skin

Richly perfum'd, (and need) to hide within

A lothsom Load of Vanity and Sin :

Arabia's choicest Odors, purchas'd thence

With the exactest Care and vast Expence

1180 Rich Nard, Amomum, sacred Frankincense :

All

All these profusely smoaking fill'd the Air,
 As if the *Land of Spices* had been there,
 Where nothing else they *burn*; the choisest *Fare* *
 His *Tables* load, the panting *Servants* come
 Half crush'd with their *pil'd weight* into the room:
 Those *Birds* with which wise Heav'n our *Fathers* fed,
 And thought the fittest *meat* with *Angels bread*, *
 As coarser *Fare*, despis'd, he'd scarce afford
 A room at th' end of his *luxurious Board*:
 The beauteous *Fowl* by distant *Phasis* bred, * 1190
 Almost as richly as their *Master* fed;
 Both fatted for *destruction*, scarce he'd deign
 To tast, almost untouch'd born off again;
 And cou'd the fancy'd *Phenix* self been caught,
 The *Dish* he at a *Kingdom's price* had bought.
 While in a stately *Gallery* hard by,
 Adorn'd with *Babylonian Tapistry*
 His *Honours Musick* fate, and as they bring
 Each *Course*, anew they sweep the sounding *string*;
 At once to charm his *Conscience* and his *Cares*, 1200
 Lull his *loose Soul* with melting *Lydian Airs*,
 Or soft *Anacreon's Words* from *Greece* they bring,
 Which *Eunuchs* bought from *Rome* or *Egypt* sing;
 No *Words* e'er better chosen to excite
 His *sated*, yet his *furious Appetite*,
 And urge to *lawless Loves*, and vain *Delight*; }
 Thus on his yielding *Couch* reclin'd he lay,
 Thus he, Luxurious, past the scorching *Day*
 Till cooler *Evening* come, he bids prepare
 His stately *Chariot* — He must take the *Air*: 1210
 At his broad *Gates* arriv'd he casts his *Eye*
 And sees a miserable *Object* lie
 With sores all cover'd — Strait with cruel *Pride*
 He turns his *Head* and haughty *Eyes* aside,
 Then frowning, thus t' his crouching *Servants* near
 Take hence this *Dirt* he cries, what makes he here?
 Drag him to th' *Dunghil*, that's the fittest *place*;
 Let him rot there, and not these *Walks* disgrace:
 Too soon they obey, and spurning bid him rise
 And get him thence — He lifts his fainting eyes, 1220

With

With much of *Pain* he lifts his *heavy head*, and *noon* and
Which soon fell down again, and sighing said to all —
With a *low Voice* — What *hurt* or *injury* had done? And I
Will 't be, if here you let me *faint* and *die*? I can not
Tho' while I might have *liv'd*, you'd not afford me *bread*?
'Twas all I ask'd, the *Fragments* of your *Board* blood
Which e'en the *Dogs* had left — The Wretch dares prate;
Replies the *Lord* — Here trail him from the *Gate*! —
They did, across the more *relenting Stones*,
1230 Scarce cou'd he speak, but just expiring groans; and woe —
The kinder *Hounds*, who as it chanc'd were there, —
Soon scented him, where half expos'd and bare,
His *fest'ring* *nauseous Sores* infect the *Air*; —
Scarcely one part from *head* to *foot* was sound,
One frightful *Ulcer* he, all o'er a *Wound*; —
Around him the poor *Curs* with pity wait,
And as they cou'd seem'd to *bemoan* his *Fate*;
They of their *Masters* *cruelty* complain;
1240 The *Huntsman* rates 'em off, they ne'er the more —
* Will from him stir, but gently lick'd his *Sore*. —
Some *Ease* he found e'en in the *pangs* of *death*, —
Tho' whence he knew not; with his *parting Breath*, —
Too late's your *Aid*, who'er you be, he cry'd, —
Requite you *Heav'n*! — With all his *strength* he try'd,
A little rais'd his *Head*, then sink and dy'd! —
— His active *Spirit* no sooner wing'd away,
From her untenable *house* of *Clay*, —
But strait fair *Angels* from the *Clouds* descend,
1250 And thitherward their *Course* directly bend; —
His shiv'ring *Soul* wide wand'ring in the *Air*, —
On their warm *Purple Wings* to *bliss* they bear; —
Safe to the Realms of *endless Peace* convey'd,
And in great *Abraham's bosom* softly laid; —
There all the glorious *Orders* round him shine,
* "And calm the *Relicks* of his *Grief* with *Hymns*, *Divined*
When now Sol's *Beams* almost had left the *Air*, —
Back did the Miserably-rich repair; —
Who near his house, the lifeless *Carcass* there found.
1260 Did at first glance a little startled see,
But

But soon himself recalls — What is't to me, to drown the W
 If he be dead, he did insulting cry? wob 1161 noel had
 That Wretch had nothing else to do but die. 1162 vol 2
 For me, I better can my time employ, 1163 vol 2
 And many an unexhausted Year of Joy; 1164 vol 2
 Shou'd Fate and Death be sawcy and pretend
 To rush into my presence e'er I set 'em send; 1165 vol 2
 Rich Cordials soon shou'd make 'em quit their hold, 1166 vol 2
 I'd bribe 'em thence with show'rs of liquid Gold; 1167 vol 2
 — Now let 'em keep their distance — When I'm old, 1270
 With Virtue and the Palsey bedrid lie, 1271 vol 2
 Return, I may have leisure then to die. 1272 vol 2
 — He said, and a new Banquet bids prepare,
 Rich Syrian Unguents crown his flowing Hair;
 Resolv'd that Night in all the Joys to live
 That Wit or Wine, or flatt'ring Vice cou'd give;
 A few choice Friends, as great, as lewd as he,
 Sate round, t' augment and share his Jollity;
 At length the Tables clear'd, the Banquet o'er,
 Profusely plentiful as that before, 1280
 He a huge golden Goblet rais'd on high,
 And swears to all their Healths he'd drink it dry,
 Then brought t' his head, when on the sudden, fall,
 His lips scarce touch'd, he, Goblet, Wine and all;
 The Servants shreeking overturn the Board,
 And run to th' aid of their expiring Lord;
 Rich Cordials fetch'd, they force 'em down in vain,
 His hand upon his heart, there, there his Pain;
 Death-struck, he fell, hard comes his rattling breath,
 His jolly Face now pale and cold as Death; 1290
 Atheist no more, believes a God too late,
 Trembling with Horror of approaching Fate;
 All Arts in vain, with wild distorted eyes
 He desp'rare in their arms reluctant dies;
 So soon his Carcass, black and horrid grown
 Corrupts, it longer cou'd be born by none;
 But as the time permitted, they Inter
 With State, in his Parental Sepulchre; *
 Proud Hatchments o'er, perhaps some praise him too
 For twenty Virtues that he never knew; 1300

Their

Their *Flatt'ries* help him not, nor reach him, where
His *Soul*, by th' ugly *Dæmons* of the Air
Is seiz'd their own, their *Mark* they on him found,
Which in firm *Adamantine Fetter*s bound,
To *Ætna's Gulf*, or further on, they bear
To the sad Northern World thro' *mirk som Air*,
O'er utmost *Thule*, thence thro' *Hecla steep*, *
Sink with him down headlong to the boundless Deep.

Amidst the dreadful *Pains* of that sad State,

1310 Which for all those who now *despise* 'em, wait;
Where long he *Tortur'd* lay, he lifts his *Eyes*
Unto the now almost forgotten *Skies*;

The *Earth* to him, *Diaphanous* as *Air*,
With ease look'd thro', for *Souls* see every where;
Beyond *Heav'n*'s mighty *Gulf* he saw as well,
Tho' vast as that, from th' *under-World* to *Hell*; *

Within whose shining *Borders* soon he found
Sweet *Paradise*, that blest, that happy *Ground*

Where *Father Abraham* sits, the *Patriarchs* round,

1320 And *holy Souls*, ay reign in boundless *Light*,
Expecting greater *Bliss* than *Infinite*; *

Among the rest when *Lazarus* he spy'd,
With a loud *lamentable Voice* he cry'd,
O *Father Abraham*! Tho' so far from thee

Remov'd, O *Father* hear, and *pity me*!

To live in yon blest *Realms* I must despair,
What wou'd, alas! my guilty *Soul* do there?
All the small *Boon* I ask, O that I might

Obtain 't! Is but less *Pain* than *infinite*;

1330 Since I in this dire *Place* must ever dwell,
O give but a more tolerable *Hell*!

If this too much, one *Moments respite* give,
What's that t' a *Wretch* must here for ever live?
Still less than that, yet let me, let me gain

Some small *alleviation* of my *Pain*:

The happy *Lazarus*! — O what a *Change*,
(But sure the *Blest* above knew no *Revenge*.)
Betwixt his *Fate* and mine! Let him descend,
And with one *drop* of *Water* me befriend,

1340 Tortur'd in quenchless *Flames* e'er since I fell,

And *Thirst*, next *Guilt*, the greatest *Plague* of *Hell*.

Ah *miscalld Son*, Abraham severe replies,

With *unrelenting Justice* in his *Eyes*,

The time of Mercy's now for ever o'er,

No more thy Friend, thy *Father* now no more :

Then, then thou shou'dst have *su'd*, when long in vain

God did a *Pardon* offer, you disdain ;

Nay dar'd, ungrate, his *Providence* arraign :

E'en from his *Goodness*, wou'd no *God* believe,

Because he suffer'd such a *Wretch* to live : *

Then thou in *Wealth* and *Opulence* didst flow ;

Two are too much, thou hadst *one Heav'n* below,

Where *Lazarus* his *Hell*; now all things *weigh'd*

In his just *Ballance*, *Retribution's* made ;

He lives in endless *Joy*, who then did *mourn* ;

Thou in unpity'd *Flames* must ever *burn*.

Besides, th' *interminable Gulf*'s so wide,

*That do's twixt your sad *Realms* and ours divide* ;

Yours cannot hope a Change, nor ours can fear,

You must be ever there, we always here.

1350

1360

1370

If then my *Pain* I must *uneas'd* deplore,

O let it not (but can it?) e'er be more,

The hopeless *Wretch* returns ; for even here

In *Hell* it self I've something *worse* to fear :

I th' lightsom *World* above I call to mind,

I yet have Five dear *Brethren* left behind ;

Them my false *Rhet'ric* did too oft entice,

My bad *Example* them inclin'd to *Vice* :

I fear lest their *Damnation* mine enhance,

Their added *Sums* my vast *Account* advance :

If he so long a *Journey* must not go,

Or make a *Visit* to our *Worlds* of *Woe* ;

At least *half-way* let *Lazarus* descend,

Rowze'em from *Vice*, and warn of my sad *End* ;

This, this wou'd strike their *Souls* with pious *Fear*,

Sure they'd the *Dead*, tho' not the *Living* hear.

Nor e'en can that be granted, Abraham says,

If they neglect Lifes fix'd and stated ways,

What the great *Moses* their *Forefathers* told,

Thunder'd from *Heav'n*, what all th' *Inspir'd* of old;

1380

If

If they the *Law* and *Prophets* not receive,
Nor wou'd they the returning *Dead* believe.

—He said, the *Fiends* about their *Pris'ner* came,
And sink him deep in liquid *Worlds* of *Flame* ;
While *Lazarus* forgets those *Miseries*,
By which he thinks too cheap his *Crown* he buys,
And learns triumphant *Hymns* in *Paradise*.

The Apostle breaths, the *Story* all commend ;
Hence Fathers ! See, reply'd our *Saviour's Friend*,

1390 Our *Master* came not, as the envious say,
The *Sanction* of our *Laws* to take away,
Or mighty *Moses* teach to *disobey* ;
Perpetual Doctor of the *Churches*, where
His *Truths* of *moral Obligation* are,
Nay even those who sit in *Mose's Chair*,
He bids *obey* in all that's *just* and *right*,
Suffer or do, nor must his *Servants* fight.

Gamaliel thus — Since you so much have shown,

1400 I've now far other *Thoughts*, I frankly own,
Of your great *Masters Doctrine*, than before,
And must th' *Iniquity* o'th' *Age* deplore
That him rejects, our *Rulers Spite* and *Fate*
The *Cause*, he worthy a far better *Fate*.
But chance what may, avert my boding *Fear*,
Kind Heav'n ! You ever shall be *welcom* here.

And now the *Sun* behind the *Mountains* fell,
Gilding, with parting Beams, fair *Siloam's Well*; *

The *Guests* arise, *Gamaliel* with 'em rose,

1410 Since they'll no longer stay, he forward goes,
Conducts 'em to the *Gate*, and parting there,
Back the *Disciples* to our *Lord* repair.

The End of the Sixth Book.

NOTES
ON
The LIFE of CHRIST.
BOOK VI.

1. **L**O! *Tb' Eternal Word I sing, &c.*] I chose *Pindaric* here, being most suitable to the *Loftiness* of the Subject: And for my *Excuse* in using it, desire no better than Mr. Cowley's *Example*. For the *Matter* of the *Ode*, it includes, for the main, little more than what's *expres'd* or *binted* in the *First Chap.* and other places of St. John's *Gospel*.

5. *Rise my Eagle-Soul! Arise.*] That *Epiphany* may be more proper to St. John, because he's generally thought represented by the *Eagle*, among the four living Creatures in the *Revelation*; which is accordingly pictur'd near him.

18. *No mean Succession his Duration knows.*] I am not ignorant that our famous *Parker*, and the *Men of New Notions*, are generally of another mind. But this has not only been the *Opinion* of all *Antiquity*, who thought *Succession* disagreeable to the *Nature* of God, but of the best and most Learned of the *Modems* in our own Nation. See *Bishop of Worcester's Sermon on the Mysteries of the Christian Faith*; *Mr. Bensly*, and others; and among Poets, *Mr. Cowley*,

*Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an Eternal Now does always last.*

23. *Whatever was, was God, e'er Time or Place.*] From *Vida's: Quicquid era*
Deus illud erat.

27. *One, undissolv'd.*] The *marie word* I could find to *undivide*.

30. *Not to be argu'd, but believ'd.*] As to the *Modus*, I mean, the *Manner* of the *Eternal Generation*; as I explain it in the following Verse, —*ineffable the way, &c.*

39. —————— *more intimately one*
With his great Father, than the Light and Sun.] This usually is given as an *Illiustration* of the *Trinity*, and particularly the *Procession* of the *Son* from the *Father*; tho' it must come *short*, or else it would not be a *Similitude*, but the same thing. All that is pretended to be proved by such Instances as these, being that such things are no *Contradiction* in *Nature*.

43. *There is no after or before.*] From that in the *Athanasian Creed*. In this *Trinity* none is *Before* or *after* an other; that is, *all* the *Divine Persons* were *coexistent* from all *Eternity*, and do now *equally* partake of the *Divine Essence* and *Perfections*.

46. *No room for one short Moment, or bold Thought between.*] The *Arrians*, who had much more to say for their *Heresie* than their modern *Kindred*, did grant, in some of their *Confessions of Faith*, that the *Son* was from all *Eternity* by such

an *Emanation* from the Father, as that whereby the *Light* proceeds from the *Sun*, but yet contended for a *Moment's* difference between their *Existence*; the Son receiving his, as they think, from the Father; whereby they unavoidably fell into the same Absurdity which other Pretenders to Reason since have done: That I mean of a *made God*, or a *subordinate Supreme*. To which, if they can, let 'em find one that's *equal* in the whole *Athanasian Creed*.

47. *The Father lov'd the Son, &c.*] Thus some endeavour to *solve*, or rather illustrate the Doctrine of the Divine Processions.

54. *Three more than Names, the Father, Spirit, and Son.*] 'Twas the Heresie of *Sabellius*, that the three Persons in the Trinity were only *three Names* for *one Person*, as well as *one Essence*. Which some have charged on Dr. *Cudworth*, tho, I think, with more ill *Nature* than *Justice*. Nor seems there need of many Arguments to confute it. *Names* can't *act*. *Names* are not *distinguish'd* by *Personal Pronouns*; one *Name* can't *send* or *satisfie*, or *attest* another: But there are in the *Divine Essence* different *Agents*, different *Actions* being attributed unto it, and those who perform 'em are distinguish'd by different *Personal Pronouns* in the *Sacred Scripture*. Of the *Father* and *Son* there's no doubt: Of the *Holy Spirit* 'tis said, *He shall teach you all things*. The *Father* is said to *send*, the *Son* to be *sent*, the *Holy Spirit* to *witness*. Therefore they are more than *Names*, and I think *Persons* is the plainest *Word* we have whereby to express them.

57. ——*one self-conscious Mind.*] With all *Submission* and *Respect* to that Reverend Person, who, if I mistake not his meaning, asserts *three distinct Minds* in the *undivided Trinity*, I must acknowledg I can't be of his Opinion for these short Reasons; if three *holy Minds*, then *three Holy Ghosts*: But says the *Creed*, *One Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts*. Again, if *three Minds*, then I see not how to avoid *three individual Essences*, as much as of *three Men*: Therefore not *one individual Essence*, tho this all Catholick Christians acknowledg.

60. *This by the Spirit did the Son.*] Gen. i. The *Spirit of God* moved upon the Face of the Waters: Which could not be a *Wind*, the *Earth* not being yet made to send out any *Exhalation*, or so much as any *Air* to be mov'd, without one of which, *Wind* could not be produced.

62. *As was resolv'd i'th Consult of the great Three One.*] That our Church thinks all the Trinity consulted or agreed together in the *Creation of the World*, and understands that Expression, Gen. i. 26. *Let us make man*; in that Sense, appears, I think, plain enough from her ordering that Chapter to be read on *Trinity-Sunday*.

71. *Those fair Idea's be expres'd, &c.*] According to that Notion so much talk'd of by some, of an *Ideal World*; tho thus much is certain, that the *infinite Mind*, had before *all Time*, and therefore from *Eternity*, fore-seen and decreed, what were then only *possible Essences*, should be in *Time* reduced into *Existence* or *actual Being*.

78. *With Luna's Silver-Waves, &c.*] Alluding to the new *Notion of Light*; that 'tis perform'd by repeated *Undulations*.

82. *The Angels next he made.*] So in *Coleff* 16. *By him were all things created in Heaven and Earth, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Powers*: And in the Old Testament, "The Morning-Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for Joy, when the Son, the eternal, essential *Wisdom* of God, as the Fathers interpret it, laid the Foundation of the Earth; and if he made the *Angels*, he could not be himself an *Angel* in a proper Sense, tho he's call'd by *Accommodation* or *Comparison*, the *Angel of the Covenant*; and by *Jacob* the *Angel* that preserv'd him from all Evil. Of which see more below.

92. *Falling from thence, some Sun or Planet grows.*] Alluding to Galileo's Notion, "That every Globe of the Universis was created at a *distance* from the Place wherein it was to move, and thence let fall to the place of its *designed Residence*.

94. *First, Matter wills, then Form to Matter lends;*
First different Somethings makes, &c.] Matter, the *Heaven* and the *Earth*,

Gen. i. 1. which must relate to the *Matter* of them only, the whole being at first *ἀόργον* and *ἀδιάλογον*, *inform* and *void*, till 'twas in three *Revolutions* of the *first created Light*, and three more of the *Sun*, reduced into that beautiful and lovely *Order*, which denominates it a *World*; all the *jarring Elements* being separated and dispoled into their proper *Places*.

98. *And all around was Light, &c.] Gen. i. 3.* God said let there be light, and there was light; immediately after the Spirit's moving upon the Face of the Waters.

106. *By God, who had the Pow'r alone.] This certainly held then, whatever some may think it does since.*

115. *If any asks, can satisfie——His Wrath.] This Thought has been la-bour'd at by some of the greatest Genius's the World has e'er produced, Milton, Dryden, and others, after whom I should scarce have dared to attempt it, had it not been almost necessary to the Subject.*

131. *Nor like an Angel's, only form'd of Air.] Twas the Opinion of some wild Hereticks in former Ages, that our Saviour's Blessed Body was only *fantaſtical not real*; whom 'tis not worth the while to confute.*

150. *And once in Royal Robes array'd,—At sacred Salem stay'd.] Many Learned Men have been of Opinion that Melchizedeck was our Saviour, who, as well might appear *like a Man as an Angel*; and as well stay *some time* as *just appear*. They think that 'tis a harsh Interpretation of *ἄνθρωπος, without Father without Mother*: to say, that it only meant his *Father* and *Mother* were not known, or not recorded, especially considering what follows, that he had neither *beginning of Days* nor *end of Life*; for further Christ is said in the Psalmist to be *Sacerdos in eternum*, a Priest for ever, after the Order of Melchizedeck: Whence it should seem that he himself was a Priest for ever, eternal, and therefore no other than the Son of God; as it seems implied in the Apostle's Words, of whom 'tis witnessed that he liveth, *Heb. 7. 8.* made after the Power of an *endless Life*, v. 18. as in the *third*, without *Descent*, *ἀνατονία*. (Who shall declare his Generation?) And, he abideth a Priest continually. And when that's objected, made *like* to the Son of God, therefore not the same; they answer, that he may be the *same* with him, tho said to be *like* him, and produce that Instance where Christ is said to be *ἐν ὁμοίωσιν ἀρπάποντι φύσει*, *Philip. 2. Made in the likeness of men*: and yet more plainly and unexceptionably, *Revel. 1. 13. One like unto the Son of man*: Whom yet all here grant to be Christ. Other strong Probabilities might be added, but these I think are sufficient to defend my making use of that Opinion.*

157. *He, with two menial Angels, once a Guest.] Gen. 18. 1. The Lord appeared to him; as Cap. 17. The Lord appeared to Abraham, and said, I am the Almighty God; which could not be an Angel, could not be the Father, must be the Son.* v. 22. *God went up from Abraham; therefore must have taken a bodily Shape, which the Father ne'er did.* And in the following Chap. when the *two Men*, or *two Angels*, went to destroy *Sodom*, they tell *Lot*, *The Lord had sent them to destroy it*; that *Lord* whom they left talking with *Abraham*: And that Passage, "The "Lord rained Fire and Brimstone on *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* from the *Lord* out of "Heaven; the very *Arrians* understood of the *Father* and the *Son*; as we find in some of their Confessions of Faith in *Eusebius*.

161. *Then Abraham saw his Day, and did rejoice.] A not improbable Sense of our Saviour's Words, *John 8. 56.**

164. *'Twas he who did the wandring Jacob guide, — 'Twas he whom met by Jabbok's side, &c.] That the Angel who deliver'd Jacob from all *Evil*, and whom he prayed to bleſs his *Grand-Children*, was the *uncreated Angel*, our Blessed Saviour, has been the Sense of *Antiquity*, as *Petavius* observes, tho he seems not willing to believe it, lest the Church of *Rome* should thereby lose one main Argument for worshipping *Angels*. But without him we are sure he was *God*: For *Gen. 48. 15. The God of Abraham and Isaac which fed him all his Life long*, is call'd, v. 16. the *Angel* that redeem'd him, &c. tho no doubt but 'twas the same who redeem'd and fed him. Again, *Exod. 3. 2. The Angel of the Lord appeared in a flame of fire out of the midst of the Bush:* But v. 4. *God called to him out of the midst of the Bush:**

Bush: And v. 6. *I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.* The same also who wrestled with *Jacob* at *Peniel*, Gen. 32. who tho call'd a *Man*, v. 24. because appearing in the *Form of Man*, yet was really *God*, v. 28. As a *Prince* hast thou power with *God*: And so it seems *Jacob* himself thought; for he call'd the Place *Peniel*; for, says he, I have seen *God* face to face.

175. *What Angel else those Titles durst have claim'd?* — In every sacred Page *Adonai nam'd.*] 'Tis not proper to make a *Jew* pronounce the Name *Jehova*, which was, I suppose, long before this esteemed *unutterable*, for which was used *Adonai* or *Elohim*. Now that the *Angel* which went before *Israel*, which appeared often to the *Patriarchs*, was call'd *Jehova*, is plain in twenty Instances: See Exod. 23. 20. *Bebold I will send an Angel before thee:* And 21. *My Name is in him:* Now the Name by which *God* revealed himself to *Moses* and the *Children of Israel*, when he brought them out of *Egypt*, was *Jehova*: Exod. 6. 3. *By my Name Jehovah was I not called:* And say to the *Children of Israel*, *I am hath sent me unto thee.* But *God* will not give his *Glory*, Isai. 42. 8. His *incommunicable Attributes*, and *essential Glory* to any other *Being*: Therefore whoever has this *Glory*, must be *God*; and this *God* the *Son*, whom the *Jews* tempted in the *Wilderness*, as the *Apostle* says, 1 Cor. 10. 9. and of whom all the *Fathers* interpret it: Nay, the very *Jews* themselves do the same, as I find in the Notes on *Grotius de Verit. Relig. Christian.* p. 368. Out of *Moses Ben Nachmen*, as quoted by *Masius*; *Iste Angelus, &c.* "That *Angel*, if we might speak the very *Truth*, is *the Angel the Redeemer*, of "whom it is written, *my Name is in him*. The *Angel* who said to *Jacob*, *I am the God of Bethel*: He of whom 'tis said, *God called to Moses out of the midst of the Bush*. He's called an *Angel*, because he governs the *World*: For 'tis writ, "*Jehova* brought us out of *Egypt*. And again, he lent his *Angel*, and brought us out of *Egypt*. Again it is written, *The Angel of his Presence* (of his *Face*) "laved them, to wit, that *Angel* who is the *Presence* or *Face* of *God*; and of whom 'tis said, *My Face or Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest*. Lastly, that *Angel* of whom the *Prophet*, *The Lord whom you seek, shall suddenly come to his Temple*; the *Angel* of the *Covenant* whom you desire. Again, "The *Face or Presence* of *God* signifies *God*, as all *Interpreters* agree; but none "can understand this, unless he's acquainted with the *Mysteries* of the *Law*.

177. *Royal Isaia bim.*] He's generally reckon'd of *Noble*, or *Royal Off-Spring*. The *Glory* he saw in the *Temple* when the *Seraphim* cry'd *Holy, Holy, Holy*, Isai. 6. was the *Glory of our Blessed Saviour*: For so says this *Evangelist* in his *Life*, John 12. 41. *These things said Isaia, when he saw his Glory and spake of him.*

190. *The lovely Boy, in whose auspicious Face.*] This is borrow'd from Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of *Virgil's Sicelides Musæ*.

207. *Their Reason is a Spark of his celestial Fire.*] *God the Son*, who made *Man*, and breathed into him the *Breath of Life*, gave him also *Soul* and *Reason*, forming him in this, as well as *Piety*, after his own *Image*, who is the eternal *λόγος*, or first *Essential Reason*.

251. *And only to the chosen Jews reveal'd.*] *Vid. Joseph's Speech*, in *Lib. VIII.*

262. *For you, Sir, I perceive, have Plato read.*] As the *Heathen* said of *St. John*, when he read the beginning of his *Gospel*.

275. *Who borrow all you think of us you know,* — From *Fabling Greece and fals'er Manetho.*] See this prov'd at large by *Josephus against Appion*.

295. *Their ancient mighty Jao was the same, &c.*] This *Jao*, or as *St. Jerom*, *Jabo*, was very famous among the most ancient of the *Heathens*: Him the *Devils* themselves were forc'd to acknowledg to be the true *Supreme God*. So the Oracle of *Apollo Clarius*, οὐαῖστον τὸν μέγαν ιάσασθε διὸν λύπην Ιδα. He was the same with *Jehova*, and as well as *fove*, deflected from it. That this was the *God* of the *Jews*, we learn from *Diodorus*, who speaks as much of 'em as most of the *Heathen Writers*. "Moses," says he, inscrib'd his Laws to the *God Jao*: And *Sanchoniathon* tells us, he received much of his History from the *Priest* of the *God Jao*, by which Name, as *Irenaeus* tells us, the *Gnostics*, who affected *Antiquity*, were us'd to call *God*.

298. *And him to whom you did a Temple rear,* — Was only the *Phenician Thunderer.*] The

The Saxon *Thor*, and Scyrian *Taramis* are concluded by learned Men to be the same, both signifying *Jupiter* the Thunderer; the Name of the latter, as Bochart thinks, deriv'd from a Root, which both in the British and Phenician Language signifies to thunder. And to the same God did *Augustus* erect a Temple, I suppose after some great Thunder, that probably which *Horace* alludes to, in his *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem.*

302. Now Hammon him from ancient Cham you call,
Now Belus name him from our injur'd Baal.] There can't be a more natural or easie Derivation of *Jupiter Hammon*, than from *Cham* or *Ham* as we write it. And that *Belus* is the same with *Baal*, and *Baal* with *Jupiter*, and yet a true name of God, *Hos.* 2. 16. I think all learned men are agreed. See more below, where also of *Belisama, Astarte, Isis, &c.*

312. Lucina aid;—Old, Berecynthia Mother of the Gods, &c.] *Lucina* is the same with the *Moon*. *Berecynthia* seems a compound from Ἡν which is either *Venus* or *Juno*, and *Cynthia* the *Moon*, both the same with *Rhea*, so call'd from φω, *fluo*, from an obvious reason. *Berecynthia* was *Mother of the Gods*, So *Isis, Cybele, Rhea*.

322. All your three hundred Joves.] A fair Company of them, for so many *Varro* reckons, tho' most of them different Names for the same Person, nay often only *Fable* at the bottom.

334. Of some departed Father, Friend or Lord
They first an Image made, and then ador'd.] This has been look'd upon both by Antients and Moderns as the first rise of Idolatry, generally thought to have been begun by the Worshippers of *Belus*, though this the *Egyptians* were probably guilty of as soon as any others, because they had not only the Images of their Relations and Friends, but their very *Bodies*, as they have to this day preserv'd amongst them; and when they are reduced to straits did really often get help from 'em, by pawning their *Father* or *Grandfather* to the rich; whom they thought it a great piece of *Impiety* not to redeem again as soon as able.

359. And Seas, as Luna bids 'em, ebb and flow.] I'm not concern'd, whether 'tis the *Moon's Influence*, the Motion of the Earth, or whatever other Cause, to which the *Flux* and *Reflex* of the Seas are owing; 'tis enough that what I assign has been believ'd as most probable by Antiquity, which Mr. Cowley follows in his "Undisturb'd by Moons, &c.

362. Or mighty Mazzaroth.] I confess I can give no better Reason for calling him *mighty*, than because he has a very hard *Name*: But what's the true meaning on't, after all the Guesses of the Critic, perhaps he only knows who calls all the *Stars* by their *Names*, however *Gamaliel* might then know what it was.

367. Which some thought living, for they saw 'em move.] They believ'd 'em intelligent *Beings*, says Mr. Bently out of *More Nevochim*; and the same appears from *Plato, Diodorus*, especially *Eusebius, Demonstr. Evang. Lib. 1. Cap. 6.* οὐνιας μηραὶ τοῦ Αἰγυπτίου μεγάτες ἀνδρῶν κατέχει λόγος ἡλιος γε οὐλιανος, γε ἀστέρες διος αὐτοφθαλεῖ. The *Egyptians* and *Phenicians* first worship'd the Sun, *Moon* and *Stars*, as *Gods*.

388. Nay, to make all things sure, the Fiends and all.] Which *Porphyry* fairly acknowledges, owning that *Belzebub* and *Serapis* were the same.

402. Lord of Heaven.] *Beelsamen* signifies no more, as *Belisama, Queen of Heaven*, two Idols of the *Phenicians* the same with *Jupiter* and *Juno*.

404. Moloch and Belus is with these the same.] *Moloch* signifies King, or Lord; *Belus*, or *Baal* is much of the same Signification. That *Jupiter* is the same with *Belus* I think few question. That the *Sun* had the same name appears from the Grecian Ἡλιος, derived of the Phenician *Eliun*, of whom *Sanchoniathon*; and we learn from *Damasc.* in *Pbot.* that the *Phenicians* confound *Hel* and *Bel*, as our *British* learn'd to do from them, the Father of our *Cassibelaunus* (rather *Cassibelanus*) being call'd in some of our old Writers *Hel* or *Heli*, in others *Bel*. And in *Gruter's Inscriptions* we find one at *Aquileia, Apollini Beleno*; and the Herb *Apollinaris* was called by the ancient *Gauls, Belinuntia*; to which add that *Macrobius in Saturn. ult.* affirms *Jupiter* and the *Sun* to be the same.

405. *Saturn with both.*] *Thallus*, an old Historian commended by *Lactantius*, *Tertullian* and *Minutius*, mentions *Belus* and *Cronus* as the same ‘*ἕνος μὲν σιγόντας τὸν Σεγρόν* some, says he, pay divine Honours to *Cronus*, and name him *Baal*, or *Bel*, the Romans call him *Saturn*, and some say that *Linus* first introduc'd his Worship. So *Apollinaris in Catena* on *Psalm 106. 28.* ‘*Ελληνὶ δὲ τὸν Βααλ βῆλον Σεγρὸν ἐν φασὶν ἀνεύ τὸν Σεγρόν.* ‘The Grecians call *Baal Bel*, who they say is the same with *Time* or *Saturn*. *Scaliger* thinks this *Baalpear*, *Δία Βεγράν*, *Taramis* the Thunderer, *Vessius* the Sun, *S. Jerom Priapus*; and I suppose are all three in the right.

406. *The same Inscription both, &c.*] That famous one **ΑΓΛΙΒΕΛΩΝ ΜΑΛΕΧ.** **ΒΕΛΩΝ**, mention'd in *Bochart*.

407. *Alike their Form, alike their Sacrifice.*] Their Form, a King with a Scepter in his hand; their Sacrifice humane, as is notorious, both to *Saturn*, *Baal*, and *Moloch*.

408. *To both the Nations their Baetylia raise.*] These were very ancient Idols, Name and Thing, as the learned conjecture, corrupted from *Betbel*, where *Jacob* anointed a Pillar and dedicated it to God, whence the *Phenicians* his neighbours might do the same to their Idols. These *Baetylia* were dedicated to *Saturn*, *Jupiter* and others, being found formerly in great numbers near Mount *Lebanus*, particularly at *Heliopolis*, the City of *Hel*, or *Bel* the Son of *Jupiter*; as *Photius* from *Damascius*, which latter says he saw one of them himself sustain'd and moving in the air, sometimes bigger sometimes less. That they had some Motion and a sort of Life we learn from *Sanchoniathon*, who calls these *Baetylæ*, *Ἄστροι οὐρανοῦ*. Their Form was different, sometimes like a Pillar; whence *Cowley*: ‘*Baal's spired Stone to dust was ground*. Which I suppose was the proper *sham*, which the *Jews* were so often forbidden to make: at others round and white, like an exact Globe. This Stone is also called *Abaddir*, as *Gale* from *Priscian*, whence perhaps the Devil's name *Abaddon* in the Revelations; all of them I'm inclin'd to believe the same with that *Jupiter Lapis* or *Terminus* of the *Romans*, whom *Lactantius* mentions, who was so stubborn he'd not yield an Inch to *Jupiter Latialis* himself, but kept his ground in the *Capitol*, when all the other Gods were afraid of the *Thunderer*.

409. *That Isis, Io, angry Juno are*
The same your own best Writers oft declare.] *Euripides* as quoted by *Bochart* says, the *Phenicians* and *Thebans* thought *Iris* the same with the common Mother. *Herodotus* in *Euterpe*, as I find him quoted in *Gale*, says, the Image of *Iris* was of the same Form with the Grecian *Io*. Now further, that *Iris* was *Juno* is plain, because *Plutarch* says in *Craesus* that the Hieropolitan Goddess, who was this *Iris*, is also called *Hez* or *Juno*. And the same *Iris* is called by *Julian* in his *Oration, De matre Deorum*, *ἡ μήτηρ τῶν θεῶν, &c.* ‘Mother of the Gods, and Wife of *Jove*; and again, *Δίὸς οὐρανοῦ καὶ ουρανοῦ*, which could agree to none but *Juno*.

411. *The same their way of Life.*] See *Herodotus*, who describes *Iris* as *μενοσῶν τὴν οἰκουμένην*, running to and fro on the Earth. So *Plutarch*, *Apuleius*, *Sanchoniathon*, *Lucian* and others; and the same is true of *Io*, and *Juno* rambling after her *Jupiter*.

413. *And all... The Wife of Jove.*] Of *Iris*'s prov'd, of *Juno* not doubted, nor can it be of *Io*, if the same with *Juno*, as she was by *Ovid's* leave, only a Contraction of it, tho' he only makes her a Concubine of *Jupiter*.

414. *All born'd alike.*] So says *Herodotus* of *Iris* and *Io*, *βερίσσων*, therefore true of *Juno*. See more below in *Astarte*.

416. *Hence Iris, ere to Libyan Wafts be fled,—With her own double Crown, &c.*] *Libyan Wafts* where the Temple of *Ammon* is describ'd by *Dionysius*, *καὶ πλεύσας Λιβύοις θεοῖς Λαμπεθῷ ὑπὸ πολλῆς*. Where the Scholiast thus; ‘*Ηεζῆς θεός, λέγεται ἐπὶ κειστέσσαντα τὸν Δίος θῆν αὐτῷ ἀγαλμα, Αμμῶν γέ τοι Ιηύπτοι τὸν Δία ρεῖσσιν.*’ That *Herodotus* lays, that this Image of *Jupiter* had Horns like a Ram, whence the Fable of *Jupiter's* turning himself into a Ram when he fled from the Giants into Egypt; and some think

think *Asteroth* or *Astarte* was worshipped in the form of a *Sheep*, as we learn from the Rabbies.

421. Their sacred Ox did Joseph represent.] So *Vossius*, and most other learned Men; which is made more probable by the Etymology of *Serapis*, which signifies as some think *Ox Father*. *Joseph* was, as he himself says, a Father to *Pbarach*. The Ox, a laborious Creature, is the Emblem of Plenty and Industry: Further, the Image of *Serapis* had a *Bushel* on its head, as *Suidas* describes it, in memory of his providing Corn for the people: And *Sandford* tells us, that *Minutius* the Prefect of Provisions at *Rome* was honoured with the Statue of a golden Ox for much the same reason.

425. By Father Abram first from Chaldee brought.] That the *Chaldeans* were the most ancient Philosophers there is but little doubt, any more than that *Abraham* was a *Chaldean*. *Philo* ascribes the invention of Letters to *Abraham*, tho *Eupolemus*, *Artapan* and others to *Moses*. *Abraham* might teach them to the *Phenicians*, as they, we know, did by *Cadmus* to the *Grecians*, and *Moses* to the *Egyptians*; who tho they might teach him their own Learning, there's no necessity they should teach him his Letters. But that the *Egyptians* learned 'em from a Stranger, their own Writers acknowledg, and we find in *Plato*.

426. Whether from Seth's eternal Pillars learn'd.] As *Josephus* asserts, and speaks of one of them as remaining in *Syria* to his time; which one would think he'd scarce have done; had there been no foundation for such a thing: nor is there any Contradiction or Absurdity in it.

429. Their boasted Hermes ours and not their own.] *Hermes* is said to have invented Letters, or at least brought 'em into *Egypt*. This *Moses* is concluded to have done, therefore he must be that *Hermes*.

430. Nay even the old Chaldeans sacred Fire,
Which Delphos, you, and all the World admire,
Your Vesta, Perlia's Mitra, are but one

The same with Moloch, Ammon and the Sun.] The old *Chaldeans* were the first who worshipped the Fire, which some attribute to *Nimrod*; this'tis thought was done at *Ur*, which the vulgar render *Fire*. The same sacred Fire or Symbol of the Sun was also ador'd at *Delphos*, and almost every where else, especially by the *Romans*, under the name of *Vesta*; the *Persians* worship'd it under the name of *Mitra*, and at other times they call'd it *Amanus*, why not from *Ammon*? who had also his *sacred Fire* perpetually preserved, of which see *Plutarch* in his discourse of *Oracles*.

436. The Egyptian Isis, Queen of Heav'n, you name
Your Juno, our Astarte is the same,
And both the Moon, in Venus all agen

Agree, great Mother she of Gods and Men.] Julian begins his Prayer thus to *Isis*, the same as he thinks with *Dea*, *Rhea*, and *Demeter* or *Ceres*, Ω θεα καὶ αὐτόπτων μήτηρ· 'O thou Mother of Gods and Men! and just after, συνηγορεῖ Δίσις, 'Partner of the Throne of Jove. That *Juno* is Queen of Heaven among the *Heathens*, is granted. That *Astarte* is the same with *Juno*, and both with the *Moon*, will appear from the Description we have of her in *Sanchoniathon* and others. She wore upon her own head, says he, that of a *Bull*, just as *Juno* is before describ'd, representing a *Crescent* or *Half-moon*. She's agreed to be the same with *Asteroth* the Goddess of the *Sidonians*, whom the *Jews* worship'd in *Samuel's* time, and *Solomon* afterward. The same with that Βαάλ in the *Acts*, which has so puzzl'd Interpreters, of whom the Writer of *Tobit* quoted by Mr. *Cowley*, Εὐνοῦ τῷ Βαάλ τῷ Δαμάλει, 'they sacrificed to *Baal* the *Heifer*; the same with *Baalitis*, or *Belis*, or *Belsama*, which last signifies exactly the *Queen*, as *Beelsamen* the King, of *Heaven*; by whom the *Moon* is thought to be intended, and call'd by that Title in the *holy Scriptures*. That this *Astarte* is the *Moon* further appears from *Lucian's Dea Syria*, Αστέριν δὲ τὸν σκοτεινὸν εἶναι, 'I esteem *Astarte* to be the *Moon*. Further, that *Juno*, and *Venus*, and the *Moon* are all one is *Vossius's* Opinion. It has been already prov'd of

of Juno and the Moon, and is as clear of Venus from that forementioned passage of Plutarch, where he says, the Hieropolitan Goddess was call'd by some Juno, by others Venus, and by others the Goddess which takes care of the Principles and Seeds of things. I have only to prove that Astarte is Venus, which Tully expressly affirms *De natura Deorum*: "Venus Syria Tyroque concepta, quæ Astarte vocatur. And yet more plainly, the Isle Erythia near Spain, which as Bochart says was called Astarteb or Astarta by the Phenicians, was also nam'd by some 'Aegistia', by others 'Hez; ius', the Isle of Venus and Juno. This Venus had also many other names; the Assyrians, as Herodotus, call'd Venus Mylitta, the Arabians Alyta, (from a Composition of both which, with a small Variation, might the Island Melita or Malta be named, where was formerly a temple of Venus, as Cytheron, Erythia, and other places for the same Reason) the Persians as before Mitra, as learned Men have conjectured, from the Persian Meliter, which signifies great, whence the Greek μήτη, the Latin Mater, from the Doric, and our English Mother. But why may not this Mira as well come from Mitzraim the Sun, as Vossius thinks, and accordingly some call this Idol the Sun, Venus, or whatever 'twas, Mira, or Mithra, as Suidas; others Mesra or Mizra as Philo; nor is't any wonder it should be reckoned both Masculine and Feminine, since such was the Statue of ancient Venus, such, 'tis thought, Priapus, and the Deus Lunus, and so Astarte or Astartus. Nay the same God or Goddess was still worshipp'd by the Arabians in Mahomet's time, who in his Alchoran thus upbraids them with their Idolatry, Surat. 51. 'Have you not seen Allath, and Alloza, and Menath; which Alloib seems the same with the Alyta of Herodotus, only an Arabick Termination for a Greek. Beidar in his Commentary on the place says, they were all three one Image, bearing the resemblance of every living Creature, (as some think the Pantheon) and yet like a Woman. Isa-bar-ali, cited by Hottinger says, 'twas the Star of the God Remphan, S. Jerom tells us this Star was Lucifer, which in his time the Arabians worship'd; and Lucifer in the Morning is Venus in the Evening. This Menath seems to be the same with Mercury, worship'd in those parts as some have thought by the name of Meni, and who according to Beidar's Description was the same with Venus, an Hermaphrodite in the molt proper sense of the Words.

450. To Cyprus first from the Sidonian shore.] It appears that the Worship of Venus came from Sidon and the Phenicians to the rest of the World, because they were the first who ador'd her, near whose shoar is the Isle of Cyprus, where she had an ancient Temple, and whence she bore the name of Cypria. See Pausanias in Atticus, who thus speaking of the Temple of Venus Urania, She was worshipped first, says he, by the Assyrians, then by the Cyprians, Paphians and Phenicians of Palestine, whence the Inhabitants of Citberon learnt to adore her.

452. Past Icaria gone.] a small Island in the Ægean Sea, Samos, as Bochart thinks, a Colony of the Phenicians.

453. At Samos toucht, where they her Temple rais'd, And by the Grecian Name of Juno prais'd.] Juno had a famous Temple at Samos, which Virgil celebrates. Vossius thinks Jupiter was deriv'd from Jaf μήτη, and Janus from the same Jaf, and that in the same manner was formed Jana, as from thence Juno; which words among the antient Romans were the same, the a and u being frequently chang'd, as Calamus into Culmus; and o, as in Dido, being the Greek Termination.

457. Nor far from thence other Erythian.] A Family of the Erythriæ are placed hereabouts, by Dionysius, and others. Why I call them Erythrians, not Erythreans, see below.

461. Melita past.] Where was a famous Temple of hers, as before; and indeed she left Temples and took Names at most of the considerable Islands and Ports of the Seas. Whence she's call'd Cypria, Papbia, Cytheræa, Erycina, Melitea, &c.

462. By her old Name.] That of Juno most solemnly ador'd at Cartilage, which gave Virgil a very neat occasion for most of his Machines in his Æneis.

465. To Gades and the rich Tartessian Strand.] *Tartessus* was famous in all ancient Stories and Writers, tho now the place it self where it stood is hardly known. Some think it the same with the *Tarshish* whither Solomon's Ships went, which is not improbable, from the vast quantities of Gold and Silver formerly found there; *Bætica Hispania* being also formerly call'd *Tarsis*. *Thucydides* says, the *Poenicians* built this *Tartessus*.

476. To that new World without.] *Britain*, which was call'd, when first known to the *Romans*, *alter orbis*; and is describ'd as such by *Agric平pa* in his Speech to the *Jews*, which *Josephus* gives us, with which none doubt but the *Poenicians* were acquainted.

477. Where Cesar late for Life, &c.] So say the *British* Historians, and he himself owns little less.

479. Bel and Astarte known and worship'd there.] That *Bel*, or *Baal* was known, and his worship introduc'd here in *Britain* by the *Poenicians*, seems probable from the frequent Footsteps of the Name amongst us. *Bel*, as before, is recorded in our History as the Father of *Cassibelan*; our *Belinus* is also famous. Our *Cuno-belin* and others; to which add the Names of *Billinggate*, *Billing-borough*, &c. Nay, *Camden's* Inscription mentions the God *Belinus* here in *Britain*. That *Bel* or *Baal* was the same with *Hammon* or *Jupiter* has been already proved, as also with *Moloch* or *Saturn* a *Poenician* Idol. Now we have the Name of *Hammon* in our *Portus Hammonis*, or *Portsmouth*; and *Ham-ooze* in *Plymouth*, and several other Places. We had an Idol whose very *Shape* and manner of *Worship* was proper unto their *Baal* or *Moloch*. Of which See *Sam's Britannia*, where he has a Cut of that huge *wicker Idol*, in whose Body the old *Britains* us'd to inclose the *Child* that was to be sacrific'd. That *Astarte* was known here *Bochart* thinks, and endeavours to prove it by the word *Aestra*, which he derives from the name of that Goddess, and by a passage in the *Roman* Historians; who tell us, when *Queen Boadicia* was joyning Battel, she cry'd out, O *Adraste help*; which he believes was the same with *Astarte*. And why mayn't it be lawful to gues on, and derive the Name of the *Startpoint* in *Cornwall* from the same Goddess? Tho more sure we are, that we have another of her Name without the alteration of one Letter, here on the *British* shores, and that's *Belisama*; for we find *Belisama astuarium* between the Rivers *Deva* and *Sabrina*, now *Dee* and *Severn*, in *Ptolemy's* first Table of *Europe*. Nay further, what if we should find both their Names *Bel* and *Astarte* in one word, and that's *Belerium*, now S. *Burien* in *Cornwall*; deriv'd not improbably from *Bel* and *Ery*, *Venus*, or *Juno*, or *Astarte*; as in *Erybia*, *Erycina*, and twenty other instances, the *Poenicians* being desirous to perpetuate the Name and Honour both of their Gods and Goddesses together, exactly answerable to that proper Name *Bele-astartus*, whom we find in the List of their Kings. See more in the next Note.

481. Which Erythra.] There's hardly any thing of this nature has bred more Controversie among the Criticks, than the *Erythean Sea*, of which they give many different Etymologies, tho I think most agree that 'tis so call'd from the Isle *Erythra*, where one King *Erythrus* was buried, tho who or what he was, or when he liv'd they tell us not, some making him *Esau*, others they know not whom: all which difficulty vanishes, if we read *Erybia* instead of *Erythra*, and give the same name to this Island in the *Arabian Gulf* with that which is either near the *Gades*, or the same with them. This is made probable by a passage of *Solinus* concerning that in the *Straits* mount: "Erybia, says he, which some also call *Erythrea*, This *Erybia* may answer almost exactly to the famous *Venus Urania*, if we deriv'd it from *Ery*, which, as before, signifies *Juno* or *Venus* from the *Chaldee* *Here*, *libera*; and *Heia*, *divina*; or *Hesiod*'s old *Heia*, whom he makes the Mother of the Gods. Which is still rendred more probable by what *Bochart* tells us of another Island call'd *Astarte* in the *Arabian Gulf*, which seems no other than this *Erybia*.

491. By heavenly Art turns the blest Earth to Gold.] The *aurea Chersonesus*, or *Golden Island* of *Dionysius*.

492. Where

492. Where Gomer's land i'brusts out its double Head.] Now Cape Comorri, which some think derived from Gomer.

495. Colias is Venus call'd.] A Place hereabouts is term'd by Dionysius κωνίας, not altogether unlike Calecut, which is in our Maps in the same part of Asia with that in the old, which Colias is a name of Venus.

497. The Corean Promontory lies,—Near where a Town.] Cape Cory, and the Town Talycore near it in Zeilan, by some thought the old Taprobane. Both probably from Cbora the name of Juno.

503. First born to Crete, and then to Ida's Hill,
Then wandring with the Corybantic Crew, &c.] All known Stories of Jupiter.

506. The Thracian Samos.] To distinguish it from the other already mentioned where Juno was worship'd.

507. The sad Cabiri.] Samotracian Gods, as Bochart thinks, of Phenician Original. They were four, as the Scholiast on Apollon. Argonaut. Axieros, Axiokersa, Axiokersos, and Casmilus; that is, as he interprets it, Ceres, Proserpine, Pluto, and Mercury.

532. Thence Moloch's cruel food at antient Tyre,
Thence did those savage rites, &c.] The Tyrians sacrificing children is notorious in History, as the Carthaginians from them. The Romans also had humane Sacrifices in the Boaria, and the Greeks the same as Plutarch tells us.

538. The same curst Offerings are in Albion made.] See this describ'd by Tacitus, of the Druids in the Isle of Anglesey, in a very lively manner.

544. Those two great Lights.] This is generally thought by some to have been the original of Zabaism, or the worship of the heavenly Bodies, represented as has been said by the eternal Fire among most Nations, and which has yet some Votaries in the East, both in Persia and the Indies.

550. Now mighty Nimrod they their Bacchus make,—Then our great Moses.] See this prov'd by Gale, Vossius and others, in almost twenty particulars, all of which can't be Fancy. Bacchus pas'd the Red Sea, made water flow out of the Rock, gave Laws in two Tables, is describ'd as Bicornis, turn'd his Rod into a Serpent, struck his Enemies with darkness, first directed in the worship of the Gods. Bacchus Bochart derives from Bar-Chus, the Son of Chus, as Nimrod was, He's call'd Nebrodes, the Greek Name of Nimrod Zagreus a Hunter, as Nimrod famous for his Wars and Expedition into India, so Nimrod, all of which could not be by accident.

552. Who sometimes must the fam'd Taautus be.] This Taautus, Mercury or Hermes, Teutates, Thouth, Theoth, or by whatever names he's call'd, seems to have much of the story of Moses in those Fragments we have left concerning him; 'tis the Opinion of the Theorist, that they are the same; Moses, says he, was both the Taautus and Hermes of the Egyptians.

556. From us had yours their Orders, Names and Powers.] See this demonstrated by the learned Scaliger, none could think the order of the Letters natural, nor could so many Languages accidentally hit on the same Order.

563. A Serpents Form indu.] So Ovid and others describe him, the true meaning of which seems to be, that he and his Wife fled, lurk'd in holes and Caves, when driven away by Joshua.

567. These Letters first, &c.] Vid. supra.

574. Like bis, they Vessels wrought.] 'Tis granted by Heathen Authors, that the Tyrians were the first Navigators, as in that of Tibullus; Prima ratem ventis crede-
re docta Tyrus. And 'tis not improbable that they learnt the Art from the Model which Noah left the World.

577. This be whose Birthplace Samos boasts well knew.] Pythagoras, who went to the Jews as well as the Egyptians and Chaldeans to learn Philosophy, and Hermippus says as much of him who was his Scholar, and writ his Life. He was circumcis'd that he might be permitted the Knowledge of the Jewish Religion; after which he went to Croton in Italy.

587. *Had that great man, &c.*] *Plato* it's undeniable had many of his Notions from the *Jews*, tho he cares not to own it, naming 'em *Barbarians*, *Egyptians*, &c.

588. *His own and many, &c.*] Either 'tis a natural *Truth*, or was left by *Tradition*, or he had it from the *Jews*: neither of the two first I doubt can be prov'd, the *last* therefore must be granted. That he believ'd a Trinity, and had it from others; so says *Plotinus*, as I find him quoted in Dr. *Cudworth's* intellectual System, p. 546. Where he says, the Τριάς ταύτων ἀρχές. *Tagatōn* or *Hēn*, *Nous* or *Logos*, and *Psycbe*, were not *Plato's* Inventions, but far more ancient: "Εται μὲν λόγος μὲν δὲ ψυχής. "That these Doctrines are not new or of Yesterday, "but very anciently deliver'd, tho obscurely. The Discourses now extant being "but Explications upon 'em, appears from *Plato's* own Writings; *Parmenides* "before him, having insisted on them. Thus *Theodoret* out of *Porphyry*, that God "himself bears witness, that the *Phenicians* and *Hebrews* have found the way that "leads to the Knowledge of the Gods, tho the *Grecians* have wandered from it.

595. *Whom the first Legislator.*] So *Josephus* says, and proves against *Appion*: And *Diodorus* expressly affirms the same.

599. *Before Troy's Wars.*] *Vid. Joseph. ubi supra.* And *Tballus* the Historian tells us, he was 930 Years elder.

603. *Did to our neigbh'ring Isles.*] Both *Minos* and *Lycurgus*, and others of the *Grecian* Legislators retir'd into *Crete* for the composing of their Laws; where, as *Serranus* thinks, they had 'em from the *Jews*.

605. *To us the Attick Laws.*] So *Grotius* affirms in his *De Veritat.* which is made more clear by *Petit. de Legib. Attic.*

608. *An Heavenly Art.*] So it has been always thought; not taught, but inspir'd.

622. *Fathers their Children bles'd in Poetry.*] *Jacob* his Twelve Sons.

637. *The Sacred Stile.*] Which was then *Verse*.

640. *With much of Pain wrung out some Doggrel Lines.*] Alluding to those old blundering Verses ascrib'd to the *Oracles*.

647. *Old Linus first enticing cross the Seas.*] *Linus* was certainly a *Phenician*, as well as *Hercules*, who was his Scholar, tho a very unlucky one; for he knock'd his old Master's Brains out. *Tballus* says, 'twas this *Linus* who first brought the Worship of *Saturn* into *Greece*, a *Phenician God*, as has been often proved, and the same with *Moloch*.

649. *Fam'd Orpheus.*] *Orpheus* was the Auditor of *Linus*, being, as *Tatianus contra Gentes*, *Hercules* his Contemporary. *Justin Martyr* lays he was the first Author of *Polytheism*; and accordingly *Diodor. Siculus*, who gives the best Account of these sort of Antiquities of any of the Heathen, "That he first brought into *Greece* the Mysteries of *Bacchus*, *Hades*, &c.

663. *Leaning on a Staff.*] I think *Gamaliel's* Conjecture has at least as fair a Face of Probability, as those of our Modern Critics, as to the Etymology of the παλασία of *Homer*.

667. *Our Siloam first supply'd your Helicon.*] The Rabbies have a Story, that whoever drunk of the Water of *Siloam*, were fill'd with a *Prophetical Spirit*. The same the Heathen fancy'd of their *Helicon*. Tho I have a further Intention here, namely, that their Poets borrow'd most of their Fancies and Ornaments from the Hebrew Writings, as I have before observ'd.

670. *A screan Sage.*] Old *Hesiod*.

685. *The Properties t' express,—Of that great Jove, &c.*] Thus had *Celsus* and the cunning Heathens learn'd at last to plead for their Idolatry.

700. *Much more the Heroes must, when Gods prevail.*] Thus *Julian*, in his Oration already cited, of *Hercules*, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν νῦν, &c. "After he is now gone "to his Father, he can with more ease take care of Humane Affairs, than he "could while here upon Earth.

701. *Much rather then, — The spotless Parent both of Gods and Men.*] I would not

not willingly hear an honest Heathen abus'd, nor let more be said by 'em than they really own. See almost the same Words which I use, in Julian's Oration; *εἴτε ἀλλοὶ τὸ τῆς μητρὸς θέων* " Much rather to the Mother of the Gods: And *εἴτε πάντας* where he repeats his *Ave* to her with a great deal of Devotion, asking all good Fortune here, and that she'd receive his Soul hereafter.

716. *They from conquer'd Cities with 'em bear.*] A notorious Custom of the Romans; and, I suppose, from the Story of the Palladium, the Tyrians, and others of also all the Heathens.

718. *Now the worst of Men, now none at all.*] None could be worse than the best of their Gods, *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, and many of them only fabled Persons that had never a Being; as *Longinus*, and others among their Successors.

740. *In Satyrs, or in humane Form ador'd.*] 'Tis observable the Devil has but little chang'd Fashions since he first endeavour'd to cheat or fright Mankind. He was then horned and cloven-footed, as *Pan*, the *Satyrs*, *Taurus*, *Apis*, &c. and in the same Shape, Story says, he usually still appears.

755. *Old Numa's Temples knew no Images.*] So says *Varro*, and that it was a long time before they were introduced at *Rome*.

771. *Moving Temple.*] So *Josephus* calls the *Ark*.

778. *Your Corban.*] Some think this *Corban*, so famous among the *Jews*, especially the *Pharisees*, signif'd a *solemn Oath* or *Imprecation*, whereby they oblig'd themselves to do or not to do a thing. *Origen*, and others of the ancient Writers, as Dr. *Hammond* on the 15th. of St. *Mattew*, think it signifies a *Gift* consecrated to God, a pretended devoting all their Substance to *pious Uses*, which by their Law or Custom, freed 'em from helping even their Father and Mother. Which Consecration, or Devotmg, might be done with an *Oath*, and then both Senses agree.

797. *In all that Rome or Athens.*] We can't suppose but that he had read the famous *Latin*, as well as *Greek* Authors.

808. *This I'm sure is so.*] Opposing *Tradition*.

826. *'Midst Show'rs of Stones, and Sheets of deadly Fire.*] The Punishments inflicted by their Laws against false Prophets and Hereticks, *Deut. 17. 12.* Tho the *Romans* did not care to put 'em in execution; as we may see from *Pilate*, *Felix*, and others.

833. *Whose Patrons, sacred Oral Truths deny.*] 'Twas notorious that the *Pharisees* made the Word of God of no effect by their *Traditions*. So says the *Talmud*; *Plus est in Verbis Scribarum quam in Verbis Legis*; and *Verba Scribarum amabiliora sunt verbis Prophetarum*. " There's more in the Words of the Scribes than " in the Words of the Law; and the Words of the Scribes are more amiable than " the Words of the Prophets, and yet higher, *Egredienti a studio Talmudico ad studium Biblicum non erit Pax*: " There's no Peace to him who goes from the Study of the *Talmud* to the Study of the *Bible*. Christ spoke against *Traditions*, and commands to search the *Scriptures*. The *Pharisees* cry up *Traditions*, and forbid the *Scriptures* to be read. Whether are to be obey'd?

835. *For Heretics, &c.*] I must doubly ask Pardon here, both for borrowing these Verses, and making thus use of 'em; which I did, because they expels the Doctrine and Plea of the *Pharisees* as closely and fully as 'tis possible to be done; and had the *Hind* and *Panther* been writ in his time, would undoubtedly have read it, and might have quoted it too, as well as he does *Menander*.

838. *The Word is neither clear, nor perfect Rule.*] So said the *Pharisees*. Hence their *Cabala*, or *Lex non scripta*, containing *Traditions*, to supply what they pretended *imperfect*, and *Glosses*, to illustrate what was not *clear*; both of which they themselves would have the keeping of, and what Work they made with 'em, we may not only find in the *Evangelists*, but even in their own Writers. *Si disserint Doctores dextram esse sinistram, audi*: Says *Grotius* out of their Works; " If our Doctors says your Right Hand is your Left, you must believe 'em.

916. *Trifles by the Learned World despis'd.*] Great part of them Anagrammatic Fooleries.

917. *Yer*

917. Your Sephiroth are Truths in Scripture plain.] Many of these Sephiroth the Rabbies describe in God; among the rest, there is the Amen, the Alpha and Omega, the Light, the Spirit, which must relate to the Blessed Trinity, being the very Expressions by which the Holy Scriptures denote unto us the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and accordingly the Rabbies say, that "Many Sephiroth do not hinder the Unity of God."

923. One step beyond the Hasmonæan Race.] They pretended Antiquity to authorize their unlawful Impositions, and call'd 'em, "The Traditions of the Fathers. Epiphanus lays, The great things the Pharisees pretended to more than others, and made Vows to perform 'em, were these following, Virginity, constant Prayers, Discipline of the Body, and Abstinence from Meat and Sleep. They pretended from Ezra, but could prove no further than from the Times of Jonathan the High Priest; which tho Josephus calls à Temporibus antiquissimis, was but about 140 Years before.

932. Sometimes the High-Priests, as you must own.] See Josephus, and Acts 5.17. The High-Priest, and all they that were with him, which were of the Sect of the Sadducees.

964. A loose Court, to Zadoks Sect inclin'd.] The Court of Herod. Some make the Herodians and Sadducees all one; there might indeed be some difference between 'em, tho 'tis hard to say which was worst; and many of their Opinions were the same.

992. Their Breath.] This holds in that Country, tho not in ours.

1089. The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms contain.] Thus a learned Rabbi being ask'd how he prov'd the Resurrection from the Sacred Writings; answer'd, "From the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms.

1092. The Spirit says, Man rather sleeps than dies.] That Expression is often us'd in Holy Scripture, even in the Old Testament, Deut. 31. 16. 1 King. 1. 12. Job 7. 21. and that with an Exclusion to Annihilation; for Daniel 12. 2. Those that sleep in the Dust shall awake.

1115. Even joyn'd to Soul, each day 'tis born and dies.] That is, as to particular individuated Matter, by the addition of new Particles and avolation of the old.

1142. Spiteful him confess.] It's not likely the Devils confess'd our Saviour out of any Good Will, but rather, as it should seem, on purpose to disgrace his Doctrine and Person; for which reason he forbad 'em to do it.

1143. Whether to their own dark Abyss confin'd.] Dr. Hammond thinks, that when the Devils besought our Saviour that he'd not send 'em out into the Deep, it relates to their own Abyss of Hell; and that 'tis equivalent to that other Phrase, "Not tormenting 'em before their time.

1177. The softest Linnen.] Ludolfus is very angry with Dives for wearing this fine Linnen, which he says he did, Propter mollitatem carnis: But if that had been all his Fault, methinks they should have let him gone no further than Purgatory: For tho there are a sort of Men in the World, who may find I know not what Merit and Super-erogation in scrubbing their Carcasses with Hair-Cloth, and being more nasty than their Neighbours, yet one would think, wearing clean Linen, tho it happen'd to be fine too, should be only a Venial Sin.

1185. Where nothing else they burn.] One of the Arabia's, where they have such Plenty of Spices, and Want of other Fuel, that Geographers say, they make use of 'em for their common Firing.

1189. The fittest Meat with Angels Bread.] Because the Israelites eat 'em with Manna.

1192. The beautious Fowl.] The Pheasant, which still keeps its Name, tho it has fetch'd it a great way off.

1243. Lick'd bis Sore.] Ludolfus here has a very odd Allegory in his Prayer at the end of this Parable, *Veniant Canes Doctores tui, ut lingant Vulnera peccaturum meorum!*

1258. Calm the Reliques.] A Line of Mr. Nerris.

1307. O'er utmost Thule.] By this famous Ultima Thule, I think there's little doubt

doubt but *Island* is intended in antient Writers, especially the Poets who have often occasion for it. Thus *Dionysius* having been before speaking of the Isles of Britain, he says, 'tis in the Ocean beyond 'em, and that you need a good Ship to carry you to it : Παλιὸν δὲ περίπου ταῦτα νόστον Ὡραῖον Νῆστος καὶ Θέρμην εὐρύτε
μηνόν. He gives yet, if I mistake not, another Mark of it, particularly of this *Hecla*, a burning Mountain there, which Tradition makes one of the *Vents* of Hell : Ἡμέρας δὲ τοῦτος φωτεινάς εἰσεχόντων αὐτῷ which the Translator thinks relates to the Length of Days, translating αὐτῷ by *Lumen*. But it seems at least as probable, that by this Fire pour'd out Night and Day in this Island, the Author might intend this Mount *Hecla*, which is famous for incessantly casting out Smoak and Flames.

1316. *The vast as that.*] So the Poet.

1314. *Thirst, next Guilt.*] Undoubtedly a terrible Pain, since set to express what's infinite.

1407. *With parting Beams.*] Siloam lies West of Jerusalem.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Seventh BOOK.

OUR Saviour and his Disciples come early to the Temple, the Musick whereof is described, and the several Instruments the Jews made use of in their Sacred Service. The Morning Anthem. The Buyers and Sellers in the Temple, and our Saviour's driving 'em thence, pursuing 'em to Solomon's Porch, which is described, with the Valley of Kidron, and the Precipice between Mount Moriah and Olivet. In the mean while his Disciples survey the Buildings of the Temple, the Gates, the Courts, the Pillars, and the Golden Vine, and finding our Saviour, with Admiration shew them to him, and discourse of them; who prophesies the Destruction of all those stately Buildings; which he more at large describes, on their Desire, as ascending thence, and looking back on the City and Temple from the Mount of Olives; mentioning also the Rise of a False Christ, or Antichrist, in the World; and, on their still desiring to know more of these Matters, foresewes the Opposition his Followers should first meet with by the Roman Empire, under the Ten Persecutions; when Constantine should conquer the Heathens under his Banner, and embrace the Christian Religion. After which, on the Degeneracy of the Church, Mahometanism arises in the Eastern, and Popery in the Western World, the latter followed and check'd by the Reformation, and at last destroyed by Christ's second Coming. Which he goes on to describe, and exhorts 'em to be always ready for it, the precise Hour not known, first by Parables that of the ten Virgins, and of the Lord and his Servants. Then by a plain Relation of the manner and Pomp of the last Judgment. The Conflagration of the World. The Sentence of the Just and Unjust, and their eternal Bliss and Misery. The Book concluding with a Prayer of the Author, being a Paraphrase on that Part of the Litany, In all Time of our Tribulation, in all Time of our Wealth, in the Hour of Death, and in the Day of Judgment, *Libera nos.*

THE

THE
 LIFE
 OF
 CHRIST:
 A N
 Heroic Poem.

BOOK VII.



ND now the Sun, gilding the *Earth* and
Skies,
 Did over lofty *Olivet* arise ;
 Gently he rose, as him some sacred Awe
 Had seiz'd, when first the *Temple Roofs* he
 saw ;

Saw thro' the *Shades*, nor durst directly see, *
 Lest that shou'd dazzle him, as mortal he :
 Scarce cou'd his own *reflected Image* bear,
 From the vast *Golden Mirrour* flaming there :
 Earlier than he his *watchful Maker* rose,
 As early to his *Fathers House* he goes

With

With his lov'd Twelve, when those within unfold
 The mighty *Gates*, heavy with *loads of Gold*: *
 Twice Ten robustous *Servants* there attend,
 Who to the *Work* their Shoulders panting lend:
 The *Gentiles*, and the *Womens Court* they pass
 To the Third Gate, of rich *Corinthian Brass*; *
 Next *Israel's Court* they enter, prostrate there,
 T' attone high Heav'n with pious *Hymns* and *Pray'r*,
 In decent ranks the *Vested Priests* begin, *
 Loud answer'd by the full-mouth'd *Quire* within:
 Musick's soft Notes, and loud *Majestic* sound;
 From the gilt *Roofs* and vaulted *Courts* rebound,
 And distant *Zion-hill* beats back the sacred Sound:
 Nature and Art in the blest Service joyn,
 Voices and tuneful Instruments combine;
 The Consort first sweet *Ajeleth* begun, *
 And welcom'd to the World the cheerful Sun;
 Next the Creator's Praises they recite
 On *Alamoth*, chaste *Virgins* best delight; *
 Grave *Jonath*, soft *Mahalah* mixt with these, *
 And melting *Harps* that never fail'd to please: *
 Shrill *Cornets*, clanging *Trumpets*, apt t' inspire,
 With holy *Raptures*, or with Martial *Fire*;
 The *Anthem* this, once sung to *David's* royal *Lyre*.
20
30
700

PSALM 135. *Hallelujah!*

* **L** Ofty Hallelujahs sing
 To th' Alwise, th' Almighty King!
 Him with Hearts and Voices raise!
 Him, ye his blest Servants, Praise!
7

Ye who ever stand to bless,
 In the Beauty of Holiness!
 In his House, with Glory crownd,
 Or the sacred Courts around,

Him, the Spring of Life and Light,
 Boundless Goodness, boundless Might!
 Him, and his great Name record!
 The Service is its own reward.*
40

You

8
50 You, O Isrāl's Sons, rejoice!
Your Father's God's peculiar Choice!
Great and high! What Idol dare
With the Lord of Hosts compare?

His Pow'r no other Limits knows,
But what his Goodness will impose : *
Heav'n, Earth and Sea his Orders keep ;
Close he seals the Aged Deep.

See his Clouds make black the Skies,
Lightnings glare, and Storms arise ;
And freed from their dark stony Cave,
Hark, th' impetuous Whirlwinds rave !

60 To Zoan's Fields, with Blood o'erflown,
Too well his Signs and Wonders known ;
Known by their First-born too well,
First they, and then their Fathers fell.

He pow'rful Nations did subdue ;
Monsters quell'd, and Tyrants flew :
Sihon, by th' Amorite obey'd,
And mighty Og, who Bashan sway'd.

In vain proud Canaan Kings combine,
Their weak Arms in vain they joyn ;
The sooner all they Captive stand,
To Israel, God dispos'd their Land. *

70 Still, O God ! Thou art the same,
Still we sing thy glorious Name ;
Our glad Hymns thy Justice raise,
And thy pard'ning Goodness praise.

Not so the Gods by Mortals made,
To whom vain Vows and Incense paid ;
In vain for their Advice they come,
Mouths they have, but still are dumb.

Lifeless Eyes, which see no more
Than those Stocks who them adore ;
Nor their Ears the sound can take,
Which their lost Devotions make.

Tho' they lean their Nostrils down,
If they've no Incense, they'll not Frown;
Such are they, and such are those,
Who on them their Hopes repose.

You, O Israel, who alone,
The great God of Gods have known ;
You, who guard his holy Place,
Mitre'd Aaron's sacred Race !

You, who from great Levi spring,
His illustrious Praises sing !
You too ought to do the same,
Each good Man that hear his Name.

At once let all our Vows aspire!
Let our glad Voices fill the Quire ;
Him blest who do's at Salem dwell,
The Saviour of his Israel !

Hallelujah !

Exod. 30. 7, Mean while, rich Incense feeds the sacred Fire, *
8. And odorif'rous Clouds to Heav'n aspire ;
Next on the Brazen-Altar bleeding lies

Exod. 29. A Milk-white Lamb, the morning Sacrifice ; *
39, 40. With these the Priests, the holiest Mincha joyn, *
A cheerful blaze of Flow'r, and Oyl and Wine :
In silence then, their private Pray'r's they make,
Then frequent Crowds the sacred Walls forsake ;
Our Saviour last ; but such as still remain,
With Isr'el's God t' adore their Idol Gain :
Scarce from their Knees they rose, (and worldly Care
Had seiz'd their Thoughts, e'en while dissembling there ;)

Whea



S^t MARKE .

Book: 7: pag: 238.

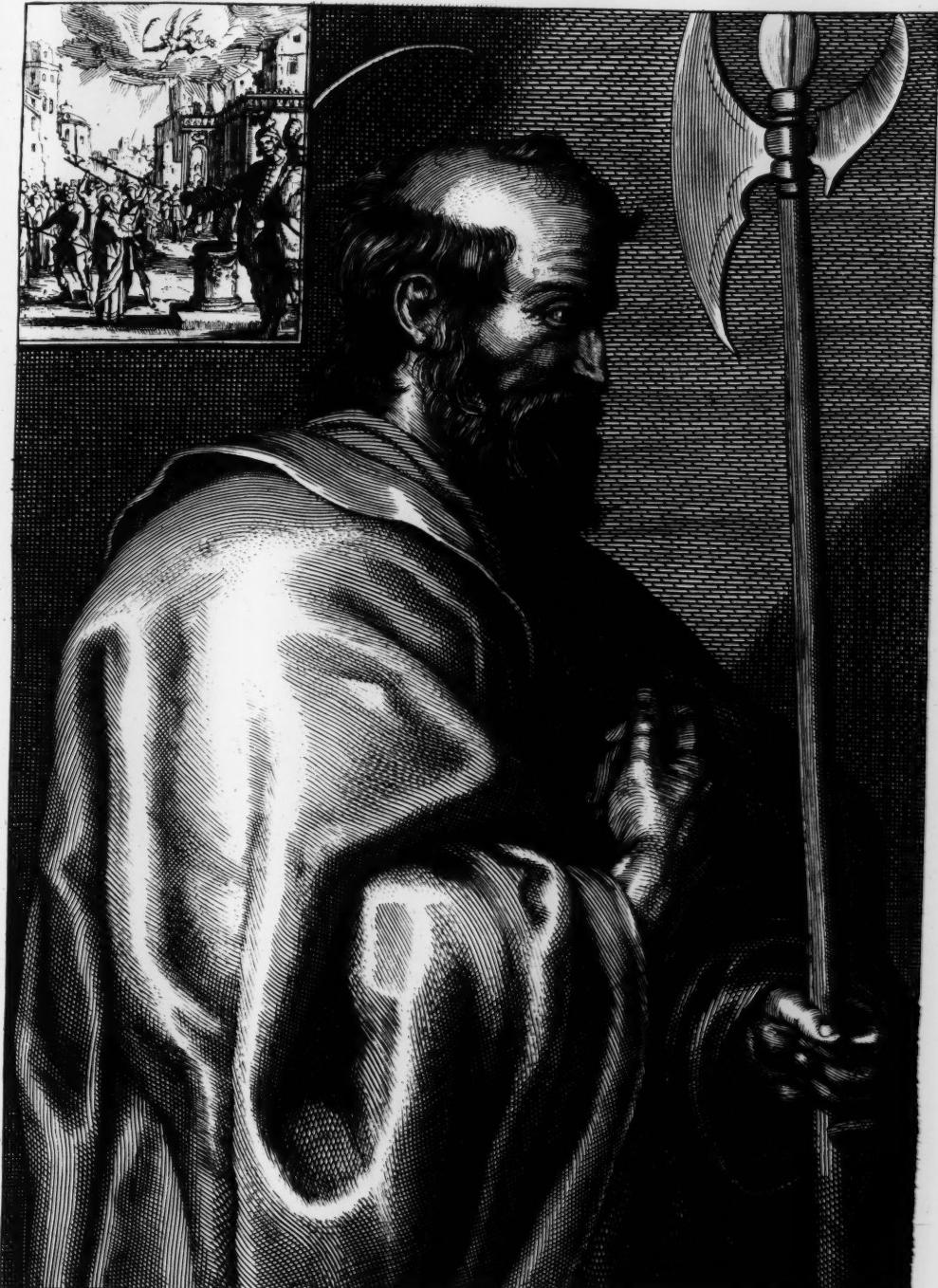
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S.^t LVKE :

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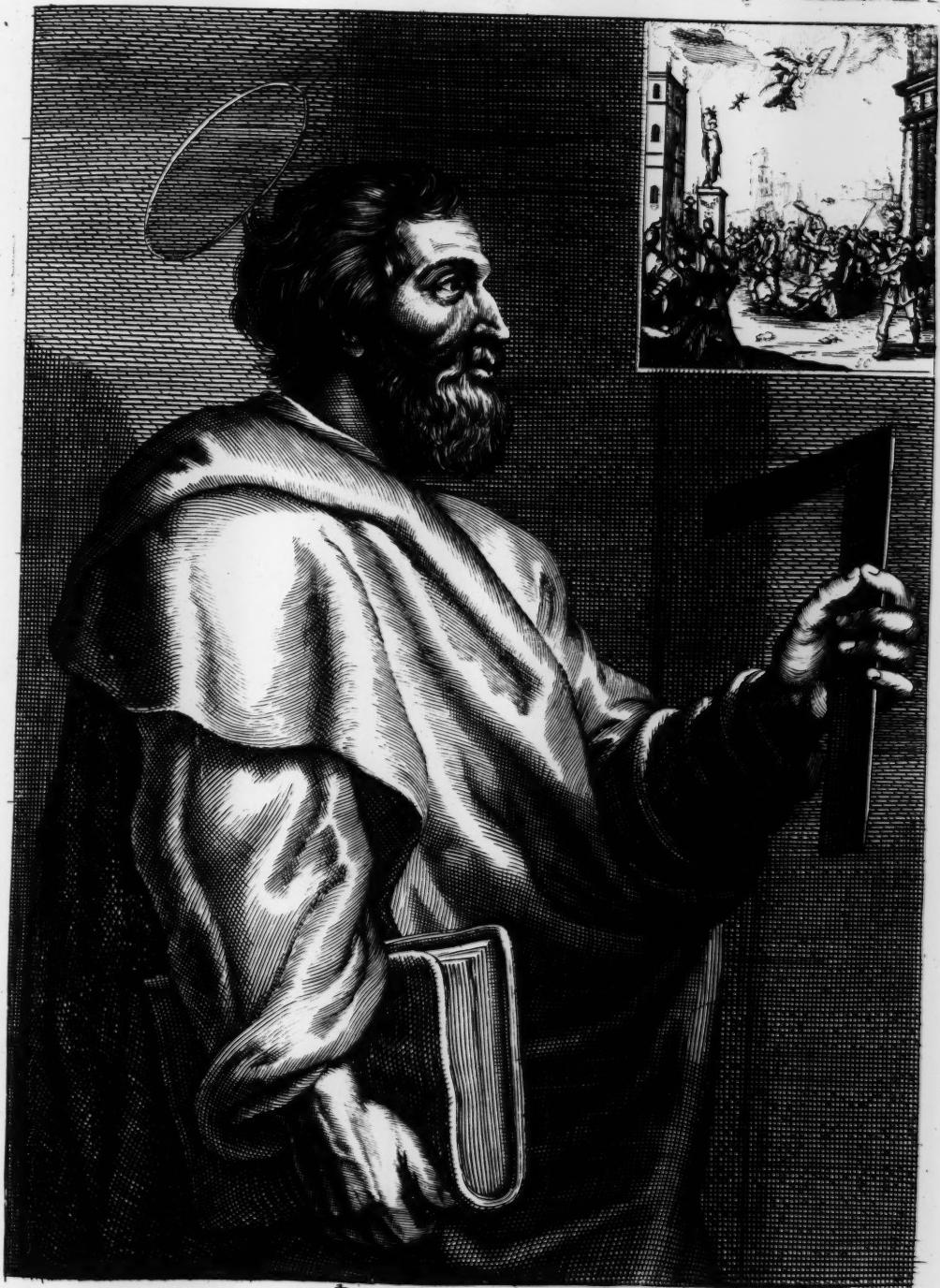


S^t MATTHÆVS

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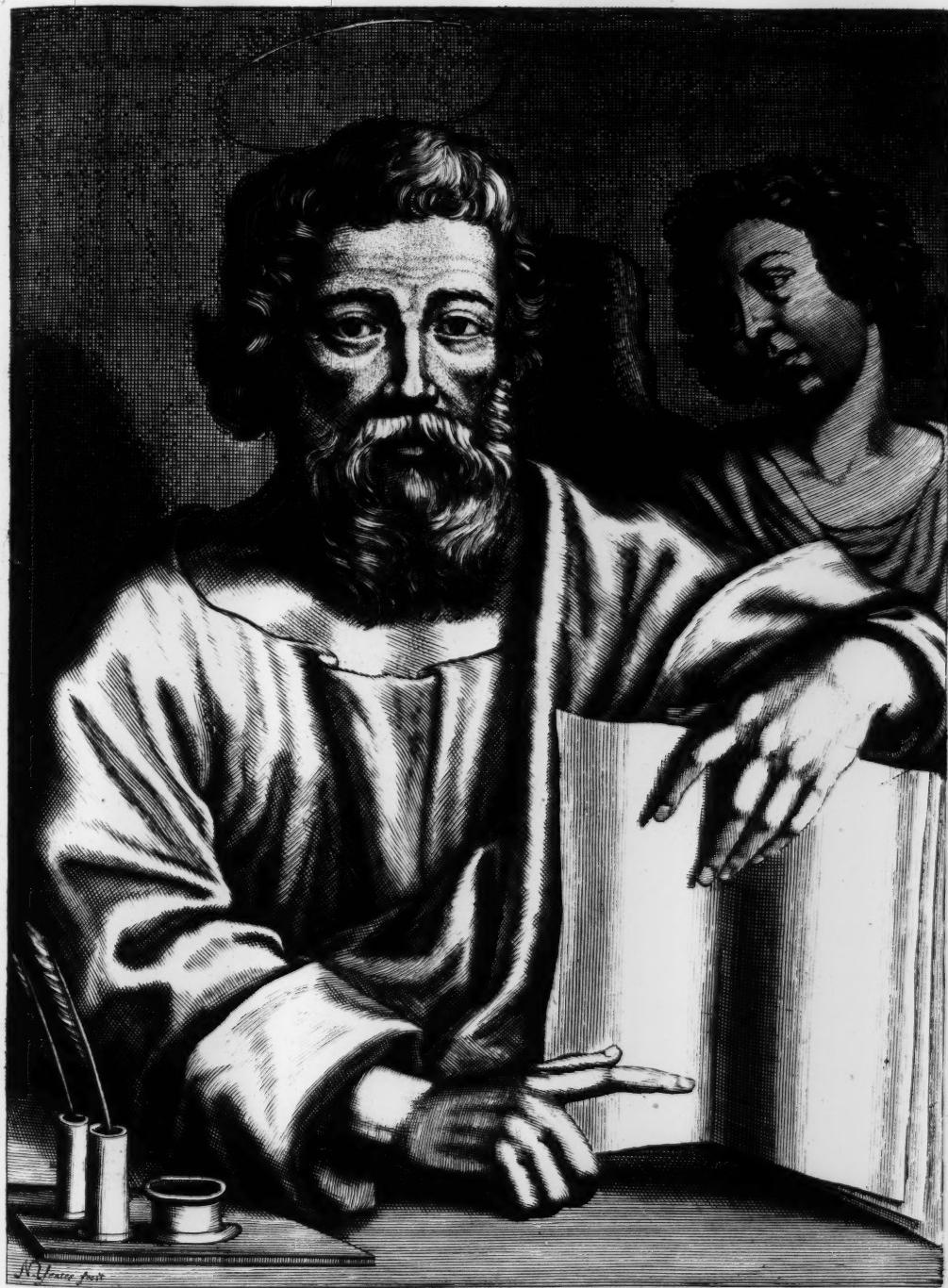


S.^t. THADÆVS.

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S^t. MATHEW

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When strait a busie *Ham* ran round the place,
And all things strait put on a different *Face*:
The Temple a profane *Exchange* was made,
Religion vanish'd thence, or grown a *Trade*;
* Some in the *Cloisters* gainful *Shops* unfold,
And spread on *Tables* glitt'ring heaps of *Gold*;
Some *fair-neck'd* Doves, and murmur'ring *Turtles* bring,
The poor *Good-mans* accepted *Offering*.

John 2. 15.

Thus the arch'd *Roofs*, while the void *space* between

120 Soon fills with dusty droves of *Beasts* and *Men* ;
Here free-neck'd *Ballocks* which disdain'd the *Yoke*,
Stand ready for the *Sacrificers* stroke ;
The largest that rich *Basan*'s *Pasture* feeds,
The choice of all that *Flowry* *Hermon* breeds :
Here num'rous *Flocks* from *Sharon*'s lovely *Plain*
Stand bleating by, or drag their pond'rous *Train* ;
While spotless *Lambs* the next partition fill,
* Driv'n with more ease from *Carmel*'s fertile *Hill*.

All eager bent on the hot chase of *Gain*,

130 Some *bargain*, some *advise*, and some *complain* :
All were *deceiv'd*, or else *Deceivers* there,
Dust and a confused *Noise* fills the *Air*.

The Saviour saw, and strait such *Frowns* he wore,
As ne'er were seen on his calm *Face* before :
* *Blushes* at once of *Shame* and *Anger* rise ;
A just *Resentment* sparkling in his *Eyes*,
Soon breaks in *Words* — *Avoid profane !* he cries !
Hence *sacrilegious* *Wretches*, nor disgrace
With your unhallow'd *Feet* this *sacred Place* !

140 That House where holy *Pray'r*s shou'd force the *Skies*,
You've made a *Den of Thieves*, a *Scene of Cheats and Lies*.
Actions his *Words* succeed, when slow they went,
Them thence with unexpected *haft* he sent ;
A *Scourge*, with *Slaves* the fittest Argument,
He do's of strongly-twisted *Cords* prepare,
And soon with *strokes* and *cries* resounds the *Air* :
None durst *resist*, but murmur'ring melt away,
As guilty *Ghosts* fly swift th' approach of *Day*.
To the bright *Eastern-gate* he them pursu'd,
150 Which *Kidron*'s horrid *Vale* beneath it view'd ;

H h

Unfashion'd

Unfashion'd *Precipice*! to the lost sight
 At once affording *Terror* and *Delight*.
 Yet here great *Solomon*, and none but he
 Cou'd do't, with much of *Pain* and *Industry*,
 A wondrous *Pile*, in spite of *Nature* rais'd,
 Whilst all the *Nations* round him fear'd and prais'd:
 The Work-men min'd deep, wondrous deep below, *
 As to the Center's self they meant to goe:
 Of *Tyre* they were, and oft had plough'd those *Seas*, *
 Where lie the doubtful *Cassiterides*:

160

Beneath some *Hill* that threatens the angry *Main*,
 There had they oft pursu'd some wand'ring *Vein*,
 And dug almost to *Hell* in search of *Gain*;
 Yet ne'er so near as now — The *Turrets* rise
 As high above the *Earth*, as deep amidst the *Skies*:
 Beneath whose *spacious Arch* our Saviour taught;
 For whose kind touch th' *Infirm* and *Maim'd* they brought,
 He *Cur'd* 'em all, wide spreads his *Fame* around,
 And *Death* and *Med'cine* no employment found.

170

Thus busy'd there, his chosen *Twelve* the while,
 Wond'ring, survey the *Temples* glorious *Pile*;
 On solid Rock the firm *Foundations* laid,
 Of *Earthquakes* or of *Thunder* not afraid;
 Firm as the Centers self on which they stay'd: }
 Those everlasting *Gates* the Porches close, *
 Tall as the mighty *Cedars* them compose;
 The *spacious Courts*, which such vast *Crowds* cou'd hold;
 The glitt'ring *Pillars*, and the *Vine* of *Gold*: *
 The *Temples* self, all gilt its *Front*, and *Side*,

180

A Godlike-Work, and worthy *Herod's* pride:
 The stately *Porch* twixt two vast *Columns* rose, *
 1 Kings 7. *Jachin* and *Boaz* scarce more tall than those,
 21. Of the *Corinthian Order*, fair and high,
 Sweet *Beauty* joyn'd with awful *Majesty*:
 The Stones so huge, they scarce dare trust their *Sense*; *
 Each a whole *Mountain* seem'd, not hew'd from thence:
 Yet these vast *Ribs* of *Iron* closer chain
 So large, each rather seem'd a *Native Vein*.
 A heap of *Miracles* — When long they stay'd,

And

190 And all things with *unweary'd Eyes* survey'd ;
Wond'ring, they to the *beauteous Porch* repair,
And find with Joy their *much lov'd Master* there ;
Whom they, yet full of the *prodigious Sight*,
To the same *Entertainment* wou'd invite :
What *Stones*, what *Building* here ! how *rare*, how *vast* !

Sure these as long as *Time* it self must *last* !

To whom, with a *wise sadness* in his *Eyes*,
Which *boded* something more, our Lord replies ;

— With such vain *Hopes* no more your selves deceive,

200 Prepare to *meet* that *Fate* you won't *believe* !

Not one of those proud *Tow'r's* which *Heav'n* invade,
Whose strong *Foundations*, deep as *Hell* are laid ;
But soon must *kiss the Dust* — Not one of those
Prodigious Stones which this huge *Pile* compose ;
Now, e'en by *more* than their *own weight* combin'd,

As parts of *Matter*, close to *Matter* joyn'd ;

Not one, but by a *Force* superior born,

* From its old *Seat*, from its strong *Brethren* torn,
Must from these *Walls* and firm *Foundations* go,

210 And sink for ever in the *Vale* below.

Struck with these dreadful *Truths* they silent stood,
Pale *Fear* had stop'd their *Words* and chill'd their *Blood* :

Bold Cephas first reviv'd, and as they went

Their *well known way*, o'er *Olivets* ascent

Thro' the cool *Shades* for pleasant *Bethanie*,

Submiss, he asks, When these *dread Things* shou'd be ?

What *sure Prognosticks* their *approach* declare,

And *his*, that wise, they might for both *prepare* ?

What dreadful *Sights* his *Coming* shou'd *foreshow* ?

220 * How they the *Worlds* and *Temples End* might know ?

Silent our Lord awhile, and looking down

Compassionate on the *devoted Town*,

Intent he stood, and fix'd his lab'ring *Mind*,

On the *prodigious Scene* of *Woes* behind ;

Till *Tears* and *Words* at length well-mingled brake,

From his sad *Eyes* and *Lips*, and thus he spake.

Ah lost *Jerusalem* ! how much, how oft

Hast thou thy *Ruin*, I thy *Welfare* sought !

Oft didst my *Prophets*, as *Impostors*, stone,

Matt. 23. 37.

And shed their *Blood* who came to save thy own :
 E'en I, the *Heir*, who left my *Native Sky*,
 Ungrate! to bring thee *Life*, my self must *Die*.
 How oft wou'd I thy wand'ring *Flocks* have led
 To *Crystal Streams*, in *Flowry Pastures* fed?
 Thy stubborn Sons my kind *Protection* lent,
 At once preserv'd 'em *safe* and *innocent*?
 As heat and *warmth* the *royal Eagle* brings, *
 And cherishes her *Young* beneath her *Wings*.
 Still all was *then* in *vain*, now all too *late*,
 Heav'n has thy *Ruin seal'd*, and made it *Fate*.

230

For you, my *chosen Few*, who *firm* remain,
 No *sanguine Dreams* of *Pleasure* entertain!
 Be ever on your *Guard*, your *Lamps* shine clear!
 The *Night*, the long, the fatal *Night* is near:
 How unprepard the most, as those who fell

Matt. 24. 7. In *Noah's Flood*, thro' *Earths* black *Vaults* to *Hell*?

Luk. 17. 36. On their rich *Carpets* some *Luxurious* laid,
 Some underneath their *Vineyards leafy Shade* ;
 Some in the busie *Markets* *Sweat*, and some
 Their glitt'ring *Brides* conduct in *Triumph* home :
 Th' old *Prophet* all despise, and dread no more
 The *Plague* denounc'd an hundred Years before. *
 This law just *Heav'n*, and strait the *signal* gave ;
 Nature agast shrinks back, the roaring *Wave*
 Rides foaming o'er the *Beach*, new *Rivers* flow,
 In *Earthquakes* born from frightful *Gulfs* below:
 While pitchy *Clouds* a long continu'd show'r,
 From *Heav'n*'s wide *Cataracts* incessant pour :
 O'er *Tow'rs* and *Hills* th' impetuous *Floods* arise,
 Sweep the lewd *Earth*, and vindicate the *Skies*:

250

So sudden, so *unbought* will I appear ;
 The *Change* as much expected there as here.
 Sudden to th' stupid *World*, who not regard
 The threatn'd *Wrath*, but You not *unprepard*,
 Secure shall be in my *Protection* found,
 And see unmov'd the tott'ring *World* around :
 Then many a vile *Impostor* shall pretend *
 My *Name*, and meet a just, a dreadful *End* ;
 These, *mischiefs* shall in close *Cabals* conspire,

260

Those

270 Those to the lonely *Wilderness* retire :

All vain alike, when I from *Heav'n* appear,
The *Lightning's* not so *sudden* or so *clear* :

But first for all the *Injuries* prepare,
Which *Malice* can inflict, or *Virtue* bear !

Hated by all, *abus'd*, *contemn'd*, *betray'd*,

* My very *Name* and yours shall *Crimes* be made :
Dragg'd to *Tribunals*, hurry'd up and down,

Kings shall your *Judges* sit, and *Princes* frown.
Yet still *intrepid*, face 'em all, for I,

280 My faithful *Friends* ! unseen, will still be by :

To me remit the care of your *Defence*,

Safe in my *Pow'r* and your own *Innocence* !

This all their *pompous Rhet'ric* shall outdo,

Your guilty *Judges* trembling more than you !

And much, much greater *Cause* have they to *fear* ;

When to this *height* arriv'd, their *fall* is near ;

My *Blood* and yours for loud *Revenge* will cry,
Which *Deluges* of theirs must satisfie :

Fierce *War* its wasting *Squadrons* scatt'ring wide,

290 Shall o'er the guilty *Land* triumphant *stride* ;

Death, *Rapine*, *Murder* shall compose its *Train*,
And after proudly walk on *heaps of Slain*.

* *Nation* with *Nation*, *Tribe* with *Tribe* engage,

Excuse the *common Foe*, and save their *Conqu'rors rage* :

Who left, abroad, from these *Distractions* be,

* Unhappy *Solyma* ! shall fly to thee ;

To thee shall just *Destruction* with 'em bear,

And all th' *unnumb'r'd Miseries* of *War*.

The mighty *Foe*, with long *Successes* crown'd,

300 * Shall with a Fourth, thy Three proud *Walls* surround ;

Fly e'er 'tis done, a *Moment* more 's too late ;

Fly, or prepare for your approaching *Fate* !

Fly those curst *Walls*, for nought behind you stay,

Scape for your *Life*, and on *wild Mountains* stray !

But first th' *abhor'd Prophaners* of your *Law*,

* Which *Heav'n-loy'd Daniels* *piercing Eyes* foresaw ;

The *Holy place* with wicked *Arms* shall seize,

And fill with *Blood* and piles of *Carcasses* ;

The *Guardian Minds* shall the *sad Word* receive,

And

And to those *humane Fiends* the *Temple* leave; 310
 Leave with a *Voice* wou'd chill the firmest *Heart*,
 A deep, a mournful *Voice* — Let us depart! *
 Scarce can the dreadful Sights *above* foreshow
 Worse *Plagues* than those, they then shall feel below:
 Tho' high in Heav'n a *bloody Sword* shall *glare*, *
 A *Besom of Destruction* sweep the *Air* ;
Horses and *Chariots* arm'd look *gastly* down,
 And *show'r's of Blood*, stain all the trembling *Town* :
Thunders and *Earthquakes* then they'll scarcely mind, *
 Harden'd with what they *feel* and what's *behind*. 320
 All these, alas, compar'd to what *remains*,
 But the beginning of their *hopeless Pains*; *
 For now the *Famine* enters its *sad reign*,
 Attended by a *gastly meager Train* :
 A single *Death* less dreadful in each *Street*,
 The *half-starv'd Citizens* like *Ghosts* shall meet; *
 Thence starting at the *fight*, each other fly,
 And tott'ring a few steps, *fall down* and *Die* :
 Tho' now you think a *barren Womb* a curse,
 Woe to the *Mother* then, and *vainly-fruitful Nurse* ! 330
 The *miserable Mother* shall become
 Her own dear *Infant's Murd'rer* and his *Tomb*:
 All *Piety* and *Nature* banish'd there,
Bread shall the *Sons* from *gasping Fathers* tear,
 From them the ravening *Soldier*; *Bread* the *Cry* !
 Who gain it, are but *longer e'er* they *Die*.
 Within *Sedition* reigns, without the *Foe*,
 Above your *Tow'r's*, above your *Walls* they goe;
 This after that each day *resistless* win,
 And like a *Deluge* over all come pouring in. * 340
 What a *sad Conquest* shall their *Fury* find?
 How few by *Plague* and *Famine* left behind?
 Yet ah! too many shall the *Sword* devour,
 The greedy *Sword* — These from a *half-burnt Tow'r*,
 Precipitate th' invading *Soldier* fly,
 And run on *Death* because they fear to die:
 While *desp'rate*, these leap headlong from the *Wall*,
 In hopes to kill a *Roman* by their *fall*;
 There to the *Altar*, sacred now no more

350 For Refuge fly, they'd that Prophan'd before.

—Here still they Fight, and a new War's begun,

* Till — See! the Temple fir'd, the Work is done.

Jerusalem's no more, one Ruin all;

This the last fatal Blaze before her Fall:

Her Flames and dying Groans at once aspire,

While Blood enough is shed to've quench'd the Fire :

Salem's no more, nor can she now Repent,

Her Children's, and her own sad Monument :

Nor e'er shall Israel's Race these Walls regain,

360 Till Heav'n has clos'd the Gentiles destin'd reign.

But first must many a wondrous Thing befall,

First my pure Doctrine fill the spacious Ball.

What passes here, what here we've done or said,

Shall be by after-Ages, wond'ring read.

Four Scribes will I to that great Task assign,

Whilst the blest Spirit shall dictate every Line.

Thence, till I come, my Friends my Law shall teach,

In Times successive Links how vast a Breach !

Which yet no points in Gods Duration reach : } 360

370 Nor must my Followers soon a Calm enjoy,

Nor soon my Rebels pow'r will I destroy ;

First he'll a Rival raise my Seat to claim,

* And in the Church usurp my Throne and Name ;

Between the Seas superb, his Palace rear,

On seven proud Hills, long tyrannizing there ; } 370

The World shall wonder, Kings his Train shall bear

And kiss his Feet ; my Followers, who refuse

The servile Mark, he'll treat as me the Jews ;

By Inquisitions, Tortures, Poyson, Fire

Dan. 11.45.

380 Unnumber'd Thousands must prepare t' expire.

Conqu'rs in all, these all shall have the Grace

To joyn their Great Forefathers Martyr'd Race ;

The Beatific Vision first enjoy,

And with me reign, when Babel I destroy.

He said, but tho' such wondrous Things exprest,

Their modest Silence still did more request :

He knew their Hearts, nor their Confession needs ;

And thus on the same mystic Theme proceeds.

Rev. 17.9.

* The World for the Elect was chiefly made,

John 16.19.

And

And by the Church the Fates of Empires sway'd ;
 Who that defend shall stand, who that oppose,
 Can never grapple such unequal Foes ;
 The Heav'ly Host all rang'd in bright array,
 Suspended till their King commands away ;
 These o'er their stated Provinces preside,
 And these the mighty Turns of Nations guide :
 My Flock amidst a World of Wolves defend,
 While those that hate 'em meet a dreadful End.
 The World declines, Time rolling down the Hill,
 Shall soon the ancient Prophecies fulfil :

390

Dan. 2. 19.

The mighty Image ('twas a wond'rous sight)
 Which Daniel saw in Visions of the Night,
 Now wears apace, and verges to decay,
 Soon will his Iron Feet be mix'd with Clay :
 The pond'rous Stone cut from the Mountains side,
 Shall soon th' ill-mingled Policy divide ;
 The lifeless Trunk and Limbs to Powder grind,
 Its very dust wide-scattering in the Wind :

400

Dan. 7.

The Fourth prophetic Beast, foreseen from far,
 Is enter'd now on the Worlds Theatre ;
 Fiercer than all the rest — The Roman Pow'r,
 Which the contending Nations shall devour :
 This, Hell shall to its Int'rests soon engage,
 And you must grapple their united Rage :
 What Men and Devils, what Arts and Arms can do,
 Bravely prepare to meet, and conquer too !
 Ten furious Tyrants, fierce as ever wore, *
 Their Purple Dublets dy'd in guiltless Gore,
 Shall their keen Axes and their Rods employ,
 And vainly wou'd your Name and mine destroy :
 On their devoted Heads the Curse shall fall ;
 An heavy Vengeance hovers o'er 'em all.

410

A Wretch the first, who shall Mankind disgrace,
 To them a Foe as to your sacred Race :
 On his own Town and Mother first shall try
 In Fire and Sword, his Infant Cruelty ;
 Murder'd and Burnt, yet their desert they'll have ;
 This gave the Monster Birth, and that a Scepter gave :
 Pity on them is lost, but guiltless you,

Whom

420

430 Whom he'll with the same Fire and Sword pursue
 You in his festal Flames shall shine, and be *
 The first bright Martyrs burnt for Heresie.
 But Vengeance shall the Parricide attend,
 His own curs'd Hand his hated Life shall end
 At once deliver the vex'd World and you,
 The only Good the Wretch will ever do. *

Who next shall against Heav'n renew the Fight,
 Is Mankind's Hate; (his Brother their delight,) *
 The foul aspiring Fiend a God wou'd be, *

440 Mixture of Lewdness and of Blasphemy:
 If in his Race there's ought remains of good,
 Jealous, by Martyrdom he'll purge his Blood: *
 Then you, my Friend! from distant Asia born,
 At once his utmost Rage shall feel, and Scorn;
 Tho' plung'd in flaming Oil, you need not fear,
 Still shall the Son of God's bright Form be near; *
 Still safe you shall at the weak Tyrant smile,
 When kindly banish'd to some desert Isle:
 Ev'n there I'll meet thee, there agen relate

450 In wond'rous Types, the Worlds and Churches Fate;
 Whilst our proud Foe a hasty Death shall seize, *
 And his mild Successor our Friends release. *

Nor must the Churches then, long hope for Peace:
 Then restless Schism, and wilder Heresie
 Shall all invade, and with bold Blasphemy,
 Some, ev'n the Lord that bought 'em, shall deny: *
 To worldly Domination some aspire,
 And soon my Field will need a purging Fire;
 Which the third Time shall kindle, that dread Day

460 Shall sift the WWbeat, and sweep the Tares away:
 Nor he himself, who wields the weighty Rod *
 Of injur'd Heav'n, and a revenging God,
 Unplagu'd escapes a destin'd dire Event,
 Unless on your repenting he repent.

Unwarn'd the next to th' Purple will succeed,
 And you agen in Crowds must burn and bleed;
 But more the Jews, whom their false Christ shall head, *
 Their short-liv'd Meteor to destruction lead.
 Rebellious, justly they, you guiltless, fall;

Nor long unheard your *Blood* shall *Vengeance* call :
 What *Plagues* shall your vain *Persecutor* seize ?
 How oft he'd fly to *Death* in vain for *ease* ? *

How oft his little *flutt'ring Soul* away,
 Which *Vengeance* makes in the loath'd *Carcass* stay ?

By him who next succeeds, *Barbarians* tam'd,
 A peaceful *Prince*, and *Pious* more than *Nam'd* : *
God's Empire he'll, without *design*, restore,
 And punish those who *tortur'd* you before.

A *Vain Philosopher* shall next arise, *

By whom the *Just* with various torments dies :

Till to my *Follow'r's* he his *Life* shall owe,

Vict'ry, and *Rain* their pow'rful *Pray'r's* bestow ;

As great *Elisha* once three *Kings* did save,

And *Water* to their *Hoft*, and *Conquest* gave.

This a far fiercer *Tyrant* knows in vain ; *

Swift moves his *Fate*, nor has he *long to Reign*.

Whose wicked *Sons* as *barbarous* as *lewd*,

In one *another's*, shall revenge your *Blood*.

Next a fell *WWolf*, who, the mild *Shepherd* slain, *

Shall by false *Treason* the *World's Empire* gain ;

Short his *keen Rage*, the *Soldiers* him *displace*,

And *ease* the *World* of him and all his *Race*.

The next an equal *Guilt* and *Fate* attend, *

Oppress'd in *VVar* by an untimely End.

Another yet will you and *Heav'n* engage ;

Cruel Old Man ! What means this *impious Rage* ? *

For you the *worst* of *Tortures* he'll prepare ;

How little thinks he what himself must bear ? *

These *Nine* fierce *WWaves* in vain already gone,

The *Tenth*, with all their *Force* comes rolling on :

Two Monsters shall the *groaning World* divide, *

And rule with equal *Cruelty* and *Pride*:

With doubled *Rage*, the *Fiend*, and doubled *Fear*,

Ranges the *Earth*, he knows his *Fall* is near ;

Knows the wise *Nations* will his *Gods* despise,

The Idol-Banners stoop, and *Cross* must rise : *

Their *vainly-thund'ring Jove* himself, and all

Their helpless *Fry* of *spurious Gods* must fall,

Once more the fatal *Stone* shall claim the *Capitol* : *

470

2 Kings 3.
17, 18.

480

490

500

The

510 * The Tyrants drop by Justice or Despair,
And my blest Champion shall the Purple wear:
See those brave Men his Throne and Honors share,
Whose pow'rful Pray'rs and Arms had fix'd him there!
See him the rev'rend Confessors embrace,
And by his Royal Side triumphant, place!
With Admiratioⁿ, he'll, and Transport, see
* Those glorious Scars they wear for Truth and me;
" Of foregone ills almost the Trace remove;
They blest in his, he in his Empires Love:

Constantine
the Great?

520 So much of Good, ev'n one good Prince can do!

So much I'll favour those who favour you!

Matth. 18.7.

* Yet still some Signs of antient Fraud remain;

Still shall the Lust of Empire and of Gain,

* Distract the World --- Nor yet my fated Reign.

Scandals must come, those in the Church arise,

Who tho' they bear my Name, my Name despise:

Vengeance at length th' ungrateful World pursue,

New suffer'd Ills shall punish those they do:

* Fierce Magog's Sons shall in the East embrace

530 A cursed Law, with Ishmael's wand'ring Race;

* Whilst all the West a fiercer Tyrant spoils,

Hated and fear'd by Cittim and the Isles;

Nay the dire mortal Gangrene shall disperse,

It's hateful Poison round the Universe:

Widely the Cath'lick Mischief shall prevail;

* Some Stars to Earth drawn by the Dragon's Tail:

Rev. 12.4.

* The Earthly Gods this Monster shall dethrone,

Ev'n him in Heav'n he wou'd, and reign alone:

Tho' that he can't, he'll with his Laws dispence,

540 Sure Death to all appear in their Defence:

* But first, what lets must be remov'd away,

2 Thess. 2.7.

The mighty Roman Empire first decay:

Then shall this Name of Blasphemy arise,

And soon renew the War against the Skies:

Flatter and Murder shall his Title gain,

Which he'll, by the same cursed Arts maintain;

Luxurious, he shall Abstinence enjoin

Tim. 3.4. 3.

From what kind Heav'n did for Man's Use design,

* Chast Marriage shall the worst of Crimes be grown,

Ibid.

Tho' all the Sins of Sodom shall be none :
 Long shall he Reign, but when he sits on high,
 Sits most secure of Fate, his Fall is nigh :
 A Swan in Gomer's spacious Fields shall rise, *
 Will all his Laws, as he does mine, despise :
 Then ev'n repenting Kings shall hate the Whore
 As much as they enchanted, lov'd before ;
 Th' Ill-gotten Empire by degrees decay,
 Till by my Sword and Thunder driven away :
 Then shall the Just their promis'd Kingdom gain,
 " And then the Saints of the most high shall reign.

Revel. 18.
7, 8.Revel. 17.
17.

2 Theff. 2. 8.

Dan. 7. 18.

550

If more you ask, the Day, the Hour precise
 When I appear, my Father this denies ;
 The wisest Mind that near the Throne does wait,
 And deepest read in the dark Rolls of Fate,
 Must own this Mystery is from him conceal'd,

Mark 13.
32.

Nor to the Son himself, as Man, reveal'd ;
 Since, if far off, it might prevent your Care,
 If near, might sink in Terror and Despair.

Ibid. 33.

Your Task is --- Still be ready --- Watch and Pray !
 Thus arm against the Fears of this dread Day !

Matth. 25. 1.
to 12.

560

Come learn a Parable --- Ten Virgins fair,
 Together liv'd, no matter when or where !
 Five Prudent, whom no danger cou'd surprize ;
 All fair, tho' th' other Five more Fair than Wise.
 These once a Royal Bridegroom did invite
 T' a Princely Feast, on his blest Nuptial Night :
 Five had their Silver Lamps all clear and bright,
 With purest Oil supply'd ; not so the rest,
 Whose empty Lamps their Negligence confess :

Yet all prepare the joyful Pomp to meet ;
 The Prince and his fair Princess lowly greet :

They travell'd long, but still no Bridegroom near,
 Nor any News of his approach they hear ;

Night hasten'd on, and the cold Air they fear ;

Unwholsom Misks, and dropping Evening Dew :

At a Friends House, which on the Road they knew *

They all take up, convenient t'was and nigh,

They'd soon be ready when the rest came by :

There enter'd, long they waiting there in vain,

570

580

With

590 With various *Talk* each other entertain ;
Till *Sleep* had seiz'd and *seal'd* their weary'd Eyes,
When the pale *Moon* had measur'd *half* the *Skies* ;
And scarce they on the downy *Couch* were laid,
E'er at the Gate the joyful *Cry* was made,
He *comes*, he *comes* --- Quick starting at the sound,
All rising, for their *Lamps* they search'd around,
E'er we'll awake ; theirs soon the *Prudent* found ; }
Well worth their Care, glorious they *shin'd* and *bright*,
And shot new *Day* acros the gloomy *Night* :

600 Nor *Light* nor *Oil* in theirs the others find,
Unpleasing *Reliques* only left behind ;
Recruits for both they from the *Wife* intreat,
In vain, for their own *Store* was not *too great* :
They to the *Merchants* send 'em, there to buy,
What might their thirsty *Bankrupt Lamps* supply,
Then join themselves the *Train*, not yet too late,
And find a *cheerful welcom* at the *Gate*.

Not so the other, who in *darkness* stray'd ;
Till all was shut, they their *return* delay'd :
610 Now all too late, they no *admittance* meet,
Expos'd t' *Affronts* and *Dangers* in the *Street* :
Clam'rous and loud when clos'd the *Gates* they found,
They knock and call, the *Courts* and *Valls* resound :
Till from the *Board* the *Bridegroom's self* arose,
And to the *sounding Gates* in anger goes ;
As loud demanding what *ill-manner'd Guest*,
Unseasonably there disturb'd the *Feast* ?
Forward and bold they answer --- Lord 'tis *VVe*,
Part of thy own *invited Company* ;
620 *Prepar'd* and *ready* at the *Gates* we stand,
But wish'd *admittance*, yet in vain demand ;
Repuls'd by the rude *Servants* --- But you here,
We now no longer can our *Entrance* fear.
--- Ah 'tis too *late*, the time for that is o'er--
'Tis past, already past, and *comes no more* ;
The *Lord* rejoins --- You're *Strangers* all to me,
And *utter Darkness* must your *portion* be.

The *Moral* easie is, and evident ;
Delay no longer ! Now, ev'n now *repent* !

*Devout and vigilant, still on your Guard,
Lest the Judg comes, and finds you unprepar'd:
Lest such your Fate as that bad Servants, whom,
His angry Lord did to just Torments doom.*

Matth. 25.
14, to 30.

Earnest they ask 't, intent and fix'd upon
Each VVord he spoke, our Saviour thus goes on.

A Lord there was, whose busines call'd him far
From his own House, whether for Peace or VVar,
Not matters much, but his Estate was large,
Of which he Part thinks fit to leave in charge
With his remaining Servants ; well he knew
What each was worth, and what they all cou'd do ;
Five Talents this receiv'd, the other Two,

*One ev'n the least ; he this Division makes,
And strait he his far distant Journey takes :*

*Who had the Five, by Merchandise and Trade,
So well improv'd his Stock, Five more they made :*

Who Two, receiv'd proportionable Gain ;

Who only One, and even that One in vain ;

Digs in the Earth, his Talent there he leaves,

No pain he takes, or profit thence receives :

Long after comes their Lord from foreign Lands,

And of his Servants their Accounts demands :

The two with humble Joy their Master meet,

And cast their Labours product at his Feet ;

Both from him meet a just and kind regard,

And both his gen'rous bounty did reward ;

With guilty Eyes demiss and conscious Face,

The third comes in, and thus with an ill Grace

Accosts his Lord --- I knew you ev'r you went,

A hard Exactor of what Sums you lent.

Rigid and hard, nay did from others pains

Expect, I know, large unproportion'd Gains ?

How could I then propose my self to save,

If I in Trade had lost those Sums you gave ?

With these vexatious Thoughts I struggling lay

A while, but took at last the safest way :

Your Talent I entrusted to the Ground,

And there the same agen in Specie found :

'Tis here, tho' I've no Interest gain'd, here's all,

630

640

650

660

Each

670 Each Mite and farthing of the Principal.

To him his Lord, whose Eyes just Anger dart—
—“Wicked and slothful Servant as thou art—!

If gain from others Labour I desire,

Whose all is mine, I but my own require:

But since thou this didst know, since so austere

A Lord I was, a Master so severe,

Since honest Pain like these thou woud'st not take,

Why might not others the advantage make

Of what I left: but since I see my cost,

680 And kindness all on thee, Ungrate! are lost,

Thy Talent giv'n to those who'll it improve;

Hence let thy Fellow-Servants thee remove,

Thee hence, unprofitable Wretch, convey,

Hid, like thy Talent from the cheerful Day,

In noisom Dungeons; bound and fetter'd there

For ever mourn in Darkness and Despair.

But if these Truths you more distinct and clear

Without a Parable desire to hear,

Attend while I th' amazing Scenes display,

690 The awful prospect of the last Great Day?

* My Harbingers the Seven Archangels bright,

Heark how their Trumps the guilty World affright!

The awful Trumps of God! a Call they found,

Is heard thro' Nature's universal Round;

That Signal heard from the dissolving Sky,

Decrepid Nature lays her down to die:

Not so Man's deathless Race, who now revive,

And must in Joy or Pain for ever live:

From long-confining Tombs each dusky Guest

700 Disturb'd arise, mott, never more to rest;

The clust'ring Atoms as before they were

Together Troop; the Earth, the Sea, the Air

Give up their Dead --- How diff'rent all they rise?

These light and cheerful, these behold the Skies

With Looks obverse and horrid, how they shine

All dreadful bright, all red with Wrath divine.

Ev'n yon fair Star, whose Webs of Light disperse

Their golden Threds around the Universe,

Loose from it's Center down Heav'n's Hill must roll,

Vid. From
v. 32. to the
end.

Mark 13:
29.

And

Thid. 25.

And by its Fall ~~unhinge~~ the steady Pole; 710.
 And whilst he, hissing in th' Abyss, is drown'd
 Ten thousand lesser Suns lie scatter'd round. *

The Moon's bright Eye shall dark and bloodshot grow,
 Reflecting only Smoak and Fire below.
 Vast Heaps on Heaps, thick Orbs on Orbs are hurl'd,
 Chaos on Chaos, World confus'd in World:
 Huge Spheres, so fast each after other roll'd,
 Ev'n boundless Space their ruines scarce will hold;
 If the Great Whole no more from Fate secure,
 What Ravage shall this little part endure! 720
 This Point in the great Circle! As before,
 When by th' impetuous Deluge floated o'er;
 The Oceans both of Heav'n and Earth did join,
 Both with the Fountains of the Deep combine;
 And Wave did after Wave unwearied come,
 Sea after Sea from its hydropick Womb;
 So from the Sources whence that rain came,
 Delug'd with Seas of Fire, and Waves of Flame:
 As when Heav'n's Vengeance on curst Sodom fell;
 The World's one Toplet now, one Etna or one Hell. 730
 From Earth's wide Womb large Floods of Flame shall flow,
 The fir^y World above shall meet with that below:
 Thence holy Souls refn'd and made more bright, *
 Shall safe emerge to Worlds of calmer Light;
 While those still stain'd with odious marks of Sin,
 Must desp'reate sink; for ever sink therein.
 But first that Doom which they deserve so well,
 They must receive, that Sentence, half their Hell;
 The Thrones are set, the conscient Angels wait,
 And turn th' eternal brazen Leaves of Fate; 740
 High in the midst shall my Tribunal stand,
 Apostles, Prophets, Saints on my Right-hand,
 Martyrs and Confessors. A glorious Train!
 Now well-content they suffer, then to reign.
 Whilst on the left, a dismal gloomy Band,
 Of Kings, prond Nobles, factious Commons stand;
 Lewd Priests, Apostate Poets, who disgrace
 Their Character, and stain their Heavn-born Race.

Lean

Lean Hypocrites, who by long *Fasts* and *Pray'r*

750 Get *damn'd*, with much of *pain*, and much of *care* :

— But strange! there will not be *one Atheist* there.

All Marshal'd thus, tho' now they're *mingled* seen ;

To you I'll with *applauding Smiles* begin.

“ Come you, by me and my *great Father* blest !

Matt. 25, 34.
&c.

“ Come, *holy Souls*, to *endless Peace* and *Rest* !

“ For some short *Years* of *Misery* and *Pain*,

“ In *Light* and *Joy* for ever with me *reign*

“ In that blest *Place*, before all *Worlds* prepar'd

“ By *Heav'nly Skill*, by *Hands Almighty* rear'd :

760 “ In that *bad World* your selves you've *faithful shown*,

“ You own'd me *there*, and you in *this* I'll *own* :

“ Fainting for *Hunger*, me you oft *reliev'd*,

“ And *burnt* with *Thirst*, I your kind *Aid* receiv'd ;

“ Wide wand'ring thro' the *World*, you entertain'd ;

“ Half *Naked*, not my *Poverty* disdain'd,

“ But careful, *Cloathed*; when *Sick*, your help did lend ;

“ Nay, e'en *Imprison'd*, not forsook your *Friend*.

With *modest Joy*, in their enlighten'd Eyes,

Thus humble, all the *righteous Host* replies:

770 — “ Thy *Mercy*, not our *Merits*, Lord, we own,

37, 38, 39.

Must place us by thee, on thy *radiant Throne* :

Much, of our selves, of *Ill*, our selves we knew,

Such *Good*, alas, when did we ever do ?

Thus they — Thus will agen the King *rejoyn* —

40.

Those *Kindnesses* I still accounted *mine*,

My *Friends* receiv'd; these did I still *record*,

And this *great Day* shall bring their full *Reward*.

Then to th' unjust he turns, who trembling wait,

Their too-well-known *intolerable Fate* ;

780 Justice unmix'd dwells on his *angry Brow*,

Tho' *Mercy* only there, and *Pardon* now ;

Ah what a *Change*? why will they not *relent*?

Since now they may — Why will they not *repent*?

Yet, yet there's *hope*, I'll *cover* all their *Sins*!

— Then all too late, for thus their *Judge begins*.

“ Go, ye accurst! to *endles Torments go*!

41.

“ (For such your *Choice*) to *endles Worlds of Woe*!

“ Prepar'd at first for those lost *Sp'rits* who fell ;

" You shar'd their Crimes, now doom'd to share their Hell.
 " I th' other World unkind your selves you've shown,800
 " Me you disown'd, you now I here disown.
 " Fainting for Hunger, me you not relieve,
 " For Thirst, you'd not one Cup of Water give ;
 " When wand'ring thro' the World, ne'er entertain'd ;
 " Half Naked, Poor and Mean, you me disdain'd,
 " Or Cloath'd with Stripes, when Sick did Curses lend
 " For Balm ; Imprison'd, Stones for Bread wou'd send.

44. With all the haft of impudent Despair,*

They'll all deny, and ask me when and where ?

To them my Answer like the last shall be,

810

— What to my Brethren's done, is done to me.

A Place there is, from Heav'n's sweet Light debarr'd,
 Where dismal Shrieks of guilty Souls are heard ;
 Loud Yells, deep Groans, thick Stripes, long Clanks of Chains ;
 There solid, everlasting Darkness reigns :
 E'en that sad Fire, which on the Wretched feeds,
 Nor new supplies of Matter ever needs,
 Lends 'em no Gleam, no comfortable Ray,
 But change of Torments measures Night and Day : }
 Hither black Fiends shall snatch th' Unjust away, }
 Tormentors and Tormented — Deep they fall,
 And on the ruines of this flaming Ball
 Whirl to th' Abyss, on Waves of Sulphur tost,
 In that black direful Gulf for ever lost.

820

Not so the Just, who shall their Lord attend
 To Worlds of Joy, that know no bound or end :

A Place there is, remov'd far, far away,
 From that faint Lamp that makes this mortal Day :
 A blissful Place, that knows no Clouds or Night,
 But Gods high Throne scatters perpetual Light :
 There Angels live, there Saints, so far refin'd,
 Their Bodies scarce less glorious than their Mind :
 There, true, eternal Friendship all profess ;
 There, in the height of Piety, posses
 The Heav'n of Heav'n, the height of Happiness : }
 Perfect their Joys, yet still their Joys improve,
 For still the Infinite they See and Love.

830

Here

Here shall they enter, here triumphant plac'd,
Unutterable Bliss for ever last

803 In mine, and my great Fathers Arms embrac'd.

—Here, Thou whom Men and Angels must adore!

Here, Saviour! When this storm of Life is o'er,
Thy worthless Servant place! One Moment there,

For many tedious Years of Want and Care,

Will more than even make — And whilst I stay,

If from my Post I must not yet away;

Accept this humble Verse, my Lifes great Task!

'Tis all I can, and more thou wilt not ask:

Bless my few Friends, or if but Names they be,

840 My Friend, — For I've scarce more than One and Thee.

Bles e'en my Foes! may they, till better, live,

And my vast Debts, as I do theirs, forgive!

Thy help in all my Tribulation, lend!

More than in Promise, (like the World) my Friend.

Down all vain tow'ring Hopes! But Saviour! grant,

I may n't my daily Bread and Cloathing want!

The very Flow'rs and Ravens these postless;

Thy Will be done, if I must still have less!

Or if to Wealth or Fame I e'er shou'd rise;

850 (Those Gifts I neither Covet, nor Despise,

Chuse for me, Lord! " For thou hast both my Eyes !)

If e'er thou me from this low Turf shou'dst raise,

Grant, as thou me, I may advance thy Praise!

Else, in this Dust, let me to Dust return!

— Then, then when my sad Friends around me Mourn,

O be not far away! Thy Grace supply,

And like a Man, and Christian let me Die!

And when my weary Soul forsakes my Breast,

O take it in thy Arms, and give me Rest!

860 — So shall I for my Consummation stay,

And hope, not fear the great decisive Day:

Refresh'd, beyond the reach of Pain or Vice, *

In the Celestial Shades of Paradise.

In all time of
our Tribula-
tion.

In all time of
our Wealth.

Herbert.

In the hour of
death.

And in the
day of Judg-
ment.

The End of the Seventh Book.

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK VII.

5. *Saw through the Shades, nor durst directly see — Left that should dazzle him.]*
 The Description we have left us of this Temple, is indeed very glorious, *Opus omnium quæ unquam vidimus aut audivimus mirabilissimum*, says one concerning it, the most prodigious Work I ever saw or heard of. And Tacitus in Lib. 5. calls it, *miræ Opulentæ Templum*, a Temple of wonderful Riches. And Josephus tells us, that not only the Front was gilded; but, as I understand him, the Outside was covered with *Plates of Massy Gold*, which dazzled the Beholders Eyes, and to Strangers, at a distance, made it appear like a huge white Mountain.

12. *The mighty Gates, heavy with Loads of Gold.]* The Gates of the Temple were all covered with Silver and Gold, except one with *Corinthian Brass*, of more value than any of the other. See theforementioned Author.

13. *Twice ten robustous Servants there attend.]* One of the Gates of the Temple, as Josephus tells us, was so large, that it employed twenty Men, every Night and Morning to shut and open it. The same Gate, which also he says, opened prodigiously, about Midnight, of its own accord with a great Noise, not long before the Destruction of Jerusalem.

16. *To the third Gate, of rich Corinthian Brass.]* *vid. supra.*

20. *Loud answer'd by the Full-mouth'd Quire within.]* I think there's no great doubt but this was the manner of the Temple-service, there being several of the Psalms which seem to have been sung *alternatim*, between Priests and People. *Heman* and *Jeduthun*, as we find, singing an Anthem of *David's* composing, and therein praising the Lord because his Mercy endures for ever; to which all the People said *Amen*, and praised the Lord. 1 Chron. 16. 36, 41. But the most lively Description of the Temple-Service, which will much illustrate what follows, is that in 2 Chron. 5. 11, 12. *When the Priests were come out of the Holy place, also the Levites, which were the Singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, and Jeduthun, with their Sons and their Brethren, being array'd in White Linnen, having Cymbals, and Psalteries, and Harps, stood at the East end of the Altar, and with them an hundred and twenty Priests sounding with Trumpets. The Trumpets and Singers were at once to make one Sound, to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord. They lift up their Voices with Trumpets, and Cymbals and Instruments of Musick and praised the Lord, saying, for he is good, for his Mercy endureth for ever.*

26. *The Comfort first sweet Aijeleth begun.]* I here insert most Sorts of Musical Instruments, mentioned in *David's* Psalms, according to the usual Interpretation of 'em. The first is *Aijeleth*, from the 22. Psalm, which is inscribed, *Aijeleth Shaber*, generally rendred the *Hind of the Morning*, a sort of *Musick*, as some think, of the Nature of our *Waits*, going about in the Courts to wake the Priests,

Priests ; but 'twas also, we are sure, from *David*, us'd in God's immediate Service.

29. Alamothe, *chaste Virgins best Delight.*] They are thought a sort of *Virginals*, and mentioned in *Psal. 46.*

30. Grave *Jonath.*] See *Psalm 56.* inscrib'd *Jonath Elem Rebochim*, rendred, *The dumb Dove in silent places*; like *Mabalab* afterwards, I suppose, a sort of grave Musick, fit to compose their Minds to *Attention and Devotion.*

31. And melting Harps.] The *Scheminiti*, and all other sort of *string'd Instruments.*

35. *Lofty Hallelujabs sing.*] A reverend Person, now an Honour to our Church and Nation, is of Opinion, that this 135 *Psalm* was us'd at Morning Service, the Priests, Levites, and all the People inviting each other to praise God.

91. Mean while rich Incense feeds the sacred Fires.] This was done twice a day, vid. *Exod. 30. 7, 8.* Aaron shall burn sweet Incense every Morning. When Aaron lighteth the Lamps at Even he shall burn Incense. See also *Joseph Antiq. lib. 3.*

94. A Milk white Lamb, the Morning-Sacrifice.] *Exod. 29. 38, 39.* This is that which thou shalt offer, two Lambs of the first Year, day by day. The one Lamb thou shalt offer in the Morning, &c.

95. With these the Priests their holiest Mincha join, A cheerful Blaze of Flour, and Oyl, and Wine.] *Vid. Exod. 29. 40.* A tenth-deal of Flour mingled with an bin of Beaten-Oyl, and the fourth part of an bin of Wine. This Mincha, Meat-offering, as we render it, with its Drink-offering, is called most holy of all the Offerings of the Lord. Bread and Wine is the most antient Sacrifice; that which Melchisedech brought forth seems to have been sacred. This is still retain'd by our Saviour, who was a Priest of the same Order. *Vid. Mede on the Jewish Offerings.*

115. Some in the Cloysters gainful Shops unfold.] The three Courts of the Temple, which are all included under the same Name, because we want two distinct Words for the *val*-*O* and *isq*-*O*, being all consecrated Ground, took up a considerable room, each of 'em having Cloysters round, and a void space in the middle. In the space were the Sheep and Oxen; under the Cloysters, I suppose the Money-Changers and Dove-Sellers. The Roof of these Cloysters, if I understand Josephus aright, served as Foundations for those sumptuous Galleries round the Temple, which Sabinus burnt down in an Insurrection of the Jews; for they could not be on the Cover'd Part, or *val*-*O*, since 'tis not probable they could have burn'd the Top and left the Bottom standing. *Vid. Joseph. Antiq. lib. 7. cap. 12.*

128. Driv'n with more Ease from Carmel's fruitful Hill.] Because, tho' that's further from Jerusalem, their Tails were not so cumbersome, which were incredibly large in the Asiatic Sheep, and therefore I say before, Drag their pond'rous Train.

135. Blushes, at once, of Shame and Anger rise.] Shame for his Country-men, not himself.

136. A just Resentment sparkling in his Eyes, &c.] St. Jerom says here, *Igneum quicquam ex Oculis radiabat*, &c. there were certain fiery Rays came from our Saviour's Eyes, which they were not able to endure.

146. He does, of strongly-twisted-Cords, prepare.] We never find our Saviour, in all his History, so angry as he is here, but once before, and that on the same Occasion; for it's thought he drove these sacrilegious Wretches two several times from the Temple. Nothing, I say, ever made him so angry as their thus confounding things sacred and profane. The Jews, 'tis plain, made no distinction, and believed not any Holiness in this Place: after Prayers once over, all Places were, it seems, alike to them. The Distinction was our Saviour's own, and must still hold, if a Christian Church is still the *House of God.*

153. Yet here great Solomon.] That noble Tower or Porch, which tho' Herod re-edified, it seems, still retain'd the Name of its first Founder; was built by *Solomon*, and its Foundations laid so deep and firm, that the *Babylonians* could not destroy 'em, tho' no doubt they ruined the Superstructure. If I mistake not, here was the East-Gate, the Golden-Gate, the Beautiful-Gate of the Temple, all different Names for the same thing. 'Twas built over the Vale of *Kidron*, and from the top of its Towers to the bottom of that Valley, such a vast depth, that *Josephus* says, 'twas

horrid

horrid to look upon, and would almost dazzle the Beholders. This Porch of Solomon I wonder how *Capellus* happen'd to place on the *South* of the *Temple*, which he does, unless *Fuller* mistakes him; whereas 'tis feated in the *East*, by *Josephus*, and, I think, all others. This *Gate* and *Courts* about it cost more *Pains* and *Time* than all the *Temple*; *Solomon* began to bring *Earth* and even the *Valley*, but 'twas not finished in several Ages. *Vid. Joseph. lib. 6.*

157. *The Workmen* mined deep, wondrous deep.] *Josephus* says, the Foundations of the *Temple* were three hundred Cubits deep (*sacred Cubits* we are to understand, in a *sacred Work*, twice as much as the *Vulgar*) and in some places more, and that great part on't was built upon the *solid Rock*.

159. *Of Tyre they were.*] *Solomon* had *Carpenters* from *Hiram* of *Tyre*, and he might have *Masons* too; who, I here suppose, had formerly been *Miners* in *Britain*. See *Lib. iii. and vi.*

175. *Those Everlasting Gates.*] I'm inclin'd to think that Phrase in *Psal. 24.* (which should seem to have been compos'd on the *Dedication* of the *Temple*, or some such Occasion) of *Everlasting Gates*, relates immediately to the *vast Heightb and Bigness* of the *Gates* of the *Temple*; as the *Everlasting Hills*, in another place, in the same sence. Tho I believe the whole *Psalm* has a further respect, and is *prophetical* of our Saviour's Ascension into Heaven, in which sence I take it at the End of *Lib. x.*

178. *The glittering Pillars, and the Vine of Gold.*] *Josephus* reckons above 100 of these *Pillars*, all gilded, and describes this *Golden-Vine* as one of the most noble sacred Ornaments in the World. "It reach'd, says he, all along under the Chapters of the Pillars, whereon hung *Bunches of Grapes*, all of *Gold*, each Cluster as long as a Man. To which *Vine* our Saviour might allude, when preaching near it.

181. *The stately Porch 'twixt two vast Columns rose.*] So *Josephus* describes it, and says, "These, as well as all other *Pillars* were of the *Corinbian Order*; the tallest and most beautiful of any other."

185. *The Stones so huge they scarce dar'd trust their Sence.*] Nor I; *Josephus*, in the Account he gives of them, making them so many *Cubits long and broad*, that one would think they needed as many *Workmen to raise and manage 'em*, as that which *Acosta* tells us of in *America*, drawn crois the Mountains, at the Command of one of their *Inca's*, by no less than an hundred thousand Men; however, undoubtedly they were very large: for so the Apostles to our Saviour, who not only shew him in general, St. *Mark* 13. 1, 2. ταῦτα τὰς μεγάλας οἰκοδομὰς, those great Buildings; but, in St. *Luke*, take notice of the *Stones* in a particular manner, πολλαὶ λίθοι, μεγαλοὶ λίθοι, what manner of *Stones*, what goodly *Stones*, as we very well render it. And they had need be firm, when as *Josephus* tell us, *lib. 7. cap. 9.* "The Romans were six days battering the *East Galleries* of the *Temple* (with their prodigious Rams) but prevailed nothing against them. They then endeavoured to dig up the Foundations; but could only pull out some of the outer *Stones*, with a great deal of fruitless Labour. He further tells us, these *Stones* were all fastened to each other by huge *Clamps* of *Lead* and *Iron*, I suppose he means, the *Iron* was *soldered* unto them.

207. *Not one but by a Force superior, &c.*] The *Romans* did at last prevail, and tore up the very Foundations of the *Temple*, ploughing the Ground whereon it stood, which was performed by *Terentius*, or *Turnus Rufus*, left there by *Titus*, for that purpose, on the 19th day of the Month *Abib*, as *Maimonides*; so says *Eleazar*, afterwards in his Speech to the *Jews*, when he exhorted them to kill themselves, "The Temple, says he, they have raz'd to the very Foundation, and hardly the Memory thereof is now left. And *Josephus* says, even of the City, "That 'twas beat quite flat and plain to the Ground; exactly according to our Saviour, *They shall lay thee even with the Ground, and thy Children within thee.*

220. *How they the World's and Temple's End might know.*] They seem to confound 'em in their Question, as if they supposed both should be together. And our Saviour's Answer does not, I think, as left recorded by any of the Evangelists, distinctly

distinctly and orderly separate 'em. The Reason of which might be to keep 'em more on their Guard. In the following Discourse of our Saviour, the Reader will see, I have joined several of his Prophesies, which we find in different places; expatiating as the Subject led me.

237. *As heat and warmth the Royal Eagle brings.]* So 'tis in *Deuteronomy*, whence this Simile seems to be taken. Our Translation indeed renders it *Hen*, but the word *avis* will reach the other Sense, which seems more Poetical and Noble.

252. *The Plague denounc'd an Hundred Years before.]* The most natural Sense of those Words, *Gen. 6. 3. Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty Years,* seems to be, that the World should have so much respite before its Destruction: Which is favour'd by S. Peter, in his Reflection on Gods Long-suffering at that time. I say an Hundred because 'tis a round Number.

267. *Then many a vile Impostor shall pretend—My Name.]* *Josephus* tells us of many of these false Prophecy's before the *Destruction of Jerusalem*.

276. *My very Name, and yours, shall Crimes be made.]* Indeed their Persecutors cou'd find 'em guilty of no other Crimes, and therefore made the very Name their Accusation. Hence the famous *Christianos ad Leones. &c.*

293. *Nation with Nation.]* Galilee against Samaria and Judaea, Simon against John, &c. And the very Words *Josephus* makes Jesus use in his Oration to the Idumeans against the Zealots, are, "That they rejoiced to see Nation against Nation.

296. *Unhappy Solyma shall fly to thee.]* If the Galilean Zealots had not fled to *Jerusalem*, *Josephus* thinks it might have been sav'd.

300. *Shall with a fourth thy Three Proud Walls surround.]* The Romans not only cast up a Trench, but even built a Wall round *Jerusalem*, to keep in the Jews; after which no more cou'd escape. *Joseph. Lib. 6. Cap. 13.*

306. *Which Heav'n-Lov'd Daniels piercing Eyes foresaw.]* The *Abomination of Desolation* I think were these Zealots, because it cou'd be nothing else, that I ever yet saw, assigned. Not the *Destruction* it self, because 'twas to be the *Sign* of it. Not the *Statue* or *Idol* placed, or designed to be placed in the *Temple*, by *Caius*, or *Tiberius*; because either not done at all, or too soon to be a *Sign* for this *Des-*
truction. Nor the *Roman Ensigns*, *Titus*, or *Adrian*, because these all too late, and the *Effect* not a *Sign* of the *Judgment*. On the other side, the word *Abomination* exactly hits those Zealots, who, as *Josephus*, *Lib. 2. Bell. Jud. Cap. 9:* "Drest themselves like *Women*, fell to *unnatural Lusts*, and profan'd the whole "City with their execrable *Impiety*. They were a *Desolation* too, or such an *Abomination* as made *Desolate*. So Jesus in his forementioned Oration, "Houses, "says he, they have Ruinated and made *Desolate*, by their Robberies. And *Josephus* tells us, "That at one time the Idumeans and they, murdered 8000 in the "Temple, and 12000 young Men in the City. They stood in the *Holy-Place*, "or where they ought not to stand. So *Anamis* in his Oration, lamenting that he shou'd live to see the *Sanctuary*, where nothing ought to come but the *Higb-Priest*, profan'd by the *wicked Feet* of these *Impious Persons*. And *Josephus*, in his *Speech to the Jews*, of these Zealots, "That having their Hands embru'd in the "Blood of their Countrymen, they presum'd to enter into the *Sanctuary*; where, "says he, none ought to come. Nay, they were here before the Romans besieged the City, and therefore were properly a *Sign* of its *Desolation*, and a warning to others to leave it, as many did; and flying to *Titus*, saved their Lives. There remains but one thing more, which will almost demonstrate, that the Zealots were meant by this *Abomination of Desolation*; and that is, to enquire who it was caus'd the *Daily Sacrifice* to cease. But this the Zealots too did; *Josephus* in the forementioned Oration, who says, "That *John* and the Zealots, had not only "rob'd the *Temple* of all the *Ornaments* given by *Augustus* and others, telling "the People, That *Sacrilege* was no *Sin*, because they fought for the *Cause of God*: But, as he adds expressly, "They had deprived God of his daily *Sacrifice* in the *Temple*. All this, is one of the most clear and unanswerable Proofs of a *Prophecy* exactly fulfill'd, that I ever met with. Which, for that reason, I've enlarg'd upon, and which I challenge all the *Atheists* or *Deists* in the *World* to answer.

256 Notes on the Seventh Book.

312. *A deep, a mournful Voice,—“Let us depart.]* The famous *μεταβάσις* or *transv.* Our Saviour we know did Prophesie of great Signs and Wonders before this Destruction.

315. *The high in Heaven a bloody Sword.]* Vid. Joseph. Bell. Jud. Lib. 5. Cap. 12. Where he says, “A Comet in the fashion of a fiery Sword had hung over the “City for a Year together; before the Siege.

319. *Thunders and Earthquakes then they'll scarcely mind.]* Lib. 4. Cap. 7. He says, “When the Edomites Encamp'd by the Walls of Jerusalem, there arose a terrible Tempest of Wind, Rain, Lightning and Thunder, with an Earthquake, and several very Strange and dreadful Voices. Notwithstanding which, their Friends within the Gates law'd the Bars in funder, and admitted them into the City.

322. *But the beginning of their hopeless Pains.]* Our Saviour says, All these are but the beginning of sorrows. And so it will appear to any who reads the whole History.

329. *The half starv'd Citizens like Ghosts shall meet.]* John and Simon having in their Rage at one another, burnt the Cny Granaries, enough to have supply'd 'em for a long time, the Famine soon raged amongst 'em. Of which Josephus gives many terrible Instances, Lib. 6. Cap. 11. &c. “The Seditious, says he, in this “Famine, broke up Houses for Corn and Meat; if they found any, they beat Per-“sons for denying it; if none, for concealing it; if strong and likely, they Kill'd “'em, on presumption they had some secret Stores; if weak, because they'd soon “Die of themselves. Wives snatch'd the Meat from their Husbands; Children from “Parents; Mothers from Infants; nay, one Miriam, boyld and eat her own Son, “Babes were dashed on the ground by the Souldiers, when found with meat in their “moubs. The young Men, pale as Ghosts, walk'd about till they dropt Dead in “the Streets; and some, striving to bury others, fell Dead over 'em. And so he goes on with such a dreadful Description, as almost shocks Humanity to read it.

340. *And like a Deluge over all come pouring in.]* The end of it shall be with a Flood, says Daniel: and accordingly it was, universal and irresistible.

352. *Till—See—the Temple fir'd.]* Josephus says, “After they had been Fighting many days about the Temple, a certain Souldier, contrary to the Order of Titus, moved as it were with a certain Divine Fury, got some of his Companions to help him up, and set Fire on the Temple, by one of the Golden Windows, which happened on the 10th of August; the same Day, he says, that it was burnt formerly by Nebuchadnezzar. The manner of which, and circumstances whereof, the Historian describes like one who was no unconcerned Spectator. He tells us, “Many whole Eyes were just clost with Famine, got strength to bewail the “Temple, as they saw it Burning; and an innumerable Multitude being kill'd “about it and in it, fix'd their Eyes thereon, in the very Agonies of Death; “whose dead Bodies roll'd down the Temple stairs in streams of Blood. All “was filled with dismal Shrieks and Lamentations, echo'd by the Mountains “round the City. The Hill of the Temple now appeared all on Fire, tho “there was Blood enough shed to have quenched it. Some of the Priests be-“ing kill'd Fighting, others leaping voluntary into the Flames, and the rest Burnt “alive, resolving not to survive the Temple. Indeed, through the whole, Josephus has done it so admirably, that I'm not ashame'd to own I cannot reach him.

360. *Till Heav'n has clos'd the Gentiles destin'd Reign.]* From that of our Saviour, Till the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled.

373. *And in the Church usurp my Throne and Name.]* Our Saviour Prophesies of those that should come in his Name, saying, I am Christ. So did some of the little Antichrists, particularly Jonathan in Cyrene, who said expressly, Ego sum Mefsiab. But this was to be eminently and remarkably fulfilled in the διάνκησος, or διάνκεσος, the great Adversary or Antichrist. And that some such is foretold in the Scriptures, Bellarmine himself, and all the Papists believe. He then that usurps the Throne, the Power, the very Divinity of our Saviour, wherever we find

find him, must be *The Antiechrist*. This the Pope does his *Throne*, for he's carried by his Slaves, after he's chosen, plac'd upon the High *Altar*, and there actually *Ador'd*. His *Power*, for he'll forgive *Sins*, and rule *Kings* and *Nations*, with a *Rod* of Iron. His *Birinity*, for not content with being the *Vicar of Christ*, his *Flatters* have given him the very *Name* and *Power* of *God*; for which, we cou'd never hear, that he was so angry with 'em, as to put them into his *Anathema* against all *Heretical Kings* and *Princes*.

389. *The World for the Elect was chiefly made.*] 'Tis a Notion of the *Rabbies*, that *the World* was only made for the *Elect*, which I've somewhat soften'd.

417. *Ten furious Tyrants.*] *The Ten Persecutions.*

424. *To them a Foe, as to your sacred Race.*] Nero was the Wretch who stirr'd up the first Persecution against the Christians, which occasioned that sharp and just Remark of *Tertullian*; *Non nisi grande aliquod bonum quod à Nerone damnatum*, "It must needs be some extraordinary good Thing if Nero condemned it. This Monster was justly *Voted* by the Senate a *Parricide* and *Enemy* of Mankind. And accordingly his *Memory* has been ever *detested* by all Men, unles by the *Partisans*, and a few other *Heathens*.

431. *You in his Festal Flame shall shine.*] From these puzzling Verses of *Juvenal*, *Tedè lucebis in illa,—Qua stantes ardent qui fixo gutture fumant—Et latum medit fulcum diducit arend.* Alluding, whatever the Grammar of 'em is, to Nero's Burning the Christians for *Torches* at his *Night Revells*.

436. *The only Good the Wretch will ever do.*] Almost David's Words in *Cowley*, to *Goliab*.

438. *Mankinds bate, bis Brother their delight.*] *Domitian*, who rais'd the second Persecution, one of the foulest of Men, (some think worse than *Nero*,) and as much detested, as his Brother *Titus* lov'd, who was stil'd, as all know, *Deliciae humani generis*.

442. *By Martyrdom he'll purge his Blood.*] History tells us, that he Murdered *Flavius Clemens*, his near *Kinman*, and Banished his Wife *Flavia*, for being Christians.

446. *Still shall the Son of Gods bright Form be near.*] Alluding to the History of the Three Children.

451. *Whilst our proud Foe an hasty Death shall seize.*] Stabb'd by *Parthenius* and *Stephanus*. Concerning which, see the famous Story in *Apollonius's Life*.

452. *And his mild Successor.*] *Nerva*, who swore solemnly, no Senator should ever dye by his Order. See *Aurelius Victor and Dion*. He recall'd the Christians by an *Edict*, from Banishment; and amongst the rest S. *John*, tho some woud fain have him dead a great many years before; and others that he never dy'd.

456. *Some ev'n the Lord that bought'ens shall deny.*] *Ebion*, *Cerinthus*, and other Heretics, who first deny'd the Divinity of our Saviour; against whom S. *John* wrote his *Gospel*.

461. *Nor be himself—Unplagn'd escapes a destin'd dire Event, &c.*] *Trajan*, who began the third Persecution. The dire Event, here mentioned, is that of the *Earthquake* at *Antioch*; where, the Emperour being then present and a vast Conflux of People, the *Earth opened*, and devoured an incredible Number of Men, one of the Consuls perishing, and the Emperour himself hardly escaping.

467. *But more the Jews.*] *Adrian*, who began the fourth Persecution, Burnt a Thousand Towns of the Jews, for Rebelling against him under their false Christ *Barcochbab*, to whom *Rabbi Akiba* was a sort of *Elias*, crying, *Hic est Rex ille Messias!* and Kill'd 500000 Men; then reedifying *Jerusalem*, &c.

472. *How oft he'd fly to Death in vain for Ease.*] Being sick of a languishing Distemper he woud often have kill'd himself, but was hindred by his Friends. A little before his Death, he is said to have made those pretty foolish Verses, *Animula, vagula, blandula, &c.* Which, Little, fluttering Soul, alludes to.

476. *A Peaceful Prince and Pious more than Nam'd.*] *Antoninus Pius*, who, on *Justin's Apology*, made an Edict, that the Christians should not be Punished, but thole who Accus'd em: As *Orosius* in his History,

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479. *A vain Philosopher.*] Antoninus Philosophus began the fifth Persecution, stirr'd up by Crescens the Cynic, and continued with great Fury, till the Emperour being distrest'd in War with the Quadi, for want of Water, and obtaining both that and Victory, by the Prayers of a Christian Legion, ordered it to be stopt; as P. Orosius tells us.

485. *This a far fiercer Tyrant knows in vain.*] Septimius Severus, who rais'd the sixth Persecution, under whom so many were Martyred, that some thought him Antichrist. His two Sons, Bassianus and Geta succeeded him, the Elder of which kill'd the Younger in his Mothers Arms.

489. *Next a fell Wolf, who, the mild Shepherd slain.*] The seventh Persecution under Maximin, who Murdered the good Emperour Alexander Severus; and was himself Kill'd, together with his Son, by his own Souldiers at the Siege of Aquileia.

493. *The next an equal Guilt and Fate attend.*] Decius, who rais'd the eighth Persecution, whose Son was kill'd by the Goths, and himself drowned in the Fens near the Danube, as he fled from the Enemy.

466. *Cruel old Man.*] Valerian, the Author of the ninth Persecution, at the Instigation of an Egyptian Magician. He was afterwards conquered and taken by Sapor the Emperour of Persia, who made use of his Back to mount his Horse, and when he refus'd that Office, fay'd him alive, and covered him with Salt.

502. *Two Monsters shall the groaning World divide.*] Dioclesian and Maximian.

506. *The Idol Banners stoop and Cross must rise.*] The very Signa or Ensigns of the Romans, have been thought by learned Men Idolatrous: Which Constantine chang'd, and bore the Cross in his Banner; according to the famous Story.

509. *Once more the fatal Stone.*] See Lib. 6. Note on the Baetulia of the Antients.

510. *The Tyrants drop by Justice or Despair.*] Dioclesian, some say, Poisoned himself; Maximian, who had once Abdicated; but when his Mind changed, and he for recovering his Empire agen, being caught Plotting against Constantine, he was fairly Hang'd for his reward.

517. *Those glorious Scars.*] A known Story. Vid. Sozomen. Lib. I. Cap. II.

522. *Yet still some Signs of antient Fraud remain.*] From Virgil's *Pauca tamen suberunt, &c.*

524. *Nor yet my fated Reign.* Vid. last Note on Lib. 10.

529. *Fierce Magog's Sons.*] The Scythians, as Sir Walter Rawleigh proves beyond contradiction.

531. *Whilst all the West a fiercer Tyrant spoils.*] The Turks give Liberty of Conscience; the Pope denies it; for which Reason, I make him the more Cruel of the two.

537. *The Earthly Gods this Monster shall Dethrone.*] 2 Thess. 2.4.

541. *But first what Lets must be remov'd away.*] This the antient Christians Interpreted of the Roman Empire.

549. *Chaste Marriage shall the worst of Crimes be grown.*] A Man may be a good Romish Priest tho he has half a Dozen Concubines, but not if he has one Wife. But amongst all the doughty Arguments against the Marriage of the Clergy, I think that of his Infallibility, Strictius himself, carries the most weight; "They that are in the Flesh cannot please God."

553. *A Swan in Gomers spacious Fields shall rise.*] 'Tis said in the History of John Hus, that at his Martyrdom he Prophesied, of a Swan to rise an hundred Years after, whom the Papists should not be able to Burn.

586. *At a Friends House, which on the Road they knew.*] Some such thing seems necessarily imply'd from the Economy of the Parable. For its said in the 1 verse, They actually went forth to meet the Bridegroom. But ver. 5. While the Bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept; which they can't be supposed to do in the open Air.

691. *My Harbingers the sev'n Arch-Angels bright.*] It has been generally believed in all Ages of the Church, that there are different Orders of Angels; and there

there are great probabilities from Scriptures, that the Number of the Chief Angels is 7; which are also call'd, *The Eyes of the Lord, running too and fro throughout the whole Earth.* That these Angels shall be principally employ'd in the Preparations for this Judgment, appears, from comparing 1. *Theſſ. 4. 16. The Lord ſhall descend, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the Trump of God;* with that of the 2. *Theſſ. 1. 7. The Lord Jesus ſhall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty Angels;* Μετ' ἀγγέλων συνάπτως ἡρᾶ: Which seems much the ſame with these Arch-Angels.

712. *Ten Thousand leſſer Suns lie ſcatter'd round.]* According to their Notion, who think all fix'd Stars Suns.

733. *Hence holy Souls Refin'd and made more Bright.]* This ſeems the only ancient Purgatory: Some of the Fathers being of Opinion, that the Souls of all Men, nay that of the Blessed Virgin herſelf, were to paſs through this purging Fire at the laſt Judgment. But this would do the Church of Rome no good, and therefore they have ſince altered the property on't, making it a Culinary Fire with a witness, and blowing it up ſome thousands of Years ſooner than thoſe good Fathers ever thought of.

798. *With all the baſt of Impudent Despair]* They shorten our Saviours Accuſation, and ſay, ver. 44. *Lord when ſaw we thee an hungred, or a thirſt, or a ſtranger, or naked, &c.* whereas the Righteous are more deliberate. Ver. 37. *When ſaw we thee an hungred and fed thee, &c.*

862. *Refreſht, beyond the reach of Pain or Vice, &c.]* Agreeable to the Notion of the Primitive Churches, who conſtantly pray'd for this Refrigerium, or Refreshment of their Fellow Christians, departed this Life; they ſuppoting them in a ſort of Pain, by their thirſty and eager Desire for the final Conſummation of their Happiness.

The Argument of the Eighth Book.

ACatalogue of the Nations that came to the Passover, together with the Inhabitants of the Holy Land. Herod's Entry and Train from Galilee. Our Saviour privately comes thither with his Disciples, sending St. Peter and St. John before him to prepare the Passover in Mount Sion. But could not remain undiscovered, some Greeks, from Athens, having heard of his Fame, and pressing to see him; which having obtain'd by the Assistance of some Tyrian Merchants of Philip's Acquaintance; God the Father, at his desire, attests him now the third time by a Voice from Heaven. At which the People being again ready to force a Kingdom upon him, he retires, with his Disciples. However, his Fame and Doctrine spread so far, that all things were now at a Crisis, and the whole Nation upon the point of owning him the Messiah. At which Lucifer being alarm'd, takes with him a Detachment of Devils, and flies to Earth, where sending the rest to their appointed Posts, to facilitate his Design, he himself enters the Palace of Caiaphas; and Night being now come, and the High-Priest asleep, appears before him in the Form of old Hircanus, chiding him for his Remissness, and stirring him up to destroy our Saviour. In order to which, as soon as he wakes, he sends privately to assemble the Sanhedrim; which being known to Gamaliel, Joseph, and Nicodemus, they hasten likewise thither. Caiaphas's Speech to the Sanhedrim, against our Saviour, accusing him for a Subverter of their Laws; pretending to prove, he was not, for that Reason, to be hearkened to, tho' he wrought Miracles; complaining of the Meannels of his Doctrine on one side, obliging to forgive Enemies, and of the impracticable Heights on the other, not admitting Liberty of Thoughts, or the first Motions of Desire or Anger; with other Objections usually urged by the Deists against Christianity. After which he rises higher, charges him with Blasphemy; and at last, falling into a Prophetick Fury, he declares, 'twas necessary one Man should die for the whole Nation; urging, that could not be a Sin which God himself had decreed. His Speech variously received by the Sanhedrim. Nicodemus stands up, and begins cautiously to answer him. Whom Joseph of Arimathaea interrupts, and boldly, before 'em all, confesses Jesus; distinctly answering all the Cavils of Caiaphas against his Person and Law, and pressing the Sanhedrim to receive him as their true Messiah. While they were divided in their Opinions, and debating the matter, our Saviour celebrates the Passover, with his twelve Disciples, and institutes the Sacrament of his Blessed Body and Blood; foreshowing and describing the Traitor Judas, who went out from the rest with a resolution to betray him; whose Offer to the Sanhedrim was agreed to by the majority, and Preparations made to apprehend him. Our Lord comforts the remaining Disciples, but prophesies of their forsaking him, and particularly St. Peter's Denial. Thence he leads them to Gethsemane; and takes St. Peter, James, and John with him into the blackest part of the Garden, leaving the rest at the Gate. His Agonies and Prayers, not for fear of the approaching Pain or Infamy, but of his Father's Anger. An Angel appears to strengthen him. A Comparison of him with the most famous ancient Heroes, shewing how far he exceeded them in Patience and Virtue. The three Disciples asleep for Sorrow. Judas, having received Guards from the High-Priest, comes to the Garden, and, with a Kiss, betrays our Lord; who being apprehended, after he had healed Malchus, whom St. Peter had wounded, all his Disciples forsake him. He's carried to the High-Priest's Palace, and there abused by the Guards and Rabble. St. John, who soon resumed Courage, followed our Saviour, and own'd himself his Disciple. St. Peter comes after, tho' with more Fear, and is introduced into the Palace, by the Interest of St. John; but being known to some of the Company, and charg'd as a Follower of Jesus, he thrice denies him, the last time with Curses and Imprecations; till, on our Saviour's looking back upon him, he returns to himself, and, departing from the Palace, endeavours to expiate his Guilt by a severe Repentance. Our Saviour accus'd by the High-Priest and Caiaphas, but no Proof against him, that would reach his Life; till Caiaphas adjuring him to own it if he were the Son of God, and he telling them, they should hereafter see him come to judg the World, he's accused for Blasphemy, and buried away to the Roman Governor, being adjudged, by the Sanhedrim, worthy of Death.

THE

THE
 LIFE
 OF
 CHRIST:
 A N
 Heroic Poem.

BOOK VIII.



O W o'er the Hills the Paschal Morn arose,
 And from high Tow'rs the sacred Trumpet
 blows; *
 Proclaiming their great Feast, all Israel
 meet, [Street;
 Thick crowding thro' each dusty Gate and
 Strangers and Proselytes, where e'er their Birth,
 Whatever part o'th' many Peopled Earth;
 Some from the Isles, Crete, Rhodes and Cyprus, some
 From double-Sea'd Byzant, and Corinth come;
 From the fair Fields with Rivers circled wide, *
 10 From Elam and Euphrates flowry side.

With

With all th' *Arabia's*, to the *Feast repair*
 The Realms of *Monobaze* and *Helen* fair; *
 Strong *Adiabene* call'd, well known to *Fame*;
 But most from blest *Judea's* Regions came;
 From *Dan*, to old *Beersheba's* fruitful *Plain*,
 From *Jazers* Sea, to the great *Western Main*:
 These from *Pheenician Fields* their Journey take,
 From *Tyrus*-stairs, and the *Cendevian Lake*:
Herod, his num'rous *Galileans* brings
 From all his *Towns*, a *Pomp* well worthy *Kings*: 20
 Strong *Sephoris*, and rich *Tiberias* send *
 Their choicest Youth, *Sebaste's* Lords attend
 With *Pray'r*s for their great *Frounder*, who his *Guests*,
 On *Jordan's* Banks, at proud *Herodion Feasts*; *
 Who *Guarded* thence and *Honour'd*, wait him down,
 By *Jericho*, to *Salem's* sacred *Town*:
 His rich paternal Palace they prepare,
 And rang'd before the *Gates*, Salute him there;
 Nor sooner his approach the *Elders* know,
 But to receive him in long *State* they go; 30
 The *Roman Guards* the same, loud Shouts they made,
 Their *Eagle* on *Antonia's* *Tow'r*s display'd:
 Not so our *Saviour* met, nor he desir'd
Vain Honours, or mean wordly *Fame* requir'd;
 A train of *Virtues* did the *Hero* bring,
 Unseen officious *Angels* guard their *King*.
 In vain a *private Entry* made his choice,
 For all *Good-men* at his approach rejoice:
 Ent'ring the *Town*, he did before him send, 40
 As *Harbingers*, bold *Cephas* and his *Friend*:
 These all prepar'd, (nor cou'd they want *success* ,
 For where himself he *sends*, himself he'll *bless*:)
 What *Moses*, or the *Elders* did *enjourn*, *
 The *Lamb*, the *Herbs*, the *Bread*, the sacred *Wine*.
 Mean while, the *Croud's* *Hosannas* to prevent,
 He rounds the *Walls* by *Sion's* steep *ascent*:
 In vain their *unbespoken Pomp* he'd shun,
 From every part the *gazing People* run;
Fame bears the *News* thro' all the *pester'd Gates*,
 And the vast *Town* almost *depopulates*. —

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So

So, when some Godlike Prince by Heav'n design'd,
The common Benefactor of Mankind ;
Triumphant over e'en himself and Fame,
Who wou'd by Virtue only raise his Name ;
So when he, envious of himself, wou'd go
Thro' some sav'd Town, or Realm Incognito ;
Thro' the vain Cloud his stronger Beams will Shine,
The mortal Form confessing the Divine :
Forth pour thick Floods of Men, the Saviour meet,
60 And strow thick Flow'rs and Blessings at his Feet.

So here, all pres to see his Heav'nly Face,
Nor only now the Hebrews sacred Race ;
His growing Fame to Gentile-Worlds is spread,
His Light Divine had struck their Dæmons dead :
The servile Gods to their black Caves retire, *
Great Ammon, than his own, now feels a hotter Fire :
Athens, which did from Egypt first convey *
Vain Idol-Forms, and spread them wide away
Thro the deluded World, now learns t' adore,
70 A Sovereign Deity unknown before ;
Nor had the Sibyls Icap'd 'em ; there they find
A Prince whose facile Yoke shou'd bless Mankind,
In scorn'd Judæa born : They thither came,
More by the Savior's Miracles and Fame,
Than the great Feast attracted —

Came with some Tyrian Merchants, Trading down
To new-nam'd Julias, once Bethsaida's Town :
Their Int'rest these, and frank assistance lend,
Since in his humble Court they had a Friend
80 To introduce 'em ; meeting, they embrace ;
'Twas Philip, of the Galilean Race,
Whom long they'd known, and ask'd the Liberty,
These Grecian Strangers might his Master see.
He beckons Andrew, both to Jesus went,
And favourably their Request present :
When thus our Lord — Tho' I vain Pomp disclaim,
Nor in my own, but my great Fathers Name
As yet have taught, yet since he's pleas'd t' attest
My weak Mortality, it must be best.
90 Now is the Hour I shall be truly known,

Vid. Lib. 6.

Acts 17. 23.

John 12. 20.
&c.

A glimpse of my paternal Glory's shown ;
 Now that false Traitor, who from Honor fell,
 Yet seiz'd these Worlds, and taught 'em to Rebel, [Hell.]
 Transfix'd with vengeful Flames, sinks back t' his destin'd
 But ah ! How dear an Empire must I win !

On what a Throne my promis'd Reign begin !

How sad an Exaltation ! Yet e'en there,

Will I the ruines of the World repair :

Nor me my Friends, nor them I'll there disown,
 But with 'em mount to a far brighter Throne :

100

The way o'er Rocks and Thorns my self I'll lead,

Nor must they only on Roses think to tread ;

Thro' Blood, but 'tis their own, a Crown must gain,

True Hero's Race, enur'd to Sweat and Pain,

Which sweetens all their future peaceful reign.

— Yet still will this relucting Body thrive,

Bale Flesh and Blood the servile War revive

Against the nobler Spirit, still disgrace

Mans better Form, and stain the Heav'n-born Race ;

Still Pain is his aversion — Tho' tis true,

Had he not this, he'd nothing to subdue ;

No Merits, no Reward — Do what I can, *

My lab'ring Heart has something still of Man ;

Fain wou'd avoid th' unequal shock, and fain

Wou'd shrink from this intolerable Pain ;

These more then humane Terrors — Father save !

O, if 'tis fit, preserve that Life you gave !

No, 'tis not — I my self a Victim give ;

Willing I Die, that refcu'd Man may Live :

Yet, lest they me as an Impostor blame,

E'er I to those blest Regions, whence I came

Return, Dear Father ! Glorifie thy Name !

110

He said, when strait calm Lambent Lightnings flie,
 And sacred Thunder murmurs round the Sky.

Then the dread Voice of God — “ As I 've already done,

“ I thus attest thee still, my lov'd eternal Son !

They heard the awful Sound, they heard it all,

And to the Saviour lowly prostrate fall ;

So little their false Homage he desires,

That from the flatt'ring Crowd he strait retires ;

120

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A

A Miracle he works to chain their Sense,
And with the Ten, pals undiscover'd thence :
Still more amaz'd they strictly search'd around,
Each Street and Suburb search'd, and had they found,
Had him by force the King of Israel crown'd :
So their great Saul himself, they cry, withdrew,
And wish some Samuel his retirement knew :
For factious Arms, themselves and Friends prepare,
Scarce on the Town's the Roman Ensigns bear.
140 Tho' this the thoughtless giddy Crowd alone,
Many o'th' Elders knew, but dar'd not own,
Knew him the Prince design'd for Israels Throne :
On worldly Fame, and Reputation stood ;
How hard a thing to be both Great and Good ?
Mistaken Fame ! if from fair Actions done,
'Tis good ; if not, far better lost than won.
Happier the common Race of humane kind,
Happier in this, since for their Eyes or Mind
They no disguises need, vain Forms they break,
150 And what small Sense they have, they freely speak.
These his Opposers scarce touch'd endure,
His Foes scarce more than he himself secure ; *
Tho' he himself their Conduct not approv'd,
Nor Rabble-Reformation ever lov'd :
Int'reft, not Love their partial Votes did sway,
They'd call him King, but not his Laws obey ;
Too pure for their gross Tast, too right and just ;
Nor he such Subjects wou'd receive or trust.
How e'er his Doctrines more and more prevail,
160 Still more the Elders false Foundations fail,
Scripture and Reason gone, they only rail ;
All things were at the height, the Crisis all,
And his Religion now, or theirs must fall.
This saw th' Arch-fiend in his own loathsom Cell,
A Spy thro' Sodom's Lake shot swift to Hell
And brought th' affrightful News, repuls'd before , Vid.Lib.2.
The Conclave he resolves to call no more,
Till some great Act atchiev'd, some Mischief done,
So black, as he'd himself not blush to own,
170 From every Squadron silently he drew, *

Such Spirits as he most fit for action knew ;
 Some from blasphemous Belial did command,
 From Moloch some, but most from Envy's band :
 Such as all Parties might to his engage ;
 Some skill'd in raising Tumults, Storms and Rage :
 The same that tempted Dathan e'er he fell,
 And dragg'd him, yet alive thro' Earth's black Gulf to Hell.
 Some like himself, when cheating facil Eve,
 So subtle they'd almost th' Elect deceive :
 These guilty Mortals, knew t' illude or fright 180
 With monstrous Forms, and Spectres of the Night :
 With Joys impure oft fill'd, with Sloth oppres'd,
 Their Guardian Friends away, their Eyes and Breast :
 Some Miser Fiends, most sordid and most base,
 The lowest sunk of all th' Apostate Race ;
 These Mines and lone Church-yards, and Treasures hold,
 And howl in Tombs around their secret Gold :
 Yet these, the nobler Mind do what it can,
 Maintain the strongest Party still in Man :
 How few are proof against their fatal Arts ! 190
 Sure Satan arms with Gold his fiery Darts :
 Like those of Love they no distinction make,
 Kings, Peasants, Civil, Sacred, all they take ;
 All but one rank of Men, they ne'er took place,
 Ne'er found a Quarry in the tuneful Race :
 'Tis strange that Poets are not virtuous still,
 Since out of reach of Gold, that Root of ill.

These Spirits their Leader, in whose Cause they fell,
 Musters in Hast, the strong Gensdarms of Hell ;
 These Troops of his own Household did review ; 200
 Then swift to Earth for Mans Destruction flew ;
 Arriv'd, each takes his Post, which well they knew. }
 As the fly Tyrant order'd, each conceal, *
 Lest some kind Angel shou'd to Man reveal
 What their design ; some did themselves dispose
 To excite their Friends, and some to tempt their Foes :
 I'th' foremost Rank, their Leader wings his way,
 For Night had now reliev'd the weary Day,
 To Salem's Town's, and as he o'er 'em flew,
 A spiteful glance and Curse amongst 'em threw ;

Affraid

210

Afraid lest the fair City shou'd Repent,
And by their Pray'rs the destin'd Wrath prevent.
To the high Priest's proud Palace did repair,
And like a falling-Star shot headlong there;
The Guards and Gates he penetrating past,
Swift and invisible, and round him cast
The Form of old Hircanus, grave and sage,
The same his Face, his Stature, Meen and Age;
His Voice the same, his Hands a Censer bore,
220 The sacred Mitre on his Brows he wore.

In still and deep Repose the Pontiff lay,
Tir'd with the Work and Pleasures of the Day;
Stern Caiphas — The Fiend approach'd his Bed,
And leaning on his Hand, his Palfy'd Head,
With loud and lamentable Voice he said ; {
“ Awake my Son! Is't thus your Flocks you keep ?
Or now Awake or else for ever Sleep !
But canst thou Sleep ? — Yes — Canst thou stoop so low,
To yield the glorious Day without a Blow,
230 — T' our Laws, our Nations and our Temples Foe ? }
Who now, by your remissness, fierce and proud,
Heads dark Cabals among the factious Crowd.
All that is Sacred, left without defence,
You violate my Tomb, and raise me thence.
Was it for this my great Forefathers broke
A Strangers Chains, shook off the Heathen Yoke ?
For this like Bulwarks round their Country stood,
And shed such Seas of honourable Blood ?
O ye great Maccabees ! too dear it cost,
240 To purchase what your Sons have tamely lost :
Say, did Hircanus thus your Line disgrace,
Or act a thing beneath your glorious Race ?
He grasp'd the Censer and the Sword you bore,
Your Mitre and your Diadem he wore ;
Spite of ill Fortune he preserv'd your Fame,
Nor trembled e'en at mighty Pompey's name. *
Scarce half his Pow'r his weak Successors share; *
Nor only you the Roman Thralldom bear :
(Since Manly 'tis to yield, if Men subdue)
250 But e'en a weak Enchanter conquers you ;

If ought by *Herbs* and *pow'rful Names* h' has done, *
 To *Solomon's* wise Sons it can't b' *unknown*:
 Yet still he *Lives*, you the blind *Crowd* forsakes,
 And *droves* of *Prophets* each hou'r he makes :
 These will he soon to greater *Things* persuade,
 The *Sanhedrim* and *sacred Throne* invade :
 Hast then — The *Crown* and *Royal Ensigns* bring,
 The *Galilean Carpenter's* your *King*.

— But shall he be, or are my *Fears* in vain ?
 O'er none but *Slaves*, a *Slave* deserves to *reign* : 260
 Tho' yet he do's not — *Israel* yet is *free*,
 And will, I know, maintain their *Liberty* ;
 Quench the *new-kindled Flame*, and pull this *Serpent* down,
 Before he higher *leaps* and gets a *Crown* :
 — Hast then, and tho' *past Ills* you can't redress
 Him, *Meditating more*, secure, *oppress* !
 Or there *dispatch*, or else t' his *Fate* convey,
 To purge the *Town* on this great *festival Day* ;
 Call you the *Sanhedrim*, I'll find the *way*. }
 {

He said and *sunk* — The *Pontiff* rais'd his *Eyes*, 270
 And looking *gastly* round, My *Guards*, he cries ;
 All in *cold Sweats* — Yes, mighty *sacred Shade*,
 Thy kind, thy wholsom *Counsel* shall b' obey'd :
 He *Lives* no longer, his *sure Fate* is *past*,
 'Tis done, and this succeeding *Day*'s his *last*.

His ent'ring *Guards* he round the *City* sends,
 And calls to *Council* his *confiding Friends*.

The *Elders*, and the *Priests* of greater sway,
 Each did their numerous *subject Course* obey :

Vid. Luke i. Pressing *Affairs* did their wise *Councils* need, 280
 They must attend, with *silence* and with *speed* :
 Yet not so close they the *dark Message* do,
 But *Joseph* and the wise *Gamaliel* knew :
 To *Council* they among the rest repair,
 And meet their *Friend*, sage *Nicodemus* there.
 All present, *Caiaphas* ascends the *Chair*,
 And thus began — “ You'll, *Fathers* ! soon believe,
 Not without *Cause*, I thus *disturbance* give
 T' th' *Honourable House*, nor need I fear,
 The just *Occasion* known, from any here

- Reproof for this *Assembly*. But too well,
All who are *Lovers of our Israel*,
The growth of *Nazareth's curst Sect* perceive,
* On their *Impostor*, the whole *World* believe ;
How *undeplor'd* our own and *Nations Fate*,
Unless we *help*, if *help's* not yet *too late* :
— If nothing us our *Countries danger move*,
(Tho' no *Good-man* but must his *Country love* ;)
If we these *Walls* can leave, and see our *Place*,
300 * And *Honour* fill'd by a *vile Earth-born Race* ;
So *humbly*, or so *meanly* quit our *Seat*,
And live without a *Name*, *obscurely Great* ;
If we all this might kindly give away,
Our Laws, *our sacred Laws* we can't *betray*.
There there the *Venom* lurks, at these he drives,
Their *Ruine* he in close *Cabals* contrives ;
Th' *abhor'd* of *Nazareth* — — —
The *World* promulg'd by *Angels* he'd *repeal*,
A better *Law* than *Moses* did, *reveal* ;
310 *Unletter'd Peasant* he, assuming thus
A *Pow'r unknown*, must teach the *World* and *Us*.
The *Crowd*, 'tis true, his *Miracles* proclaim ;
But did not *Egypt's Jugglers* do the *same* ?
Spite of our *Sense*, our *Reason* still is *free*,
Nor are we, were it not, at *Liberty* :
For *wond'rous Signs* our *Law* we must not leave,
Nor a false *Prophet*, tempted thus, receive :
Shou'd he prevail, which O avert ! ye *Pow'rs*
That rule the *World*, *his Laws* exchang'd for *ours* ;
320 What shou'd we gain ? What has he more *compleat*,
Then our great *Prophet* ? What *Sublime* or *Great* !
For *Carpenters* or *Fishermen* they'll do,
But *Fathers*, not for such as *Us* and *You* ;
* *Rulers* and *Warriors*, to brave deeds inclin'd ;
These clog the *Soul* and sink the *rising Mind* :
Expos'd t' *Affronts*, you must the *Giver* spare,
Nay *Love*, they teach you *nothing* but to bear :
Now *sunk* too *low*, he strait too *high* aspires,
And strange *impracticable heights* requires ;
330 He wou'd not have us *men*, but spite of *Fate*,

Dan. 4:26:

Be

Be neither *pleas'd* or *angry*, *love* or *hate* ;
 Not e'en our *Thoughts*, our *Sense*, our *Reason* free,
 Clogg'd with unnat'ral *Laws* and *Mystery* : *

No *Rule* he will, besides his *own* endure,
 Where *his* obtains, no *Government's* secure :
 Our *Nations Crimes* and *Fate*, his daily *Themes*,
 And God and us alike, th' *abhorr'd Blasphemes*.

Not e'en our blest *eternal Temple* spares ;
 Nor more the *Heathen* or *Samaria* dares *

Our *Pow'r* to censure, his *proud Sect* disown,
 Our *Curses* lost in *Air*, or backward thrown;
 Serpents and *Vipers* this high *Court* he calls,
 Sly *Hypocrites*, gay *Tombs* and whited *Walls* :
 This his *Respect*, thus *Fathers*, us he treats ;
 'Tis a small *Crime* that with th' *unclean* he *Eats* :
 All our *Traditions* broke ; in vain we grieve,
Corban and he together cannot *live* :
 Yet more, beyond what's *Mortal* he *presumes*,
 The *awful Name* of *God* himself assumes ;
 With the *unrival'd Father* equal he,

The *Son*, the *Word*, born from *Eternity* :
 If he *impunely* this, if still we bear,
 How can we but deserve a *Fate*, severe
 As what th' *Impostor* threatens ? ---- How can we
 Our *Selves*, our *Children* and our *Nation* free,
 From the black *Guilt* and *Fate* of *Blasphemy* ?
 This restless Troubler of our *Israel* dies ;
 This fatal *Achan* we must sacrifice :
 ----And if the sacred *Ephod* ought inspire,
 I feel the *glowing Sparks* of *Heav'nly Fire* :

Then hear what my enlighten'd *Mind* foresees !
 Can that be bad which *Heav'n* it self decrees ?

John 11.50. " *Israel* in vain thy *Fate* thou dost attempt to *fie*,
 " Unlets for all thy *Sons*, one *Man* devoted die.
 He said, then to *debates* the matter leaves ;
 The *Sanhedrim* with different *Tafts* receives
 His *warm Oration*, some his *Zeal* admire ;
 The Soul of *Phinehas* sure must him *inspire* ; *
 The *Church* can never pay too much *eesteem*,
 T' had sunk *infallibly*, if not for him.

340

350

360

370

While

While those who look'd with more impartial Eyes,
Saw thro' with ease, the thin, tho' neat Disguise ;
Saw all vain Sophistry and specious Lyes : }
Yet none dar'd stem the muddy Torrent, none,
Till prudent Nicodemus, bolder grown,
Thus rising spake --- "With all submission due,
* And just respect t' his Holiness and you ;
Men ! Brethren ! Fathers ! a few Words I'd add,
To what's with so much Zeal already said.

380 Well has it been observ'd, and none denies,
Our Laws are Sacred, the Blasphemer dies
Convict by these, but the same Laws take care,
We none condemn till his Defence we hear.
Who cou'd be safe, might pop'lar Fame accuse ?
None here, I dare be bold, that Judg wou'd chuse :

--- Not that an Advocate I'd e'er be thought,
For any who my Countries ruin sought ;
But Truth and Justice this --- He had gone on,
But the brave Lord of Rama's ancient Town,
390 Thus fervent interrupts him --- Why should we
Asham'd of so Divine a Master be ?
Let Naked Truth prevail, plain nat'r al Sence,
Without the gaudy Paint of Eloquence.
I own him, I confess him --- Lord, I'm thine !

(Tho' sordid Interest or Pride repine :)
He came from Heav'n, and all his Laws Divine.
What e'er the Sacrifice, I'll him adore,
I love my Country much, but Justice more ;
He Laws refix ? with God's blest Will dispense ?

400 And Word ? --- The most improbable pretence,
On which e'er suffer'd spotless Innocence. }
Can he Blaspheme the Heav'n he hope's t' enjoy ?
Can he God's Temple build, and yet destroy ?
How oft to Law and Prophets he appeals,
My self I've heard, nor other Truths reveals,
But what within our sacred Volumes lie,
Tho' veil'd till now in Clouds and Mystery.
How oft (agen I my own Witness give ;
You us'd not Fathers, me to disbelieve !)

410 Declar'd one Tittle shou'd not pass away,

Till

Till this vast Frame of *Heav'n* and *Earth* decay !
Eternal Truths must our short *World* survive,
Writ on our *Souls* as long as *Souls* can live.
These may be blotted, tho' they can't be raz'd,
He graves 'em new when by our *Crimes* defac'd :
Sure we're but *Men*, nor all things all discern ;
Are we too wise from *Heav'n* it self to learn ?
When the *Oraculous Ephod* us'd to shine, *
Did any doubt the *Characters Divine* ?
Say not 'tis ceas'd, see here decipher'd still,
More plain and legible, the *Father's Will* !

420

Th' *Eternal Word* does mortal *Mould* assume,
Our wretched *Clay* --- Does he in this *presume* ?
Announc'd from *Heav'n* to instruct the *World* he came ;
Cou'd e'er *Impostor* yet pretend the same ?
Or shou'd they *Honour*, they, or *Profit* seek ;
But *Zions King* is *bumble, lowly, meek* :
Lowly, yet *Great*, all here beneath a *God* ;
He treads on *Crowns* as on the *Stars* he trod :
If we *Heav'n's* attestation shou'd deny,

430

Twice spoke in *Thunder* from th' opening *Sky*, *
In all, the *Son of God* distinctly shown,
In all did him th' *Eternal Father* own :
We *Moses* too must leave, in *Clouds* and *Smoak* ;
But once from *Heav'n* the *Ten dread Words* were spoke.

But *Egypt's* Juglers wond'rous Signs did shew,
'Tis own'd; but did not our Great *Moses* too ?
And yet you all confess his *Mission* clear ;
Assign the difference and we'll find it here.
Theirs for false *Gods* and *Idols* vain were wrought,

440

The other in *Defence of Truth* were brought :
T' attest the one *Supreme*, their *Charms* o'erpowr'd,
As th' active *Hebrew Serpent* theirs devour'd.
Further, 'twas long *foreshown*, the chosen Band
Shou'd deep enslav'd remain in *Mizraim's Land*,

}

Till manumitted thence by God's own dread Right-hand.
Truth, Prophecies, and many a wond'rous Sign,
Beyonc dispute, attest our Lord *Divine* :
What *Rabbi*, e'er so clearly taught before,
In *Spirit* and *Truth*, the one true *God* t' adore ?

450

Not

Not all things Moses saw, we something need,
Beside, why did the Prophets else succeed?
Another Teacher why himself foreshow,
If from his Laws the World did all things know; Deut. 18.
35.
Jesus this Teacher, true if God be true,
For none but God such mighty Works cou'd do;
His Doctrines rather are renew'd, than new.
We'd Gold at first, but he refines our Gold,
And his New Law, fills and explains the Old:

- 460 The Piece before was masterly and fine,
But he Life-touches gives, and makes it more Divine.
Death their desert, the heavy threatening fear!
So Moses self, who him refuse to hear.
How many a Prophet sings, how full and plain,
Of the Messiah's wond'rous Birth and Reign.
His wond'rous Works? if need of proof there be,
Ev'n Caiaphas has own'd that this is He;
All Time and Place, and Ages him confess, *
All wait him now--- Shall Isr'el then do less? *

- 470 In every part of Natures System found;
That *World* he made, by him together bound.
So just his Laws, shou'd Hear'n no witness give,
Right Reason wou'd oblige us to believe :
Shall we Heav'n's condescension then abuse,
Since over-weight it gives us, all refuse?
So just his Laws, that were they but obey'd,
The World wou'd soon a Paradise be made:
If mean, may I that meanness ever have!

- 480 Still may my Passion be my Reasons slave,
Above all Wrongs, like all the Great and Brave:
Above my self as well as others live,
Still I'm a Conqueror if I still forgive:
He that dares die, die scorn'd and tortur'd too,
But dares not an unhandsom Action do;
He that dares own his Friend, tho' far disjoin'd,
And absent long, tho' Earth and Hell combin'd,
Satan and Sanhedrims against him sworn,
By two whole Worlds vast weight not overborn:
Equal, nay still superior, still secure;

- 490 Myriads of Fiends assault, unmov'd endure:

*Myriads of Men almost as black defie,
Impregnable in his own Honesty ;
Nought but his Soul and Honour cares to save--
If such as he be base-- The World is brave.*

No, his worst Foes ne'er thought him base or mean ;
What e'er their Words--- Why change they else the Scene ?
Why else that he requires such Heights complain,
As weak humanity attempts in vain ?

The World too good he'd make, too pure his Law--
In Modesty that shameful Plea withdraw !
Yet here it sticks-- Who can such strictness bear ?
We must not steal, nor rail, nor lye, nor swear.

A spotless Breast he loves, his Laws require
To tame the Rage of Anger and Desire :
Manly and just they ask, and give no less,
Than height of Virtue, and of Happiness ;
They're possible, convenient, easie, free,
Nat'ral as undissembled Piety :

What Nature or true Reason can't receive,
He neither bids us practise, nor believe :
If sunk below our proper Selves in Vice,
Or Folly we, he comes, as great as Wise,
To raise us to the state of Paradise.

Who e'er did the three Principles deny, *
Gentile or Jew, nor other Mystery
Unknown to us, the whole of his contains,
The rest the vain device of fabling Brains.

But above all the Slanders which rebound,
And like their Curses, those which cast 'em wound;
None so ill-said, tho' deadly, as that he
Is to all Government an Enemy.

Can Orders self Confusion e'er approve ?

(As justly may the Hawk implead the Dove,)

War suit the Prince of Peace, or Hate with Heav'n-born Love. }

If he one Lord proclaims, one Faith requires,
The same our Church believes, the same desires ;
Yet rational and free he leaves us still,

No Force upon the Intellect or Will :

The still small Voice of Reason warns from Sin
Lost Man without, his gentle Spirit within.

510

520

530

540
His

His *Follow'r's* bids with tenderness reprove ;
No Argument so strong, so soft as *Love*.
Ev'n the poor *Publican* he'll not disdain ;
None that repents refuse to entertain :
Yet hates a *Hypocrite*, all Hearts he knows,
The secret *Villain* seldom fails t' expose :
With these he can almost be angry ; These
He oft declares *Heav'n's* righteous *Plagues* shall seize :

Our guilty *Land*, if in their *Crimes* resolv'd,
550 *Avert it Heav'n* ! in the same *Fate* involv'd.

Why will you not the *Surgeon's* *Hand* endure,
To launce the *Wound* which yet admits a *Cure* ?
Will the *All-high* from *Dust* a *Check* receive,
Nor *thunder*, till the *Creature* gives him leave ?
Can he *blaspheme* himself, or is h' affraid

Of *Laws* which his poor *crawling Worms* have made ?
Hear my *Confession* then, 'tis plain and free,
Once more the *Word* is *God*, and *Jesus* *He* :

In mortal *Form*, *Flesh* clouds th' *Eternal Sun*,

560 Like humane *Soul* and *Body*, two in one.

Hence, tho' the *Pontiff* urges, 'tis *Decreed*,
That for our *Sins*, this *spotless Lamb* shou'd bleed ;
This can, to ill nor force us, nor excuse ;
Fig-leaves like these ev'n *Adam* wou'd not use : *

To us *unknown* the secret *Laws* of *Fate*,
Move us they may, but not necessitate.
Reason with *Truth* reveal'd our steps must guide,
Else you defend the *blackest Paricide* ;

Else *Heav'n's* the *Principal*, more deep by far,

570 But *Accessaries* we in *Murders* are.

Since then 'tis plain, that this *just Man* is free
From all those *Ills* that *Spite* or *Calumny*
Conjoin'd wou'd *blast* him with, nay since far more
He's the *Messiah* promis'd long before ;
The *Lord*, the *God* whom *Israel* ought t' adore :
O rather kiss the *Son*, just *Presents* send,
Avert the *threaten'd Wrath*, what's past amend,
And he'll forgive, engag'd your mighty *Friend*.

Undaunted, *Joseph* thus --- The *Senate* *gaz'd*,
580 All, mute, most *pleas'd* ; some *angry*, all *amaz'd* :

So, when rough *Boreas* ! thy black *Squadrons sweep*,
 The aged *Bosom* of th' *Atlanick Deep* ;
 Convolv'd, the foaming angry *Surges rise*,
 The loud *Gigantick Waves* invade the *Skies* :
 But when *blest Zephyr* from his *spicy Vales*,
 Rides gently out with soft *Elysian Gales* ;
 The *Billows husht*, lie panting on the *shore*,
 Appeas'd, the *factions Floods* forget to roar,
 And smiling, wonder why they *rag'd* before.

Dazzled with *Truth*, so here their *Passions yield*,
 And *Reason* had almost regain'd the *Field* ; 590
 All but fierce *Caiaphas*, who frowning by,
 Wou'd nothing grant, yet nothing cou'd deny :
Asham'd, not *griev'd*, he in the *Cause engag'd* ;
Silenc'd, confounded, baffled, more *enrag'd* :
 Yet soon his *stedfast Brow* and *Voice* regains,
 Argues, reproves, *denounces* and *complains* ;
Unknowing to repent, all limits he
Transgresses, both of *Truth* and *Decency*.

Now *Right*, now *Wrong*, th' *unsteddy Senate sway'd*, 600
 Their *Conscience* now, their *Int'rests* now obey'd :
 Still who speaks *lasts* speaks *best*, or the *Debate*,
 At least by *Numbers manag'd*, not by *Weight* ;
Equally furious in their *Love* or *Hate*.

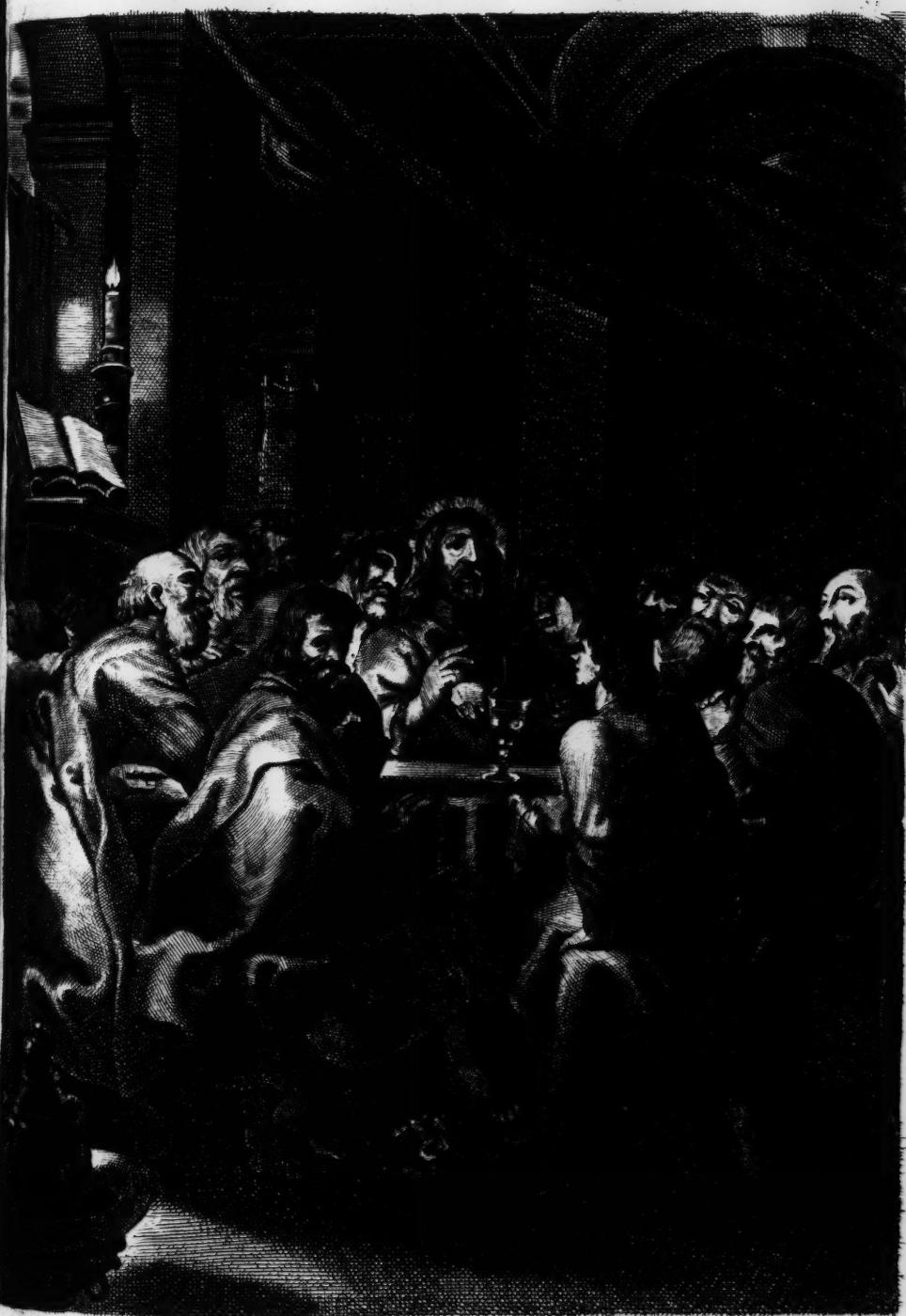
While here contending *Minds* and *Int'rests* fright,
 Under the *shelter* of the *silent Night*,
 Our Lord, who knew the *Pow'r* and *Rage* of *Hell*,
 Takes his *last Supper* and his *last Farewel* ;
 Did his *weak Friends*, and the *false Traitor* know,
 Yet, mild, *submits*, since *Heav'n* wou'd have it so.

First on the *Lamb*, as *Use* requires, they fed,
 As their *Forefathers*, when from *Egypt* led,
 The *Cup of Blessing* then, and *hallow'd Bread*,
 In his *bleis'd Hands* our *Saviour* deigns to take,
 To his *Disciples* Gives, and thus he spake.

“ *Take, Eat* ! this is my *Body*, soon design'd,
 A *painful Sacrifice* for *lost Mankind* !
 This my *Memorial* when from *Earth* I'm gone.
 The *hallow'd Goblet* next, and thus goes on ;
 This is my *Blood*, for *Man's Redemption* shed,

620

Drink



Book: 8: pag: 276.

Mat 26
Mat 14
Lue 22

The Lord's Supper. instituted.

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Drink all of this, as all receiv'd the Bread !

I go, the Traitor and my Fate I know,

But woe to that lost Wretch by whom I go !

He's lurking here, his Hand is on the Board,

He eats my Bread, and yet betrays his Lord !

Each, jealous for himself with honest care,

Trembling enquires if he the Traitor were ?

Iscariot with the rest, guilt in his Eyes

And double-faultring Tongue-- Our Lord replies,

630 Thy self thou know'st, and canst too well divine;

To these my Friends the Sop shall be the Sign.

He, that receiv'd, departs, and leaves the rest :

Whole Satan in his avaritious Breast :

Himself to th' wav'ring Sanhedrim addrest.

This fair occasion soon decides the strife,

The Traitor bargains for his Masters Life.

The few good Men, who fearless did remain,

Against the Stream a while, stood firm in vain,

And when no more they cou'd their ground maintain,

640 Protecting, left the House ; the Wretch demands

A Band of Men, and safely to their Hands

He'd him deliver, he his Haunts did know,

And cou'd to th' very place directly go :

He thirty Pieces only asks, Content

To serve 'em for the small Acknowledgment.

Ravish'd with wicked Joy they all provide,

Eager to follow their accursed Guide :

Mean while our Lord, well knowing Grief and Fear

Opprest his Friends, his fatal Hour so near ;

650 Thus, Sad himself, to them did Comfort give :

" Let not your Hearts be troubled, but believe !

I go, so wills high Heav'n, but do not fear,

I'll Love and Guard you there as well as here !

I go before, nor can I, if I stay,

To those bright Mountains, mark the shining Way ;

Tho' absent, still I'll love you, still as dear,

If faithful still, as when I taught you here.

I the bless'd Paraclete will shortly send,

The wisest Advocate, the gentlest Friend ;

660 Him nought but Sin can from the Breast remove,

John 14.13
etc.

I never

O never, never grieve the spotless Dove ! to his kind
 If he your Friend, you may with smiles despise
 The weak Efforts of your worst Enemies :
 The World will hate you, (me it did, wou'd you
 Escape ?) the kindest thing the World can do !
 Lifes ruffing Storms the greatest Friends will be,
 If home they drive you to your Selves and Me.
 Firm to my Cause, and each to other stand !
 A Band of Friends, a glorious deathless Band !
 -- Yet soon, unguarded left, you'd Men be shown,
 To me far better than your selves you're known :
 Too weak your boasted Faith and Courage all,
 You'd by th' unequal Tempter baffled fall :
 Forsake my Cause, unguarded leave my Side,
 Your Master and your Faith at once deny'd.
 --- When Cephas thus abrupt-- Lord, I can die
 For thy dear Name, but not thy Name deny :
 As much the rest, with virtuous Grief and Pain,
 They, so abject a baseness, all disdain.
 When Jesus thus-- Agen, your hearts I know,
 And whether are deceiv'd, th' Event will show :
 For You who such a Champion now appear,
 And more than all the rest remov'd from fear ;
 Thrice, e'er this mournful Morn its beams display,
 E'er thrice the watchful Fowl has warn'd the Day ;
 So weak when left to your own strength you are,
 My Name, my very Knowledge you'll forswear.
 But tho' th' infernal Foe so fierce assail,
 And hopes on all my House he shall prevail,
 I've pray'd-- Your Faith may shake, but shall not fail. } 690
 O righteous Father hear ! thy Will I've shown
 To those thou gav'st me ... O preserve thy own !
 The World I leave to thy wise Will resign'd,
 But these, a part of me, still leave behind.
 O Guard 'em there, all intimately one,
 Like thee, O righteous Father, and the Son !
 Let thy bright Image ever on them shine,
 Full fill'd with Grace, and Love, and Joy divine !
 'Till the vain dazzled World confounded see,
 That these from me came forth, as I from thee ! } 700

Matth. 26.
34.

The

The genuine Glories of fair Virtue own,
Ay. Beaming-bright from thy illustrious Throne :
When Life's dull Scene is past, and wretched Days,
Thither, O thither thy true Servants raise !
A double Heav'n to them, to see and share,
Their happy Friends immortal Glories there !
Thro' me to them shall all thy Goodness shine,
Theirs all the Glory, all the Love that's mine ;
What I with thee enjoy'd Eternal Ages past,
710 The same which shall to long Eternal Ages last.

He said, then o'er deep Kidron's Brook and Plain,
To sweet Gethsemane he leads again,
With Cephas and the Zebedean Pair--
He seeks 'ith' Shades a close retirement there.
The rest without, nor e'en to these he talks,
But silent all, deep-meditating walks ;
As gentle Philomel sits musing long,
Before she ease her Sorrows with a Song :

At length, thus with a Sigh that rends his Breast,
720 ---O my distracted Heart with Grief opprest ;
Heavy as Deaths Dead-weight, with loads of Care,
Too heavy for Humanity to bear.

Why shou'd you any further with me go ?
Why shou'd my Friends share my contagious Woe ?
Wait here awhile, altho' in vain you wait,
For who can be too vigilant for Fate ?

He says, and thrusts into the deepest Shade,
Where on the Ground he fell and prostrate pray'd:
Never such Griefs, as thou for Us didst prove !

730 Never such Woes, O agonizing Love !
Amazing Sorrows, which we can't conceive,
But think the God eclips'd, the Man did leave :
O Father, O, if possible it be,
Unbounded Might ! what is not so to thee ?
The Saviour crys, as on his Face he lay ;
O take this Cup, this bitter Cup away !
The Wrath divine unmixt this Cup contains,
And with infernal Poison burns my Veins.
'Tis not, alas, a single Death I dread ;
740 How calmly cou'd I lean my weary Head

On

On the cold Earth, and common Mothers breast ?
 How gladly sleep away to endless Rest ?
 'Tis not a publick Death -- Ev'n that I'd scorn,
 Tho' that of Slaves, on the curst Gibbet born ;
 Shameful and infamous, I'd ne'r complain,
 Nor fear the Pomp of Death, beyond the Pain.
 My frowning Fathers Wrath-- There, there's the Curse ;
 Than Pain, than Shame, than Death, than Hell, 'tis worse.

O can I, must I be from him remov'd,
 Whom I've from long eternal Ages lov'd ?
 Never offend'd, never saw his Brow
 With Frowns disguis'd, nor Clouds obscur'd till now.
 What has thy fond prevarication cost,
 Weak Man, to gain the Eden thou hast lost ?
 Yet if no other Way Heav'n's Wrath t' atone,
 The Victim I the Sacrifice alone,
 T' appease my injur'd Father, Lord I yield !
 Nor longer shall refuse the dreadful Field :
 For this, by thee to the lost World I'm sent,
 I can't my Love t' unhappy Man repent :
 Ah, Lov'd he thee as well, Ungrate ! to cure
 His Wounds, more Deaths, more Passions I'd endure.

What mortal Pains did then the Saviour feel ?
 As Hearts when trembling on the pointed Steel :
 What deep convulsive Agonies he found,
 Which every part of Soul and Body Wound ?
 The comely Order, they of both displace ;
 Large Clods of Sweat and Blood roll mingled down his Face.
 As much as Man cou'd do, as much and more,
 Already he, without a murmur bore ;
 Had but all Earth and Hell their Forces join'd,
 Not Heav'n too in th' Triple League combin'd,
 Ev'n in this mortal elemented State,
 His Virtues had been equal to their weight :
 But 'twas Heav'n crush'd him ; Heav'n, severe, yet just,
 Which bruis'd his Adamantine Soul to Dust.
 It long'd to sally from a dark abode,
 Pres'd with our Sins, a vast, an odious Load.
 He can no more, but in th' unequal Strife,
 Had, with his very Being, lost his Life ;

750

760

770

780

If

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Book: 8: pag: 281.

Mat: 26
Mat: 14
Luc: 22

The Agony in the Garden.

If longer h' had maintain'd the Field alone :
Th' Eternal Father heard, he heard him groan
And shake whole Natures Frame —
To his Relief a mighty Angel sent,
On the great Embasse he wond'ring went ;
Did Flow'rs of Eden to our Lord convey,
And kneel'd to him, as he to Heav'n did pray,
And wip'd the big-round Drops of sanguine Sweat away. }
—Enough, the Saviour Cries, thy Service spare,

780 I'm not all lost, my Father yet takes care
Of his weak mortal Son --- All, all agen,
And more, if possible, I'd bear for Men ;
For Men, he struggling prays, nor prays in vain,
Tho' strength renew'd, but more renews his Pain.

Here, here let boasting Greece her Heroes bring,
How far excell'd by Salem's peaceful King ?
Ev'n him who over Oeta-Hill did rove,
His Veins all fir'd, the fabled Son of Jove ;
Alcides self unequal Match for Pain :
790 He rav'd at Fate, and struggled with his Chain.
—Saviour forgive ! 'Tis almost Blasphemy,
To name at once their spurious Gods and Thee.
Thou only like thy self -- What Demon dare,
What wretched Man with thee, true Son of God compare ?
O, of Celestial Stem ! O hear our Pray'r !

Thro' all the World let Vice and Discord cease,
And blefs with lasting Virtue, lasting Peace !

Mean while the three sad Friends with sleep opprest,
Which seiz'd their Eyes, as Sorrow seiz'd their Breast ;
800 On the soft natural grassie Couch reclin'd,
Stole Ease at once for Body and for Mind :
To whom our Lord, return'd --- Is't thus you prove
Your boasted Courage, and your boasted Love ?
Is't thus for all my Care you me reward ?
And can't you, one short Hour your Master guard ?
But if already you my Name disown,
Yet watch, if not for my sake, for your own !
O watch and pray ! never such cause for fear,
The Hour's at Hand, th' invading Tempter's near :

Thence back our Lord did to the Shades repair ;
 The self-same fervor and the self-same Pray'r ,
 The Posture too the same, repeating there.

820

Twice did repeat, as oft his Friends he found,
 In Sleep alike, and stubborn Sorrows drown'd ;
 At last returning -- Now sleep on, he cries,
 And if you can, indulge your drowsie Eyes !

I sleep no more, till the great Ransom's paid ;
 The Hour is come -- The Son of Man's betray'd :
 -- Yet I'll not leave you thus -- My Care you'll see
 Employ'd for you, altho' not yours for me.

830

Once more arise, and wisely learn to fear,
 Fate hastens on a main, the Traitor's here.

This scarcely said, the rest, who'd frightened seen
 Th' approaching Lights and Guards, came trembling in ;
 Yet not so swift, but the mad Crowd appear,
 As soon as they, or mingled in their Rear :

840

Fearless our Lord, himself doth interpose,
 Between his tim'rous Friends and spiteful Foes,
 Now only Man t' encounter, well he knew :
 He knew and learn'd the worst that Man cou'd do.

Undaunted asks, they more than he affraid,
 Whom there it was they sought -- What there they made ;
 Jesus, they cry'd -- If that your bus'ness be,
 No farther seek, he answers, I am He.

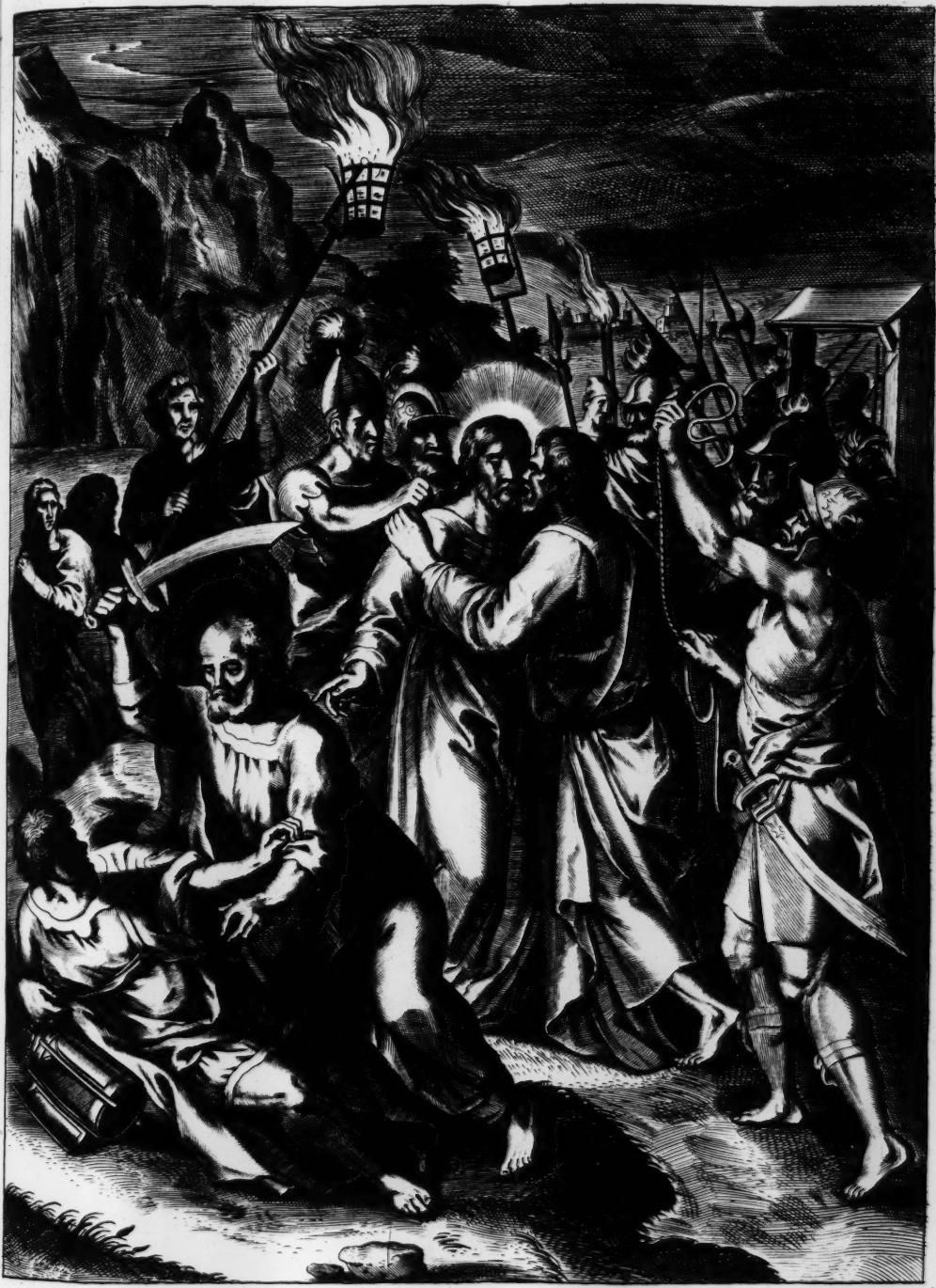
O what a Guard is Virtue ! by the sound
 Of those Majestic Words, struck back, they fell to th' Ground.
 Yet stubborn role, agen they forward go,
 Obdurate, stun'd, not soften'd by the Blow.

Agen our Saviour asks, and they the same
 Bold Words repeat, agen he owns his Name.
 If me you only seek, let these depart ,
 Mildly he adds ; his Friends still near his Heart.

850

This fervent Cephas, more impatient saw,
 And his broad Sword did from his Scabbard draw ;
 Amongst the foremost flew, who e'er he found,
 Not spares, but deals swift doubled strokes around :
 The scatt'ring Crowd avoids, nor cares t' engage
 His forward Zeal, thus arm'd with desp'rate Rage.
 Malchus alone stood firm ; a Servant he

Of



Mat:26
Mar:14

Book: 8: pag: 282.

Christ betrayed by Judas & apprehended

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860 Of some Remark, 'ith' Pontiff's Family,

Against his warmth oppos'd his single Might.

-- Nor Cephas this, who dar'd whole Armies fight;

But when before almost h' had look'd him dead,

One furious Blow he makes full at his Head,

Nor scap'd his Ear; tho' bending he gave way,

But bleeding on the Ground, dismember'd lay.

-- Thus far, our Saviour cries, *Endure!* to show,

What if I pleas'd my faithful Friends cou'd do!

Cephas! return thy Sword! stay thy fierce Hand,

870 Cou'd I not Legions of bright Spirits command

To my Relief? They *Know*, they *Love* me still--

-- But 'tis not my Almighty Father's Will:

He said, and did the wounded Ear restore,

A golden Circle, where the Scar before.

Till now, not dar'd the *Trait'rous Wretch* appear,

But shelter'd in the *Crowd* his *Guilt* and *Fear*;

Thus mild our Saviour seen, as *Villains* use,

His *Goodness* he takes courage thence t' abuse.

In *Friendship's* Vizard hides his odious *Guile*,

880 And base, accosts him with a *Kiss* and *Smile*:

This only did the patient *Jesus* say,

-- Ah! miscall'd Friend! Is't thus you me betray?

That mark once giv'n, by the *false Wretch* assign'd,

That they in *Night's* dark Shades our Lord might find,

From all the rest the *Crowd* him *seize* and *bind*;

And *hurry* thence, his *scatt'ring Household* fly

As *heartless Sheep*, the *Wolf* or *Robbers* nigh,

Their *faithful Guide*, or absent thence, or slain;

Ev'n Cephas flies, now all his *Boast's* in vain:

890 In vain at his own *Fear* and *Baseness* grieves,

He flies, but scarce himself his *Flight* believes.

So when *two Kings* for *Empire* or for *Right*,

In *glitt'ring Arms* meet on the *Mounds* to *fight*?

If *one* by his *chief Minister* betray'd,

And seiz'd by th' *adverse part*, his *Host* afraid,

Fly *scatt'ring* o'er the *Plains* themselves to *hide*,

The *Base* and *Brave* alike born by th' *impetuous Tide*:

If with the rest some *Kinsman* to the *Throne*,

In *Battles* and in *Triumphs* hoary grown,

Is hurry'd thence, he from the *Rabble* free,
 Stands firm, near some strong *Pas*, or *Defile* :
 Looks on his *Sword* and *Blushes* -- Musing stands,
 Looks on his *Ensigns*, and victorious *Hands* ;
Rallies and *Fights*, till all his *Guards* are gone,
 "He Raves as he goes back, and *shakes* as he goes on.

The while our *Saviour* to the *Hall* they bear,
 With *Scoffs* abuse, with *Blows* torment him there :
 Of the dull *Rabbles* *Wit* the patient *Theme*,
 They *spit* with Mouths impure, and then *Blaspheme* ;
 Such *Guards* the King of Earth and Heav'n attend,
 None of his *Follo'ers* there besides his *Friend* ;
 He, tho' at first he *fled* among the *rest*,
 Yet, soon return'd, his Master, bold confess,
 And pleads him *innocent*. -- With much of *Fear*,
 Comes *Cephas* after, slowly' approaching near
 The *Palace Gate*; and when he there was seen
 By the Great *Friend*, his *Int'rest* gets him in :
 Trembling, he follows his courageous *Guide*,
 With care from every *Eye* his face to hide ;
 To all reveal'd by that *suspicious Care* ;
 The *Porter* asks, if he too was not there ?
 Unless he strangely is mistaken, he
 A *glimpse* of him did in the *Garden* see.

--The *tim'rous Saint* replies, and strait withdrew,
 Him till this *Hour* I never *saw* nor *knew* ;
 --But still where e'er he goes his *Fears* pursue :
Charg'd with the same agen, the same replies,
 And all as firmly as before denies :
 Nor long before a *Third* did him accuse,
 His *Idiom* diff'rent from the other *Jews* :
Rustic and *gross*, betray'd his *Country*, He
 Was doubtless bred in *factions Galilee* :
 When press'd thus home and full, he *Curs'd*, he *Swore*,
 Sure then, he thought they'd ne'er *suspect* him more.
 So *God to me*, he cries, as this is true,
 As him before I never *saw* or *knew*.
 Scarce from his *perjur'd Lips* the *Words* were born,
 E'er thrice the watchful *Fowl* proclaim'd the *Morn* :
 The *Saviour* turn'd, the *tim'rous Saint* stood by,

And

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Book: 8: pag: 285.

Mat. 26
Mar. 14
Io. 18

Christ brought before Caiaphas.

940 And on him fix'd his *mild*, but *piercing Eye*.
He did no more, nor Cephas more did need ;
Soon did his *honest Heart* begin to bleed.
Within their *Banks* his *Sorrows* cou'd not keep,
But sought a close *Retirement* where to weep ;
There did, with *Seas of Tears*, his *Fall* deplore,
And wash'd his *Breast* e'en whiter than before.

And now the *guiltless Criminal* is brought,
Bound, to th' *unjust Tribunal* ; long they sought
To murder him upon some fair pretence,

950 But cou'd not find one *Thorough-Evidence* :

All *Arts* they use ; now this, now that they try,
Now Charge with *Treason*, then with *Blasphemy* :

Yet nothing prove ; too little, or too much

Still *Sworn*, nothing that yet his *Life* cou'd touch :

Enrag'd, the wicked *Caiaphas* arose,

His *Thirst of Blood*, each *Word* each *Action* shows ;

Blood in each *Line* of his *distorted Face*,

Murd'rous his *Looks*, revengeful, mean and base :

How long must we on this *Impostor* wait,

960 *Foaming*, he cries ? -- *Confess*, and meet thy *Fate* !

What *Blasphemies* ? what *Treasons* ? quickly show,

In vain thou woud'st deny what all *Men know*,

What we can *prove* -- Then better own it all,

-- There may be *Mercy* -- Where your last *Cabal* ?

When you're to pull the *Roman Ensigns* down,

And when the *Temple* seize, and fire the *Town* ?

Mildly our Saviour, no *resentments* shown

At such loud *Falshoods* -- Well may I disown

Such *Calumnies* as not your selves believe --

970 But since unlikely 'tis you shou'd receive

Ev'n *Truth* it self from me ; I but desire

From those that heard me, fairly you'd enquire :

Secret Cabals I never lov'd nor sought,

No dang'rous *private Doctrines* ever taught :

My *Words* the *Synagogues* and *Temple* know,

From thence my *Blasphemy* and *Treason* show !

He said, when one o'th' *Zealots* *factions* Race, *

With a rude *Halbert* strikes his *beav'ny Face* :

Is that an *Answer* ? adds, for you to give

His Holiness? Why shou'd such Wretches live?
Our Lord -- Still Patient, and unconquer'd still,
Declare 't, if ought I've said that's false or ill!
If well, why have I such hard measure found
In open Court? Why am I struck when bound?

980

Agen, the Pontiff rose -- One way did rest,
To force the fatal Secret from his Breast:
If thou the Sacred promis'd Seed, he said,
From Ages, doom'd to crush the Serpent's Head;
The destin'd Prince for Israel's mighty Throne,
Why dost thou longer thy high Birth disown?

990

By our conceal'd unutterable Name,
With whom thou dost ambitious Kinred claim,
I adjure thee speak -- Then the Dispute is done:
We'll own thee all -- Art thou th' Almighty Son,
The Christ of God? Our Saviour -- Tho' I take
Your whole Design; and know what use you'll make
Of my Confession: yet I'll not deny
My self, nor my great Kinred in the Sky:
-- Whom now you see, and a weak Mortal scorn,
The Son of Man, to your Tribunal born;

1000

When High-enthron'd in boundless Light and Bliss.
As he at yours you shall appear at His.

With a curs'd Joy -- 'Tis past, the Pontiff cry'd;
He's ours -- Now Fathers! are you satisfy'd?

-- That all his doating Followers were but near,
His own'd, his publick Blasphemies to hear!

The Fact is plain, if Sence it self be true:
Speak Fathers! and I'm sure you'll Justice do.

-- Their black united Suffrage rends the Skies;
Yes -- The Blasphemer dies: he dies, he dies!

1010

The Court adjourn'd, to Pilate's Palace went,
Mix'd with the Crowd, t' accuse the Innocent:
Dust on their Heads they fling, and Dust i'th' Air,
And thence with many a Curse our patient Saviour bear.

The End of the Eighth Book.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK VIII.

2. *And from High-Towers the sacred Trumpet blows.]* Josephus says, The Priests were us'd to give warning by the Sound of a Trumpet, from the Towers of the Temple, against any approaching Festival.

9. *From those fair Fields, with Rivers circled wide.]* Mesopotamia.

12. *The Realms of Monobaze and Helen fair.]* Monobazus was the Son of Izaes, the famous Proselyte of whom Josephus gives such large Encomiums. Helena was Queen of the same Country, who was a great Benefactor to Jerusalem, and, after her Death, had a stately Tomb, near the City, erected to her Memory.

21. *Strong Sephoris.]* See Josephus's Description of that Town and its Siege.

24. *At proud Herodian Feasts.]* A stately Palace built by Herod the Great, near Jordan, and called by his own Name; as another he had in Jerusalem.

43. *What Moses or the Elders did enjoin.]* The Cup of Benediction, and the Bread, were added to the Passover by the Successors of Moses; or rather, being at first only civil, and necessary to a Meal, were, in process of time, reckoned sacred, because so nearly joined with what was so.

65. *The servile Gods.]* 'Tis Cowley's Thought, who calls the Daemon so, because obedient to the Charms of Magicians.

67. *Athens, which did from Egypt first convey, &c.]* Herodotus says, the Greeks had all their Gods from Egypt, and the Athenians were the chief Traders in those Commodities. Some of these, its not improbable, might be at the Feast, since many came much farther to it.

112. *No Merits, no Reward.]* I take the Word Merit here, in the old Orthodox Sense, not implying either Condignity, or a proper Congruity, except when restrained to our Saviour, who had both; but only for such Qualifications as will be accepted of God, for the sake of his Son, wrought in Believers by his Blessed Spirit.

131. *A Miracle he works to chain their Sense.]* He had done so before, and its probable might now repeat it.

152. *His Foes scarce more than be himself secure.]* 'Tis said, the Pharisees feared the People; and were not for seizing our Saviour on the Feast day, lest there should be an Uproar among the People. But their own natural Levity soon made them alter their Opinions.

170. *From every Squadron.]* If there's a Hierarchy in Heaven, there is, in all likelihood, a sort of Polity too in Hell, where we read of the Prince of the Devils, &c.

203. *Each conceal, — Left some kind Angel.]* An Angel being but a finite Creature

Creature, cannot have infinite Knowledge, whence it seems possible, that the wicked Spirits may conceal their ill Designs from them.

246. *Nor trembled, ev'n at mighty Pompey's Name.*] Who, in his time, came to Jerusalem. See the Story in *Joseph. Antiq.*

247. *Scarce half his Power.*] Old Hircanus, and the rest, had the Sacred and Civil Power, united, being both High-Priests and Kings.

251. *If ought by Herbs and powerful Names b' has done.*] The Rabbies talk much of the Power of Charms, and profess the Knowledge of 'em. They pretend they deduce from Solomon. Josephus tells a very grave Story, as if he believed it, of one who did strange things with an Herb, casting out Devils, and bringing Persons to Life again when they lay senseless. The Jews have a foolish Tale, that our Saviour wrought all his Wonders (against the Reality of which, it seems, they have nothing to say,) by Virtue of the Tetragrammaton, sowed up in his Thigh.

294. *On their Impostor the whole World believe.*] According to that Saying of theirs, *The whole World is gone after him.*

300. *By a vile Earth born Race.*] The Rabbies call the sort of Vulgar, *Terra Filii, Sons of the Earth.*

324. *Rulers and Warriors.*] So says Machiavel; who understood the Christian Religion so ill, that he says, it makes Men mean-spirited, and is an Enemy to Magnanimity and Glory.

333. *Clogg'd with unnatural Laws and Mystery.*] I've endeavoured to make Caiaphas as good a Spokesman for the Atheists and Deists as I possibly could; tho I hope Joseph fully answers every part of his Argument.

339. *Nor more the Heathen or Samaria dares.*] The Samaritans did commonly put Affronts on the Jewish Temple; once particularly, Josephus says, they came in the Night-time and scattered Bones about it, which occasioned a great Tumult.

418. *When the Oraculous Ephod us'd to shine.*] Some think the way whereby the Ephod delivered Oracles, was the shining of certain Stones, in the Breast-plate, above the rest; which the Jews own'd was ceas'd during the Second Temple. Therefore I say, *us'd to shine.*

431. *Twice spoke in Thunder.*] Once at Jordan, and once at the Feast; indeed there was a third Attestation in the same manner, at Mount Tabor, at the Transfiguration; but this Joseph could not be suppos'd to know, because the three Disciples only were Witnesses of it, and forbidden to disclose it before the Resurrection.

478. *All Time, and Place, and Ages him confess.*] *Vid. infra.*

479. *All wait him now.*] I have shewn formerly, from the Heathen Writers, that some extraordinary Person was, at this time, expected by the whole World. I shall here insert a Passage out of Plato; which methinks, without the help of Fancy, looks very much that way: 'tis in his Dialogues, the Words are these, *ἀναγκαῖον, &c.* "It is necessary that we expect till it may be learn'd how we ought to behave "our selves towards God and man." Says the other, *τί ἀ μαρτλῶν, &c.* "But who "is this Teacher? for I would most willingly acknowledge the Man." *Ans'w.* "This "is he who takes care of thee: But it seems to me, as Homer makes Minerva take "away the Cloud from the Eyes of Diomedes, *ὅπ' εἴ τρυπάσσει πῦρος θύμης καὶ αἰδεῖς,* "that he might be able to distinguish between a God and a man, so ought the Dark "nels to be first remov'd from thy Mind, &c."

524. *Who e'er did the three Principles deny.*] I think 'tis demonstrable, that all Sects of Philosophers did own the three Principles, and consequently had some Notion of the Trinity, tho few of 'em wholly Orthodox. The Pythagoreans own, the first, second, and third ONE, the third partaking of the first and second. The same I could prove of others, out of Plutarch, nay Julian himself; but I remit the Reader to Lib. vi. Nor is there, that I know, any thing besides the Doctrine of the Trinity (on which the Incarnation depends) that's properly mysterious, I mean, not clear and fathomable by our Reason, when once revealed.

564. *Fig-Leaves like these ev'n Adam would not use.*] He never pleaded Necessity for his Sin.

621. *Drink all of this, as all receiv'd the Bread.*] This Passage confounds both Papists

Papists and Deists. The express Words of Institution are, *Drink ye all of this;* whereas the *Papists* deny the *Cup* to their *Laiety*, or unconsecrated: and let any one, if they can, assign any tolerable Reason why this *All* should be added here, after the *Wine*, rather than the *Bread*; unless it be, that our Saviour *foresaw* what would come to pass in *After-Ages*, and that such who pretended to be his Followers would give it only to *some*, not to *all*. And for the same cause, I suppose, is it also said in the Preface to the *Ten Commands*, *God spake all these Words*; because the Divine Spirit foreknew there would arise such Persons in *After-ages* as would be for taking *some* of those Words away; and a great part too, in the second Command. Whence the *Divine Authority* of the *Scriptures* seems fairly deducible, because neither of these vastly distant Events could possibly be foreseen by any *Humane Wisdom*.

977. *He said, when one o'th' Zealots factions Crew, — With a rude Halbert.*] I make him of the *Zealots*, because twas so like 'em. The Word we render *Palm of the Hand*, bears another sense, a *Reed* or *Rod*, or some such thing; which I don't much alter by clapping an Head upon't, and changing it into an *Halbert*, a proper Weapon for one who guards Malefactors.

P p

THE

THE
ARGUMENT
OF THE
Ninth BOOK.

THIS Book begins with a Complaint that Virtue is generally miserable in this World. Which is silenc'd by the Instance of our Saviour's Sufferings, tho' perfect Purity and Innocence. Who is accused before Pilate by the High-Priest and Elders; but nothing being proved against him, the Governour would have acquitted him. The Rabble, excited by the Priests, are eager for his Death. Pilate, hoping to divert 'em, bearing he was a Galilean, sends him to Herod; who, on his Silence, despises, derides, and returns him to the Governour. Whose Wife, having had a terrible Vision relating to him, sends to her Husband, by no means to concern himself in his Death. On which he laboured to deliver him, offering the Jews to give them his Life, as was usual at the Passover; but they refused it, and ask Barabbas, a Robber and Murtherer; Till, by their repeated Tumults and Insinuations, that unless Pilate would grant their Desire, be must be disloyal to Cæsar. They at last prevail, and our Lord is scourged and condemned. He's mock'd by the Souldiers, crowned with Thorns, and, bearing his Crois, dragg'd to Execution. His Advice to the Matrons of Jerusalem, in his Passage through the dolorous Way: Where he faints under his Crois, and Simon coming by is compelled to assist him. Arrived at Calvary, he's crucified between two Malefactors. The Blessed Virgin, bearing the Rumour of her Son's being taken by the Rabble, follows him to Calvary; and finding him there, falls dead at the Sight. Is recovered by the Souldiers. Her Lamentation for the Death of her Son. Who being moved with her Sorrow, speaks to her from the Cross; and commends her to the Care of his Friend, St. John, who stood by him, and would never forsake him. The Discourse of the two Thieves with our Saviour. The Prodigies at Jerusalem. Our Saviour's Exclamation on the Crois, under the Sense of God's Anger for the Sins of the World. The Angels in Heaven enraged to see their Master thus used, one of them gives the Signal of War, Michael appears at their Head, and they are all ready to descend to his Rescue and destroy the World. The Father represses their Anger; letting 'em see the Book of the Eternal Decrees; and that 'twas necessary our Lord should die for the Sins of Man. At which being appeas'd, they return to their usual Posts and Employments. Our Saviour's last Agonies, his Thirst, receiving the Vinegar, and yielding up the Ghost.

THE

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A N
Heroic Poem.

BOOK IX.

The PASSION.



* Why was *Virtue* made to be *distrest*,
Like *Noah's Dove* no place of *Ease* and *Rest*
In this *tumultuous World* she ever found ; }
By *Fortunes giddy Wheel* still dragg'd a- }
round : } If not too , *Crush'd* on the relentless }
Ground.

Her best-lov'd *Children* mean and *humble go*,
Friendless and *Poor*, contemptible and *low* ;
Expos'd to *pinching Want*, and *sharper Shame* ;
“ O what is *Virtue* but an *empty Name* ? *

10 Presumptuous *Thoughts* no more ! no more pretend !

*Blaspheme not what you cannot comprehend !
What please high Heav'n till this dull Life be past :
Be this enough, 'twill not for ever last :
Short Joys, who wou'd not gladly lose to find
A long long Train of happy Years behind ?*

*Yet murmurs Flesh and Blood, still discontented,
And asks, if only made to be tormented ?*

*If all this beauteous earthly Paradise,
Was only form'd as the reward of Vice :*

*If Honour on the virtuous wou'd not wear
As decently and well, and sit as fair ;
As on the vicious Brow --- Be this confess !*

Nor is fair Virtue always here opprest :

*Eclipses only make her shine more bright,
She lovelier looks in mingled Shades and Light.*

*Shou'd all this fail, there needs but one reply,
Ah ! murmur'ring Soul ! and did not Jesus die ?*

Jesus, in whom were admirably joyn'd,

The purest Virtues, and the noblest Mind,

The greatest Merits, and the greatest Pain,

The tend'rest Love treated with worst Disdain :

Tho' all his Life one act of Mercy were,

Tho' all Mankind did so profusely share

The Makers's Bounty, and the Saviour's Care.

Unequall'd Merit, Virtue too sublime

And spotless Innocence, was all his Crime ;

That Fame, which wheresoe'er he went pursu'd,

To every Desart Plain or lonely Wood,

Nor suffer'd him to be obscurely Good :

How oft the ravish'd Crowd with Wonders fed,

And feasted high on more than Angels bread;

Had him degraded to an earthly Crown,

Whom all the bright Ethereal Kingdoms own ;

Had he not us'd as oft one Wonder more,

To scape their Kindness, as their Rage before ;

And veil'd the Clouds too thick for piercing Day,

Glided unseen in secret Shades away :

Not so when the sad fatal Hour was come,

And Heav'n resolv'd to call its Lieger home :

20

30

40

John 6.15.

See



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Book 9. pag: 293.

Mat: 27
Mar: 15

Christ before Pilate.

- 50 See where th' Almighty Judg of Angels stands
Like a *vile Criminal!* dishonest Bands,
At once restrain and load his guiltless Hands.
Born with the giddy *Crowds* tumultuous Tide,
The very same who late *Hosanna's* cry'd ;
Hark how their thick *hoarse Voices* rend the Sky,
No *Word*, no *Sound* is heard, but *Crucifie!*
Sickness it self forgets'tis weak and slow,
Ev'n *Children* which but newly learn'd to go ;
Nay the soft *Sex* i'th' common *Cause* engage,
- 60 Wild Youth, and manly Strength, and hoary Age :
The same their *Malice*, and the same their *Cries*,
The same wild *Fury* in their *Voice* and *Eyes* :
Mild *Pity*'s banish'd, *Mischief* fills its place,
And *murd'rous Forms* in each distorted Face :
Wide foaming *Rage*, black *Malice*, *Hatred* fell,
And grinning *Envy*, best-lov'd Child of Hell ;
Like furious *Beasts*, themselves and Earth they tear,
And scatter *Dust*, loud *bell-wing* round the *Air*.
The real *Fiends*, in mortal *Figures* drest,
- 70 Which in amidst the crowding *Rabble* prest ;
So like, you cou'd not know 'em from the rest ;
Found no *Employment* there, the *Work* was done,
No need of *Vipers* now to urge 'em on ;
The *Priests* their place supply'd, the foremost they
The great *immaculate Paschal-Lamb* to slay :
Scarce had the *Sun* glanc'd on our *upper Skies*,
E'er the wild *Rout*, so early *Spite* can rise,
Were ready to behold the *Sacrifice* :
- To *Pilate's Gate*, the guiltless *Victim* led,
- 80 That *wrested Law* might strike him *doubly dead*:
There with new *Shouts* the vast *Pretorium* shake,
Which soon the frightened *Governor* awake,
He calls his *Guards*, and a *Centurion* sent,
Who scarce cou'd learn what the rude *Tumult* meant :
Amidst a num'rous *Crowd* with *Staves*, and *Swords*,
And *Fury* arm'd, he heard no other words
But *Justice*, *Justice* ! Let th' *Impostor* die !
Justice ! *Rebellion* ! *Treason* ! *Blasphemy* !
The *Judge* descends, the *loud-mouth'd Serjeants* call

Th'

Th' as loud *Accusers* to the *Judgment Hall* ;
They dare not move a *Step*, *religious Fear*

90

John 18.28. Had chain'd 'em there -- The *Pasover* was near.

Wretches, who strain at *Gnats*, at *Murders* smile :
And will not guiltless *Blood* far more defile !
Proud *Hypocrites* ! thus fix'd at *Pilate's Gate*,
You still preserve your ancient *Pomp* and *State* ;
Not you on him, but he on you must *Wait*.
He did, he saw with *Wonder* and *Surprize*,
The guiltless *Hero* doom'd a *Sacrifice* ;
Grief, that cou'd never look with better *Grace*,

100

Mild *Majesty* enthron'd in his *sad Face*.
--- The *Roman* trembled, tho' unus'd to *Fear*,
His *Heart* presag'd something *Divine* was near.
Unmov'd, his *awful Prisner* cou'd not see,
But look'd far more a *Criminal* than *He* :
Nor did of his *Accusers* *Pride* complain,
Since him he now *alone* might entertain.
But while without the *furious Rabble* stays,
With their loud *Curses*; him to th' *Hall* conveys,

110

And asks, more like *Petition* than *Command*,

If he the *King* of *Jury's* fertile *Land* ?

The *promis'd Prince*, by each *Prophetic Sage*
Doom'd to restore the *blissful Golden Age* ?
For we, he adds, have heard, tho' far remov'd,
His *future Fame*, have heard, admir'd and lov'd;
Of whose high Deeds *Cumean Grotto*'s ring, *

And our great *Maro*'s *Muse* divinely Sing.

To whom he thus --- Nor need the *Romans* fear,

John 8.30. Nor *Jews* suspect, my *Kingdom* is not here :

All earthly, worldly *Glories* I disdain,
And only over *Hearts* desire to *Reign* ;
Truth there to *plant*, and *Error* to remove ;
For this I leave my *Father's Throne* above
For an *ungrateful World* --- This only I
Propos'd when born, for this content to die.

120

Still more *Surpriz'd*, the *Roman* to the *Gate*
Returns, where still the numerous *Rabble* wait ;
Thirsty of *Blood*, for *Blood* they raving call, *
And press both the great *Vulgar*, and the *Small*.

Unmov'd

Unmov'd and firm, the Governor remain'd,
And asks for what so loudly they complain'd?
What Crime so high, the Prisoner cou'd atone,
By such a Death his mighty Guilt atone;
Since all his Answers yet, discover'd none !
Nor must the guiltless be by Noise opprest,
Let one accuse, Be silent all the rest !

He said, when strait appears from forth the Crowd,

Vain Caiaphas still Cruel, Haughty, Proud;

140 Supplying want of Reason, Truth and Sence,

With a firm Brow and pompous Eloquence;

And thus began --- We highly are content

To plead our Cause, illustrious President,

At your Tribunal ; since we cannot fear,

To find that Justice which is always here !

Nor cou'd small Crimes so great a Concourse draw

Against this Wretch, who wou'd our sacred Law

Subvert, our glorious Temple overturn,

And in unhallow'd Fire, our Altars burn.

150 Since then the gen'rous Romans ne'er refuse

To let their Friends, or happy Conquests use

Their own Religious Rites ; and since the Jews *

Unanimous and loud for Justice cry,

And all demand that this Blasphemer die,

As by our Law he ought, we can't suspect,

Great Pontius shou'd our joint-desires neglect :

Let then th' Impostor die, whose curs'd Design

Is by the World to be esteem'd Divine :

Let the Impostor die, we ask it all,

160 Nor can our Altars stand, unless he fall.

He said, th' applauding People gave consent,

And with loud Shouts the wide Pretorium rent :

Still Pilat's firm : he knew 'twas envious Rage

Did them, against the innocent engage ;

For now not first had he remark'd his Law

And spotless Life, nor ought offensive saw ;

Ought that the Roman Jealousie cou'd move,

His Life was Goodness, and his Law was Love.

Patient and Meek, th' expecting Victim lies,

170 As th' inn'cent Lamb prepar'd for Sacrifice ;

His Voice not heard, no loud Complaints or Cries,

Isai. 53. 7.
Matth. 26.

No 63.

No murmur'ring *Words*, or sounds of *Discontent* ;
 Gen. 22. 2. As guiltless *Isaac* to the *Altar* went :

Nor was the more by this their *Fire* allay'd,
 His silent *Meekness* did their *Rage* upbraid ;
 With their hoarle *Voces* still they rend the *Sky*,
 Let the curs'd *Galilean Rebel* die :

Thro' all the *Land* he wild *Sedition* sows,
 Whose fatal *Crop* so plentifully grows
 In his own native *distant Fields*. Is he,

Then, *Pilate* strait replies, of *Galilee* --
 Gladly the *Hunt* he takes --- Your *Paschal Feast*,
 He adds, has hither brought a *Royal Guest*.

Herod himself, we must not *interfere*,
 To him my *Guards* the *Criminal* shall bear ;
 You *Fathers*, follow and *accuse* him there !

Away they murmur'ring melt, can hardly stay
 For *Forms* of *Law*, but *curse* this dull *delay* :

Him bound, proud *Herod* glad receives, for he
 Well hop'd to feast his *Curiosity* ;

Some mighty *Work*, or glorious *Sign* to see,
 By the great *Prophet* wrought ; and asks in vain
 His *Birth*, his *Life*, his *Mission* and his *Reign* ;
 How his *Authority* from *Heav'n* he prov'd ?

What *Crimes* the *Citizens* against him mov'd ?

He silent stood : Not so the *follo'ing Crowd*,
 Who still pursue with *Clamours* fierce and loud ;
Rebellion and *Apostacy* his Charge,

His *Guilt* confess'd, too open and too large
 For *Proof* or *Plea* --- Still calm his *Looks* and *Mind*,
 To his *Almighty Father's Will* resign'd :

His *Eyes* still fix'd on a far brighter *Throne*,
 And in *Heav'n's Court* he pleads his *Cause* alone :
 Is this the *Man*, the *Tyrant* cries with *Scorn*,
 This *He*, our *Families* proud *Rival* born? *

How likely he to overturn a *State* ?

Below our *Vengeance*, and below our *Hate* !
 Send *Heav'n* no greater *Foe* ! *Guards* ! quickly bring
 Our *Royal Robes* t' adorn this mighty *King* :
 His wish'd *Commands* they readily obey'd,
 And him with speed in *Royal Robes* array'd ;

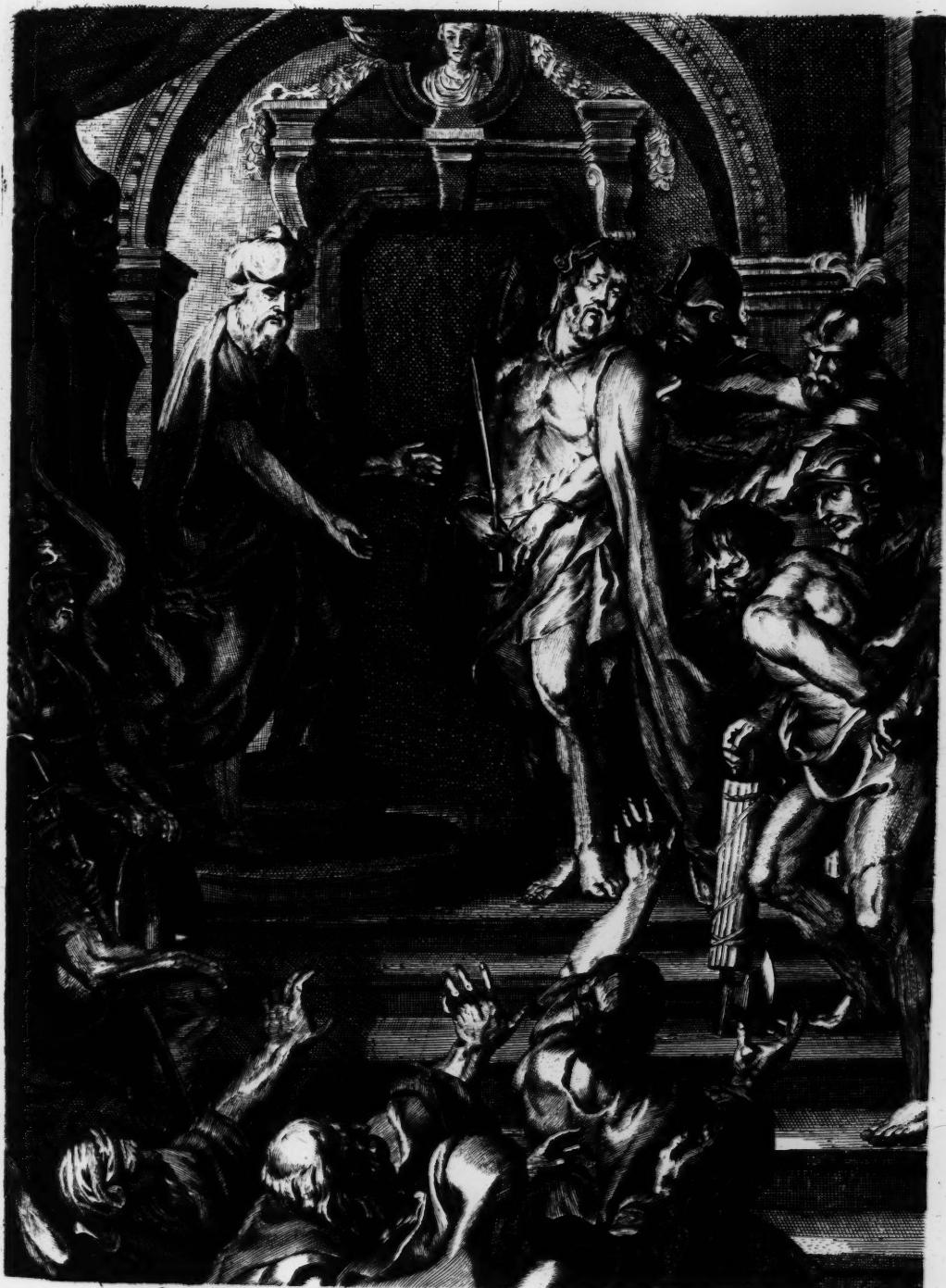
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210

Salute



Book 9. pag: 296.

Luc:23
Io:18

Christ insulted by Herod.

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Salute with mock Devoir and bended Knee,
And back to Pilate guard his Majesty :
The Roman found his Stratagem in vain ;
Th' unwieldy rolling Stone recurs again :
The People throng the Gates, and threatening ask,
That he'd once more resume th' ungrateful Task :
All Arts he tries, persuasion, flatt'ry, fear ;
Now this, now that, now kind, and then severe :

220 One Method more remain'd —

'Twas usual with the Roman Clemency,
At this Great Day one Criminal to free,
And grace their Festal Joys — It chanc'd that then,
A Wretch, alike by God abhor'd and Men ;
A sturdy Rebel he, of noted Fame,
With Murther mark'd, Barabbas was his name ;

Mark 15.7.

By Justice seiz'd, did in close durance wait,
Trembling his well-deserv'd approaching Fate :

Him Pilate offers to the angry Jews,

230 Jesus and him, and asks 'em which they'd chuse ?
Since one whole Crimes admitted no Defence,
Was the best Foil for spotless Innocence :
One peaceable and just, and mild and good,
T' other with Faction bratided, dipp'd in Blood.

Pity and Justice here almost prevail,
The Elders found their Arts began to fail ;
New Crimes, new Fears among the Vulgar threw,
And ever subtly mingle False with True.
Ask 'em if those who wickedly contrive

240 Their Temple to destroy, they'd save alive ?
If 'twere not height of madness to prefer,
A black Blasphemer to a Murderer ?
By these inspir'd and Hell, they louder cry,
No — Let Barabbas live, and Jesus die !

The Governor aghen, his Anger mov'd
At their wild Rage — What Crimes had yet been prov'd,
What Cause of Death demands ? While thus they strive,
They to destroy, he to preserve alive,
His Lady of an ancient House and Name,

250 Unblemish'd Virtue, and unspotted Fame, *

To him, with hast on the *Tribunal*, sent
It not too late, the *Murther* to prevent,
Of one he knew so *just* and *innocent* :

Matt. 27. 19. For in a dreadful *Visions mystick Scene*,
(Avert th' *Ill-omens*, Heav'n! what e'er they mean)
She saw the *Angry Skies* begin to *lowr* ;
She saw the *Clouds* break in a fatal *Show'r*
Of *Fire* and *Blood*, which in whole *Rivers* pour
Upon a proud *devoted City* nigh ;

And heard a *Voice*, a dreadful *Voice* on high!

260

" Remove from this curst *Place*, which to the *Sword* is given,
" They *Blood* for *Blood* shall pay, their *Fate*'s enroll'd in
This *trembling Pontius* heard, and labours more, [Heav'n:
Tho' still in vain, t' *acquit* him, than before
The *Tide* rolls high, and beats th' opposing *shore*.
Proud *Annas* leads 'em on, who *Moses's Chair*
Late fill'd, and did the *sacred Ephod* wear;
Who furious thus began —

— Shall a weak *Womans* *dreaming Fears* prevail;

270

Her *Sentence* stand, and *Law* and *Justice* fail?

Is't thus the *Romans rule*, or can he be

Their *Friend*, who saves their *greatest Enemy*?

Who spares the *Wretch* whom we to *Justice* bring,

Whom *factious Crowds* so oft have *Hail'd*, their *King*?

For this was *Cesars Prefect* hither sent;

Did he for this obtain the *Government*?

His *Rebels* thus to *rescue*, yet pretend,

T' adorn his *Province*, and be *Cesars Friend*?

Well, let false *Traytors* whom they please enthrone,

280

All other *Kings*, but *Cesar*, we *disown*!

Shock'd by this last *Attack*, tho' firm before,

The *wav'ring Roman* now cou'd bear no more:

He, *prest*, gave way to the *impetuous Flood*,

A *Traytors name* wash'd off with *guiltless Blood*.

Thus when fair *Jordan* do's his *Banks o'er flow*,

Whether his *double Spring* o'ercharg'd with *Snow*,*

From *Neighb'ring Lebanon*, or *Lakes* below,

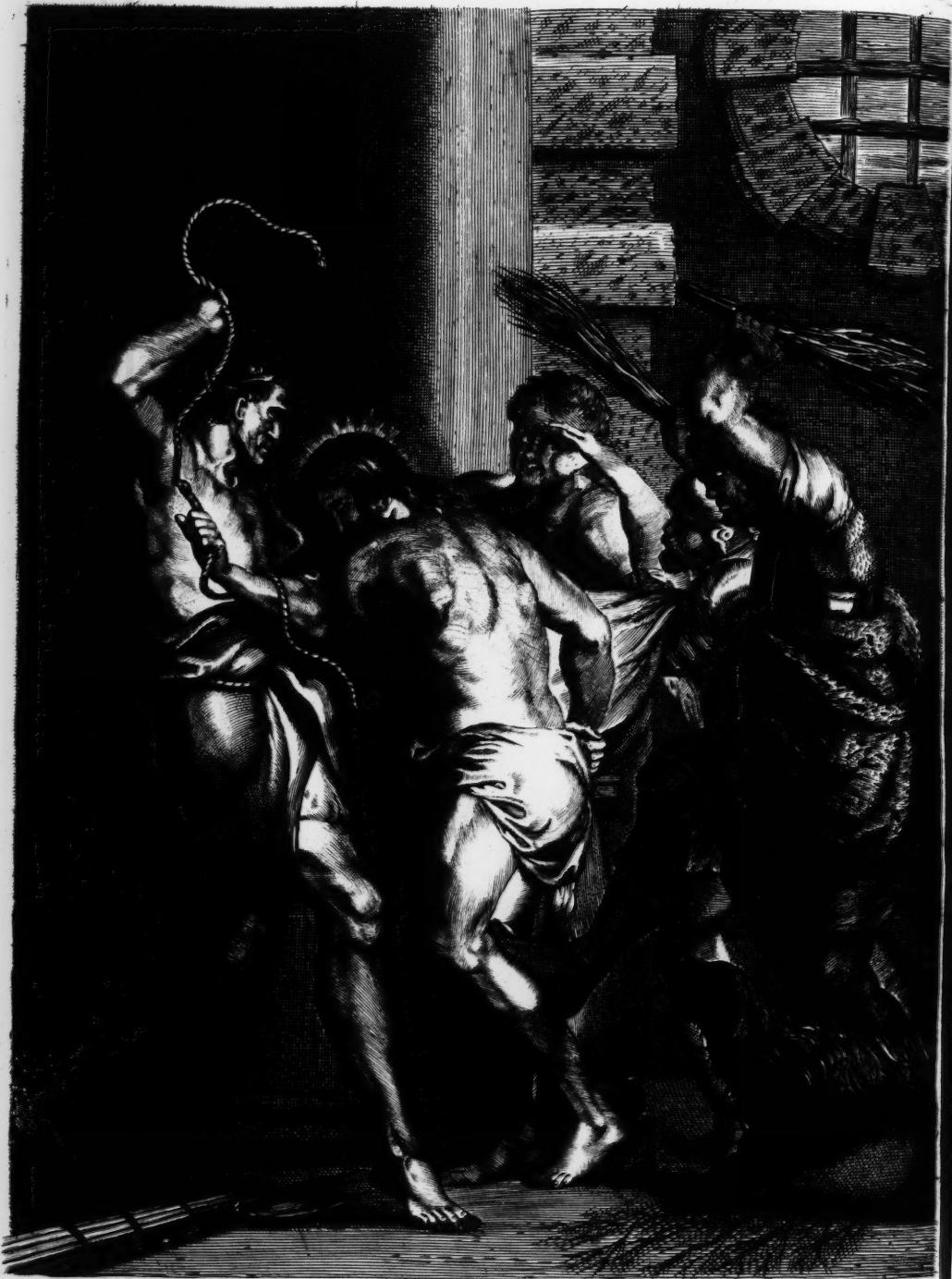
In *Subterranean Vaults*; thus strives a while

The painful *Husbandman* with *fruitless Toil*:

290

Do's

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Book 9, pag: 299.

The Scourging.

Mat: 27
Mat: 15
Luc: 22
Io: 19

290 Do's, to his *Fury Banks* and *Dams* oppose; *if a headlong fall*
The *angry Stream*, thus check'd still *wilder grows,* *and* *grows,*
And over all at last *resistless flows:* *longing like* *the* *fire*
Whilst he, for *Life*, to some near *Hillock* flies,
And back to th' *River* sadly turns his *Eyes;* *and* *turns*
Sees all his *Stock* destroy'd in one *short Day,* *and* *short*
Sees all his envy'd *Riches* wash'd away;
And *Beasts* and *Men* and floating *stacks* of *Corn,* *and* *stacks*
And *House* and *Homestead,* down the *Current* headlong born!

Thus Pilate yields, nor longer cou'd engage

300 The *stubborn Crowd*, yet thus his *fruitless Rage*
He vents — You've Conquer'd! I no more deny
Your wicked *Wish* — The *Innocent* must die —
But know a *speedy Vengeance* will pursue,
And may it light, light heavy all on you! *no* *light* *heavy*
For thus I *wash my Hands* of the *foul Guilt*; *you* *are* *my* *wolf* Matt.27.24,
Bear you his *Blood*, by you unjustly spilt: *25.*

Agreed, they answer all, we're all content
To bear the *Blood*, the *Guilt*, the *Punishment*;
We and our *Children* both.—Wretches, you shall,

310 When your proud *Tow'r's* and boasted *Temple* fall
Beneath its *Weight*, when *Nemesis* divine,
Still *sure* tho' *flow*, shall perfect *Heav'n's* design.
On you, and all your curs'd *devoted Line*:
Blood thro' your *Gates*, Blood thro' your *Streets* shall flow,
Faster than *Kidron* in the *Vale* below;
Destruction crost the *Stream*, triumphant stride,
And Death sit crown'd upon the *Crimson Tide*.

Nor Wretches! can your deepest *Suff'rings* pay,
For half the *horrid Crimes* of this *black Day*:

320 Whither, O whither, *Traitors* will you bring
Your own *Liege Lord*, your *Saviour* and your *King*?
How many *Wounds*, how many *Deaths* provide?
See where his *innocent Hands* are rudely ty'd
By the rough *Soldiers*! Where, at what they do,
The very *Marble* weeps far more than *you*?
What *Furrows* on his *Shoulders* deeply plough'd?
What *drops*, what *rivulets*, what *streams* of *Blood*?
How thro' the *Hall* repeated *strokes* resound,
Kind *Stripes*, for us they *Cure*, tho' him they *Wound*;

His Blood a strange Balsamic Pow'r has shown,
It heals our fest'ring Wounds, but not his own ;
Whilst with profoundest Patience all he bears,
And melts, or tires his Executioners.

330

O injur'd Heir of Heav'n ! O Master spare
Thy self, for 'tis too much for God to bear !
Had we not better suffer endless Pain,
Than thou all this ? O break th' inglorious Chain !

Like Samson snap those Cords thy Arms disgrace,
And scatter Vengeance thro' the faithless Race ;
Keen Rays of Light'ning-Glories round thy Head,
And arm'd with Thunder, strike, or frown 'em dead !

340

— Ah no ! Too well he knew the Price he gave ;
Not thee their Death, but thine the World must save !
And cou'd our Grief so far thy Pity move ?

How great thy Pity, and how large thy Love !
Thy stronger Mercy, strugling Justice chains,

Pity thy Pow'r, and Love thy Vengeance reins :
All this thou'st done to gain thy Rebels Grace,

Yet much much more's behind of thy sad Race : [and tore
Scourg'd, mock'd, and crown'd with Thorns, which pierc'd]

350

His sacred Head, his Body all o'er Gore ;

In Purple Robes, tho' drest in that before,
Adorn'd, a Reed they for a Scepter bring,

Then publickly expose and Hail him King.

Longer the furious Rabble wou'd not stay,

But their mock-Soveraign drag to Death away :

Soon they the fatal Instrument prepare,

Which on his Wounded Back compell'd to bear,

He sinks and faints beneath th' unequal Load ;

Tho' he Gods only Son, himself a God.

360

Th' accursed Cross for us he not refus'd,

A Death, for Slaves and Villains only us'd : *

He sinks and faints, as him they thus convey,

To greater Pains, thro' the long dol'rous way :

Wash'd with his Tears and Blood —

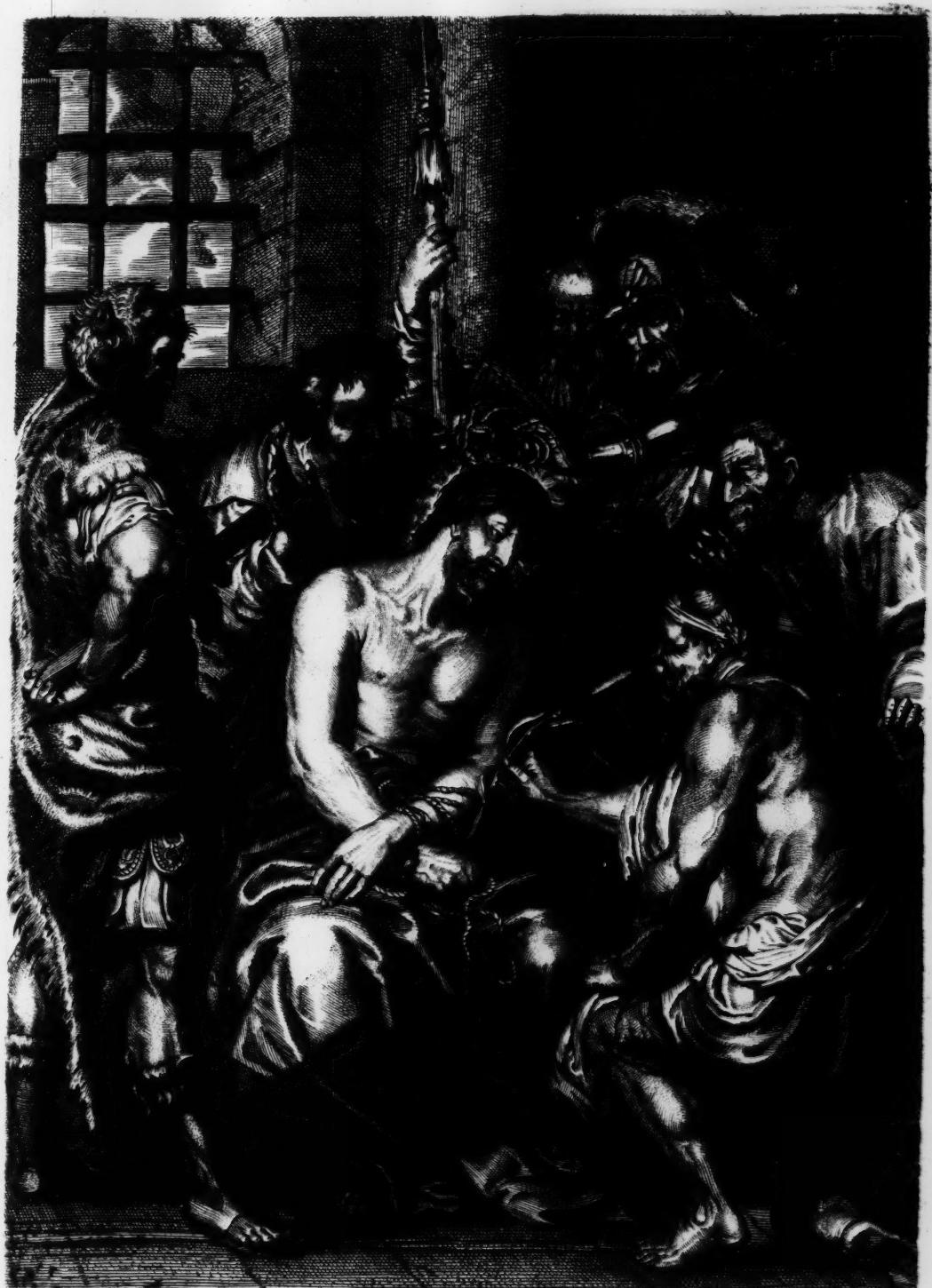
Thither by chance the Perjur'd Judas stray'd,

The Wretch who basely had his Lord betray'd ;

By Chance, or rather by those Furies sent,

Which first Mankind delude, and then torment :

He



Book 9: pag: 300.

Copied in Thomas Gresham Library
Mat 27
Mar 15
13:10

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Book 9, pag: 300.

Christ bearing his cross.

Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Luc: 23
Io: 10

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370 He saw the Peoples Madness, heard their Cry,
He saw his Master bound, and doom'd to Die :
How wild the Thoughts his guilty Soul pursue ?
How gladly wou'd he, what was done, undo ?
Now all too late — What pain Reflection brings ?
What Wounds, what Deaths, what Vultures, Racks and Stings ?

Hurry'd by these he to the Elders goes,
And at their Feet the fatal Price he throws ;
The Price of Blood — Here, take he wildly said,
Take that, for which my Saviour I betray'd ;

380 (Ah ! mine no more) The Innocent and Good !
For which my guilty Soul, his guiltless Blood,
His Blood, worth infinitely more than Gold,
The Merchants you ; was basely bought and sold.
With Smiles this Answer only him th' afford,
— A worthy Servant, fit for such a Lord !
Whom, if he thinks he wrongfully betray'd,
Look he to that, his Price was justly paid.
— Away the Wretched blindly rushes, where,
He's goaded on by Conscience and Despair :

390 To Heav'n he cannot look, his Guilt and Sin
Had clouded that, and he's all Hell within :
His furious Eyes, he gastly rolls around,
And when by chance the cheerful Sun he found,
Gilding the neighb'ring Hills, the cheerful Sun,
Which blushing on him rose, he thus begun :

“ Perish for ever, O thou hated Light,
“ And sink, like me, in long eternal Night !
“ Why dost thou yet thy beauteous Beams afford
“ To that curst Place ? There, there my injur'd Lord

400 “ I lately Sold, and now lament in vain ;
“ My God, my Conscience sold for sordid Gain :
“ That Conscience, Fame, and God I did esteem ;
“ 'Twas there my self I Damn'd, and Murther'd him :
“ O whither shall a Miserable run ?
“ In Hell I'd gladly plunge, new Hells to shun ;
“ To shun my self, my Plague, my Hell, shall I ,
“ To my betray'd, my injur'd Master fly,
“ Fall at his Feet, and for, and with him die ?
“ Perhaps I him to Pity may encline ;

“ He

Matt. 27.3.

" He must be touch'd with *Miseries* like mine ;
 " O he's all *Goodness* ; go without delay,
 " He never yet a *Suppliant* turn'd away ;
 " Nor will he *Thee*—No *faithless Traitor*, no !

410

" 'Tis now too late, thou *canst not*, *must not* go :
 " No, I his *cruel Mercy* cannot bear,
 " His hottest *Vengeance* wou'd be less *severe* :
 " I feel, I feel I *cannot*, *must not* live,
 " Nor *cou'd* *forgiven* be, tho' he'd *forgive*.

" Shall I then to far *distant Regions* go,
 " Endeav'ring to *divert* or *cure* my *Woe*,

420

" Thro' burning *Seas* of *Sand*, or *Hills* of *Snow*? }
 " Visit the *Southern*, or the *frozen Pole*,

" Where *Winds* can *carry*, or where *Waves* can *roll*; *

" Where the *Ten Tribes*, vast *Seas* and *Desarts* crost; *

" In *Climes* unknown, and *Heathen Lands* are lost ?

" Bear me with *speed*, some courteous *Whirl-wind* bear,

" If *far away*, I know nor care not *where* ; }

" Ah! all in vain! my *Guilt* will *haunt* me there ; }

" The *Image* of my *Crimes* will still *pursue*,

" My *Whips*, my *Racks*, my *Plague*, my *Hell* renew ; }

430

Gen. 4. 13, " Like *Cain*, a *mark* for every *Murd'rer* made ;

14. " And more than all my *injur'd Master's Shade* :

" That only, that beyond my *self* I fear ;

" Guard me ye *Fiends*? For 'tis already *here*,

" Bloody, yet pale, his loud-tongu'd *Wounds* gape wide ;

" O *Earth*! within thy *hollow Caverns* hide,

" Within thy deepest *Cell*, thy darkest *Room*,

Numb. 16. " A *Wretch*, that envy's happier *Dathan's doom*.

32, 33. " Wider, ye gentle *Furies*! wider tear }

" This *burning Breast*! Let not your *Vipers* spare }

440

" A *tortur'd Heart*; tho' *Thousands gnawing* there, }

" I yet want more—(In vain the *Wretched* call }

" On *Heav'n* or *Hell*!) they full and *glutted* crawl ; }

" Yet still *I live*—Here take! O take me all!

" Take me at *once*! But why this *dull delay*?

" What *Hope* or *Fear* yet makes me *lingring stay*?

" Die *Traitor*! Die! Be that *resolv'd*—But *how*?

—No sooner said, when an *unlucky Bough*,

Thrust

- Thrust from a blasted Elder's Trunk he spy'd, * {
450 On which with speed the fatal Knot he ty'd ; }
Then clambring to the Top, despairing cry'd
" Die Traitor, Die ! the worst we then shall know ;
" Thus, thus let's leap into the Shades below — *
— Then springs away, In Death his Ey-balls roll,
And laughing Fiends wait round to snatch his Soul.
- The while, the wicked Rout his steps pursue,
And what his Treason left undone, they doe.
The Lord of Life to cruel Death convey,
Sunk with his weight, and fainting in the way.
- 460 As chanc'd a Traveller from Cyrene came,
Friendless, obscure and mean, Simon his name ;
Him they with cruel Mercy, force to bear,
Of the inglorious Load an equal share ; Matt. 27. 32
" Each faithful Christians Lot, as well as his,
" Thro' Grief to Joy, thro' Pain to endless Bliss :
Bearing his Cross they their lov'd Lord attend ;
Whom now arriv'd near his sad Journy's end ;
Cover'd with Blood, fair Salem's Matrons see, Luke 23. 28.
As climbing to the top of Calvary :
- 470 His Soul with Grief, with stripes his Body rent ;
They see and sigh, and his hard Fate lament :
To him not unregarded, nor unknown,
Who carries all our Sorrows as his own :
Keep, Matrons, your mistaken Tears he cries,
For your own Sorrows keep those flowing Eyes :
Weep for your selves, and Children yet more dear !
For see the Day, the dreadful Day is near ;
By Heav'n's just Wrath on your sad Nation brought,
When barren Wombs a Blessing shall be thought :
- 480 When tender Nature shall aside be thrown ;
Your Infants Lives destroy'd to save your own : Vid. Lib. 7.
When thro' your Gates fierce hostile Troops shall pour,
And what you leave, the hungry Sword devour.
- He said, and now with Sweat, and Blood, and Pain,
The top of fatal Golgotha they gain :
A lothsom Scene of Murther and Despair,
Fit for the Tragedies were acting there :
With Sculls, and Bones, and putrid Limbs o'erspred,
And all the gasty Ruins of the Dead : Here

Here *disembowell'd Bodies* all around,
 With *nauseous Gore* had drench'd the *thirsty Ground* ;
 There *half-torn Carcasses* unbury'd lay,
 To each *ill-omen'd Bird* a *Feast by Day*,
 By *Night*, to greedy *howling Wolves*, a *Prey*.
 Of his sad *Load* our Lord *disburthen'd* there,
 As late, *be That*, *Him* now the *Cross* must bear ;
 His humble *Robes* from his fresh *Wounds* they tear,
 And *broach* 'em all anew — His greatest *Pride*,
 His careful *Mothers Gift* they can't *divide*,

490

John 19.24. But did by *Lot*, whose it shou'd be, decide :
Psal. 22.18. Which past, their *Fury* wou'd no longer stay,

500

But the pure *Victim* on the *Altar* lay :
 His *spotless Hands* they on the *Wood* *distend*,
 And with huge *Spikes* unmercifully rend ;
 His *Hands* and *Feet*, with many a sounding stroke,
 Nail'd to th' accursed *Tree*, *deform'd* and *broke* :
 So wide the *Wounds* their tend'rest *Muscles* tore,
 All over one, there was no room for more.

By these *alone* aloft i'th' *Air* he's staid, *
 On these the *weight* of all his *Body* laid ;
 Thro' these he must be *Dying half a Day*,
 And bleed, by slow degrees, his *spoteless Soul* away.

510

Him thus *transfix'd* at length they *raise* on high,
 And with *insulting Voices* rend the *Sky* :
 Him *Priests* and *People* with lewd *Scoffs* assail,

Matt. 27.42. And loud *Salute* — *Great King of Jüry Hail* !

(For on the *Cross*, this *Title* o'er his *Head*, *)

Matt. 27.37. So *Pilate* pleas'd, in *various Tongues* was read :)

" *Hail, wond'rous King* ! Will't thou not leave thy *Throne* ? 520

" *Descend* from thence, thou shalt not *reign alone* ;

" *To all that's past*, add but this *Wonder* more !

" *Now save your self*, who *others* sav'd before !

" *So thee our King* we gladly will receive

" *So thee the promis'd Prophet* yet believe.

All this, and more our *Saviour* mildly bears,

And prays for *Mercy* on his *Murtherers*.

More must thou feel, *O boundless suff'ring Love* !

From the *rude Crowd* below, and those *above* ;

Those Thieves, each mounted on his *cursed Tree*,

530

And

530 And groaning there -- O how unlike to Thee ?
Yet one some Tracks of Modesty retains, *
Some Sign of Goodness in his Face remains,
His Crimes repents, and grieves amidst his Pains. }
By th' other drawn to Vice, and newly made,
A short-liv'd Partner in the cursed Trade ;
A Thief of noted Fame, a Villain he
Of ancient House, of Standing and Degree :
For many a Year did Robb'ry profess,

Deep read in all the Arts of Wickedness :
540 Stood on his Honour, and his well-born Race,
Nor by Repentance wou'd his Name disgrace,
Stern gloomy Guilt hung lowring on his Face :
Amidst his Torments curs'd both God and Man ;
And grinning, to our Saviour thus began !

" Hear'st thou their Taunts, and canst thou all endure ?
" We tortur'd here, and they beneath secure ?
" Thy boasted Pow'r now, if thou canst display,
" And from these Pains thy self and us convey !
" Or that thou'rt Christ thy Flatterers vainly say ; }
550 " Some Slave like us, or vile Impostor rather,
" Nor the Messiah thou, nor God thy Father.

To whom the other, from the distant side,
With Shame and decent Blushes thus reply'd :
" Why nam'st thou God, whom yet thou dost not fear,
" Whose slow-pac'd Vengeance overtakes thee here !
Here for our Crimes we justly bleed, but He
Guiltless and pure, as foul and guilty We.
Then turning to our Lord his fainting Head,
With pen'tent Tears accosting, thus he said :

560 " O thou who even on the Cross dost Reign !
" I ask not rescue from my Shame and Pain,
" Justly endur'd -- All my Petition is,
" When thou enthron'd above in boundless Bliss,
" Remember me, and my unworthy Pray'r !
" My guilty Soul wide wand'ring in the Air,
" To Abraham's Bosom let the Angels bear. }

To whom with Love and Pity in his Eyes,
Amidst his Pains, our Lord thus mild replies. --

" Yes, my true Confessor ! thou needst not fear !

" I'll own thee there, since thou hast own'd me here ;
 " This happy Day thy Soul shall mount the Skies,
 " And with me ever reign in Paradise.

570

The while, as charic'd, malicious Fame convey'd,
 The cruel Tidings to the sacred Maid ;
 That by false Judas, to the Priests betray'd,
 Her lov'd mirac'lous Son was doom'd to die,
 And by the Soldiers dragg'd to Calvary :
 You tender Mothers who her Story read,
 Guels you, guels what she thought, and what she did !
 Tho' she to the Almighty Will resign'd,
 Scarce more than her, the most obedient Mind
 That waits above, yet Nature wou'd complain ;
 How strong the Struggle, how intense the Pain ?
 By this, from Street to Street, she's hurry'd on,
 Once more t' embrace her lost lamented Son :
 Thus Philomel repeats her mournful Song,
 When robb'd, at once, of all her tender Young ;
 Does near the Place, where first she lost 'em, wait,
 And flutt'ring round the Tree lament their Fate,
 Or tho' of their Recovery she despair,
 With loud Complaints pursues the Ravisher.

580

Thus the bleis'd Maid on Love's swift Wings did fly,
 On Loves and Fears, to fatal Calvary ;
 Ah! but too soon arriv'd, the Guards in vain
 Wou'd thrust her off, she presses in again :
 Thro' Glaives and Swords, and glitt'ring Halberts prest,
 And Groves of Deaths all pointed at her Breast ;
 So deep the Wounds imprinted there before,
 Arm'd with Despair, she now cou'd fear no more :
 Past the arm'd Crowd, and near the fatal Tree
 Arriv'd, with a loud Shriek she cry'd,--- 'Tis He ;
 Then dropt to Earth, nor cou'd she longer bear,
 Ah ! happy had she still continu'd there :
 With cruel Pity her the Guards revive,
 She Wakes and Sighs to find her self alive :
 Strait to th' accursed Wood does wildly run,
 On whose tall Top she saw her bleeding Son ;
 Then groveling on the Ground its Root embrace,
 And press it close to her disorder'd Face ;

590

600

His

610 His precious Blood mix with her precious Tears ;
His Blood, which rather you'd believe were hers , }
So mortal pale her lovely Face appears :
Warm trickling from her Heart as well as his ,
Which more than he himself she seem'd to miss :
Ev'n on the Cross her Grief her Son did move ,
Nor cou'd he there unlearn his filial Love ;
His heavy Eyes, with Pain, and dying Head ,
Once more he slowly rais'd, and thus he said .

--- No more ! let each tumult'ous Thought be still ,

620 Resign me all to my great Father's Will ;
As I my self ! He'll still of you take care ;
Behold your Son --- His faithful Friend was there ,
Lamenting near his Cross ; of all the rest , }
Who late so much of Zeal and Love profest
He only came --- To whom he thus addrest .

John 19.26.

" As e'er thou of my Bosom didst partake ,
" Nor ev'n in this sad Hour thy Friend forsake ;
" Eer I to Heav'n my parting Breath resign ,
" Behold thy Mother ! think her always thine !

27.

630 " Of our true Friendship this dear Pledge receive ;
" The last that thou canst take or I can give .
She heard, and still the more resents her Loss ;
Agen she kneels, agen embrac'd the Cross :
Stunn'd with her Grief awhile she can't lament ,
Till Heav'n at last in Pity gave it vent ;
When thus she mourns --- " Is this the Kingdom given ?
Is this the Throne for the great Heir of Heav'n ?
Thus, Prince ! do thee thy Subjects entertain ?
And thus is the Messiah doom'd to Reign ?

640 For this did God's bright Messenger descend ,
For this the hymning heav'nly Host attend ,
And hail thy Birth with Miracles ? O why
Was this vain Pomp for one who thus must die ?
Die like the worst of Men, of Deaths the worst ,
For Slaves alone design'd, abhor'd, accurst ?
With Joy, my Son ! I cou'd thy Herse attend ,
Hadst thou in Battle made a glorious End ;
At least the Honour had the Grief allay'd ,
And o'er thy Tomb glad Israel's Praises pay'd

Had made thee *live agen*; hadst thou but broke,
Like Sampson, with thy *Death, the Heathen Yoke.*

650

Too well, alas! too late the *Truth I see*
Of aged Simeon's *mystic Prophesie;*

Luke 5.

Now thro' my *wounded Soul* the *Sword does glide,*
And *pierce the Mother* thro' the *Sons dear Side.*

Why is my *Grief so weak, or why so strong?*

Why must I still a *hated Life* prolong?

The *Strokes of Sorrow* are like *Lightning found,*
To blast the Soul, but not the Body wound.

O take a *Life* your *cruel Pity gave,*
Barbarians take, unless my Son's you'd save!

660

Or e'er his last swift *Sand of Life* is run,

O join m' at least in *Death to my lov'd Son!*

Might I once more *embrace him, I'd not care,*
Tho' on another Cross you rais'd me there.

Thus the *Great Mother mourn'd, the Hills around,*
And hollow Vales and distant Plains resound

Her loud Complaints, the neighb'ring Brooks combin'd,
And in the melancholy Chorus join'd;

Nay the mad Crowd themselves, tho' now too late,
Help her to mourn her lamentable Fate:

670

Echo'd the Rocks, the senseless Marbles moan'd,
And more, the very Guards around her groan'd;
They groan'd and wept, but rav'd and blush'd withal,
And rather thought they Blood than Tears let fall.

Mean while *prodigious Darkness clouds the Day,*
And frightened Nature mourns as much as they:

Luke 23.
44

The conscious Sun no longer now cou'd bear,
Shuts his bright Eye, and leaves the widow'd Air;

Unnat'r al Clouds obscure his radiant Face,
When near the midst of his diurnal Race:

*Th' amaz'd Astrologer looks on in vain, **

Nor can the Sight by all his Art explain:

He saw the sickly Moon, where wide away,

Sh' attempted to supply the Place of Day!

He saw th' Eternal Chain of Causes broke,

And thus to the amaz'd Spectators spoke.

680

--- No more this *Knot* I'll struggle to untie;
"Nature it self, or Nature's God must die.

From

- 690 From baleful Caves remov'd from Joy to Light,
Out-sallies Primitive- Substantial Night ;
As black as that which once on Egypt fell,
As full of all th' Inhabitants of Hell :
Thin glaring Ghosts glide by, loose Forms appear,
Shrill Shrieks, deep Groans, and mournful Sounds they hear.
Bellow's the troubled Earth, in whose dark Womb
Pent Whirlwinds fight, and from each silent Tomb
Disturb'd in hast the dusty Tenants rise,
Still all is dark, in vain they seek the Skies ,
- 700 Unless when they with twisted Lightnings glow,
Echoing in Thunder to the Groans below :
The World no more expects its wonted Light,
" And guilty Nations fear Eternal Night.
But most, Judea's curs'd devoted Land,
Who now too late their Error understand :
They knew to them these Prodigies were sent,
They knew what all these dire Convulsions meant :
And now as loud to Heav'n for Mercy cry,
As late they did to Pilate, Crucifie.
- 710 Matrons and Maids in solemn Order go,
And trembling Youth, themselves they prostrate throw
Before the Temple-Gates, high Heav'n t' atone,
T' avert their Countries ruin and their own ;
In vain, for Heav'n it self was angry grown :
The Altar shakes, the Ashes scatter'd lay,
The Victim from the Temple breaks away,
Or drops before the Stroke and bellwing dies ;
In lowring Curls the Incense from the Skies,
Rejected there, beats back to Earth again,
- 720 As Clouds of Smoak beneath descending Rain.
Deep hollow Groans from the Foundations came,
From the high Roof shot streaks of angry Flame :
The solid Pillars trembled, and inclin'd *
Their lofty Heads as Cedars in the Wind :
Twice shook the rumbling Earth, and Thunders broke
From the vast Gulf , and the third dismal Shock,
With trebled Rage rent e'en the solid Rock,
Down to the trembling Center rent the Veil,
Discovering wide the sacred Oracle ;

Vid. Wisdom
of Solomon.

The

The *Holy of Holie's*, naked all it lies,
Expos'd profane and bare to vulgar Eyes ;
The *Golden Lamps* around extinguish'd quite,
Or only yield a faint *unnat'r al Light* ;
More dreadful by successive *Lightnings* made ;
The *Priests* run *frighted* thro' the *ghastly Shade*.

730

The while, the Lamb of God *expiring* see,
Upon the Top of *trembling Calvary* :
A heavier *weight* than *Death* his Soul opprest,
And worse than *mortal Pangs* his *tortur'd Breast* ;
No more the *beauteous Rays* of *Love Divine*,

740

No more his *Fathers Glories* on him *shine* :
All *dark* and *horrid* like the *Earth* below,
Where *Day* forsook its *Task* and *back* did go ;
Then rais'd his *Eyes*, swimming in *Death* and *Night*,
As *dying Tapers* e'er they lose their *Light* ;
He look'd for his *accustom'd winged Train* ;
He look'd, alas ! for *them* and *Heav'n* in vain ;
No wonder *Heav'n* cou'd now no more be seen,
The *Crimes* of *Earth* were plac'd too thick between :

But finding there no *Passage* with his *Eyes*,
To reach it with his *fainting Voice* he tries ,
And asks, as if himself he had *mistaken*,

750

My God, my God ! Why hast thou me forsaken ?

High *Heav'n*, this heard, it heard the *God* complain,
Th' *Eternal Father* heard, and all his *Train* ;
The *Father* heard, unmov'd, his *suff'ring Son*,
By whose *Eternal Councils* all was done.

So did not all the *glitt'ring Host* above,
Ay happy there ! for there they *sing* and *Love* ;
They stop their *Songs*, their *heav'nly Harps* thrown by,

760

Or tun'd to some new, louder *Harmony* :

At length each from his *radiant Throne* arose,
Their *heav'nly Warmth* to ruddy *Vengeance* glows ;
Like those fair *Strangers* Lot conducted in,
Who punish'd guilty *Sodom's brutish Sin* :
Amidst the rest a *Fire-wing'd Seraph* saw,
Of those at *trembling Sinai* gave the *Law*. *

He blew the *Trumpet* there--
Each stubborn Rebel did his *Guilt* confess ;

It

- 770 It shook the Mount, and shook the Wilderness ;
Nor had he yet forgot the Sound, but flies
Thro' Worlds unknown and undiscover'd Skies ;
Where er'st the Signal was to Battle given,
The highest Tow'r on all the Crystal Walls of Heav'n :
There with his utmost might he blew a Blast,
Which thro' interminable Spaces past ;
Which Chaos mov'd, its frightened Surges fell,
Trembled the gasty Sanhedrim of Hell ;
Whilst Heav'n's wing'd Watchers at the Signal run,
- 780 And almost leave their dread Commands undone : * }
(Uriel before had left the sickly Sun.) * }
Each wand'ring Orb stands still, or wildly rolls,
Forgetting both their Angles and their Poles : }
So vast the Wreck of Heav'n, the Storm so high,
As Chaos had broke in upon the Sky ; }
The Spheres untun'd forgot their Harmony. }
Arm ! Arm ! thro' every bright Battalion went ;
The Adamantine Gates o'th' Firmament
Wide open thrown, with a stupendous Crack }
- 790 More loud than Thunder, more the Poles they shake,
The Pomp of War discov'ring deep and wide,
Each Angel close t' his Brother Angel's side ;
Turms, Cohorts, Legions, glitt'ring dreadful bright,
Arm'd Cap-a-pe in more than Lambent-Light.
Great Michael then himself was on the Guard,
The Mount of God his own peculiar Ward ;
Where no Disturbance, Noise, Complaint or Cry ;
But Peace and Joy roll on Eternally :
None since the Angels fell ; but when from far,
- 800 He heard the harsh, unwonted Noise of War,
His Sword h' unsheaths, by some wise Angel made,
Of a portentous Comet's flaming Blade ;
Condens'd his noble Form to Bulk and Sight ; * }
Is all himself, and gathers in his Might ; }
Indues his dreadful Arms and Helmet bright : }
Th' Old Dragon's Spoils the Crest, in Battle bold
Conquer'd and strip'd, how dreadful to behold ! }
The Claws all-horrid with Ethereal Gold. }
Thus deck'd, among the foremost Ranks he flew,

Who

Who easily their glorious Leader knew ;
As on a Cloud, with Thunder charg'd, he rode
Above 'em all, and only not a God.

810

Thus, might we Mortal match with things Divine ;
Thus look'd our Godlike Heroe at the Boyne :
The same fair Ardor for the glorious Prize,
The same just Anger lightning in his Eyes :
Thus he appear'd, thus those who round him rode,
They all like Heroes fought, he like a God.

When thus prepar'd, they only wait the Word
To sally forth, and aid their injur'd Lord :
Th' accursed City into Atoms tear,
Nay scatter Globe and all in boundless Fields of Air.

820

This saw th' All-seeing, did their Hast resent,
And with an awful Nod shook the wide Firmament ;
One motion of his Will their Rage represt :
He look'd calm Peace into each warlike Breast :
Unveil'd the Rolls of Fate, and let 'em see,
The great, unknown, tremendous Mystery :
Unknown, (or Anger them so much did blind,
'Twas now forgot by every warlike Mind)
That 'twas before all Worlds resolv'd, on high,
The mighty Maker of the World must die :
I'th Council of the Great Three-One decreed,
A sinless God for sinful Man must bleed ;
His injur'd Fathers Wrath Atone and bear,
To keep injurious Rebels from despair ;
Compleat the Numbers of the heav'nly Host,
And fill those Seats th' Apostate Angels lost.

830

Silence profound awhile all Heav'n possest,
Their Wonder was too big to be exprest :
Their Arms all dropt, their Harps agen they try,
New Songs are heard, and wonted Harmony.

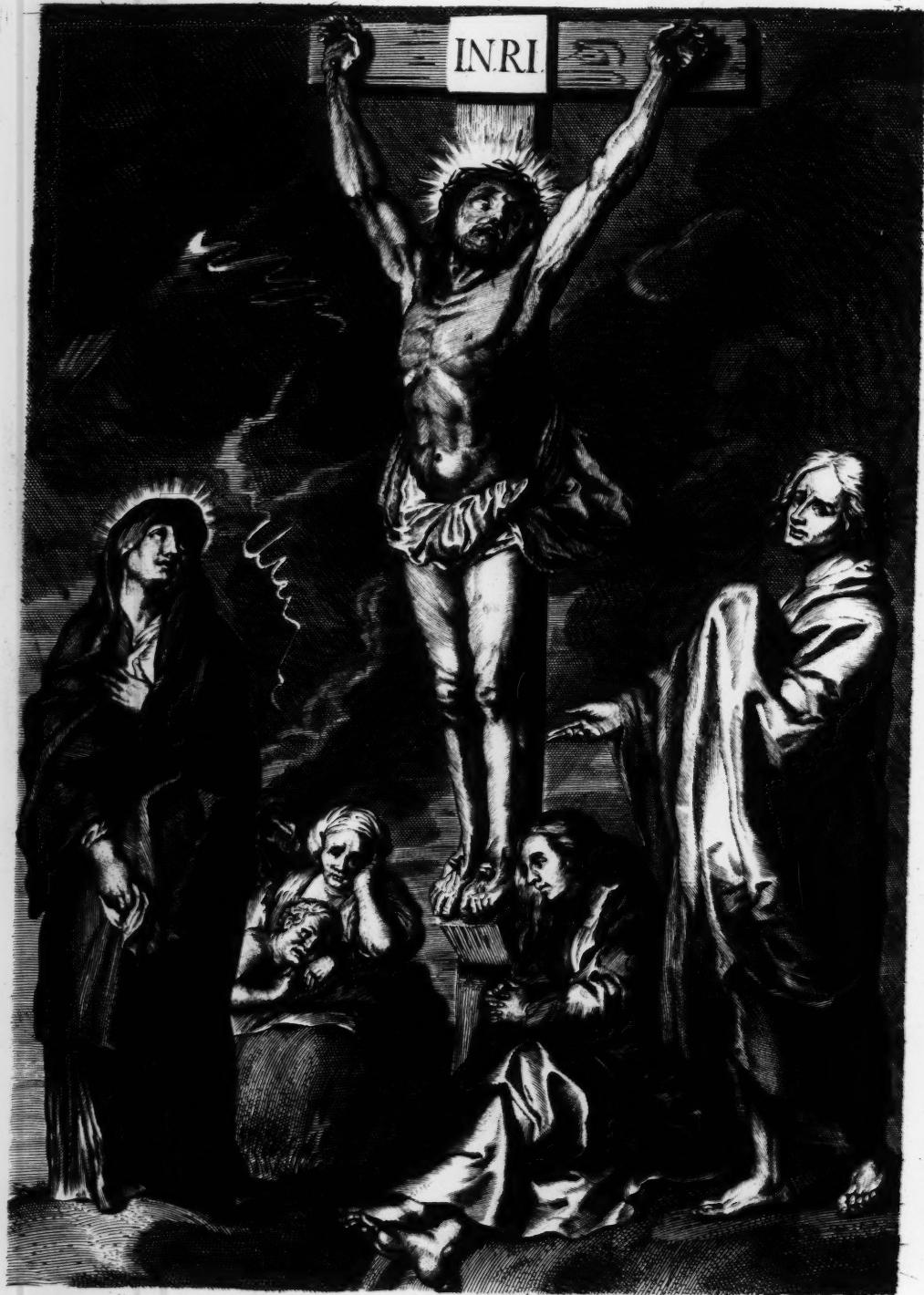
840

Sweet Muse return, and hover on the Wing
Around thy bleeding Love, thy wounded King !
Go weep, as Magdalen before he dy'd,
Never such Cause, thy Love is crucify'd ;
Bath his wide Wounds, as that repenting Fair
His Sacred Feet, and dry them with thy Hair :
For all the Follies of thy youthful Days,

See Lib. 6.
Init.

Mispent

LITERACY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



Book 9, pag : 313

Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Ioh: 19

The Crucifixion.

850 Mispent in mortal Beauties idle Praise,
Robbing thy Saviour of his just esteem ;
For all thy broken Vows to Head'n and Him;
For all thy Sloth, thy Vanity and Pride :
See what they cost, thy **Love is crucify'd** :
On the curs'd Tree he bends his Sacred Head,
From his pale Cheeks each lovely Rose is fled,
His Lips, his heav'ly Eyes already dead :
His swimming Eyes approaching Night did cloud,
And all his Face deform'd with Tears and Blood !

860 In num'rous little Streams which trickled down
From those curs'd Thores which his blest Temples crown ;
Thence to his mangled Hands profusely flow,
And join those mightier Streams that rise below ;
Which swelling wide make drunk the thirsty ground,
Till all the guilty Earth is ting'd around.
Thus oft the wand'ring Swains by chance have spy'd,
By Natures Art in some tall Mountains side ,
A ragged Rock, bedew'd with Water o'er,
And sweating Crystal Drops at every Pore !

870 Each steals into the next, and faster flow,
To meet large subterranean Streams below ;
Whose Channel Pleasure both and Profit yields,
Scattering Eternal Verdure round the Fields.

Hail, all you mystic Drops of precious Gore,
Each of you singly worth a World and more ! *

Cou'd your immortal Fountain want supplies,

I'd quickly make a Deluge with my Eyes.

And now with Sweat and Blood exhaust and dry'd,
And scorbd with Pain, I thirst, he faintly cry'd :

880 For eager Wine the scoffing Soldiers run, Matth. 27.
34.
And offer that ; he tafts, and cry's --- Tis done.
'Tis done --- His spotless Soul no longer strives ;
The God is dead, and Sinful Man revives : *
He bow'd his Head, receive my Soul, he cry'd,
Dear Father ! in thy Arms ; He bow'd his Head and Dy'd

The End of the Ninth Book.

T E A T R I O N A L

N O T E S

O N

The L I F E of C H R I S T.

B O O K IX.

9. **O** *What is Virtue but an empty Name?]* I hope I need not tell the Reader that these Lines are only an Objection commonly brought against Providence, which is, I think, afterwards fully answered. As for that Exclamation, *What is Virtue &c.* 'Tis a common saying among the antient Heathens, and is ascribed to several Authors, tho I think the most fix it upon *Hercules*, as extorted from him, when Frying and Raving on Mount *Oeta*, by the extremity of his Pain; which if true, he's far from being as Heroical as he's represented, since 'tis not killing of *Bulls* and *Bears*, and *Robbers*, but inflexible *Virtue*, *Patience*, and *Magnanimity*, under the worst of *Evils*, that make a true Hero. However, as one of our own Writers pleasantly observes, 'tis most likely to be his *Expression*, because it looks so much like the Speech of a *Madman*.

117. *Of whose high Deeds Cumæan Grotto's rung.]* That there was really some bottom in those which are called the *Sibylline Oracles*, relating to our Saviour, I see no room for any modest Man to doubt; tho it seems on the other side a clear Case, that vast heaps of Dogrel Greek has been forg'd in their *Imitation*, like those bastard Medals, so common in the World. The Christians cou'd not feign that of *Tully*, which I think he applies to *K. Ptolomy*, of a King to come out of the Eastern Countries, any more, than several passages of the *Sicellides Musæ*; which seem plain Transcripts of what the Old Prophets have left recorded concerning our Saviour; which, tho it should be granted, he might apply to the Son of *Pollio*; yet there's little doubt but he had 'em from the *Sibyls*, or some *Tradition* then current among the Heathens; tho he too, as well as *Balaam*, might be acted beyond himself; for in my judgment, he does here *majora canere*, as he has promis'd; and *Virgil* excells even *Virgil*, nothing being comparable to it in all his Works, not excepting the Prophecy of *Marcellus*; or if there's any thing finer in his divine *Aeneids*.

130. *Both the great Vulgar and the small.]* Cowley's Thought, wherein he has much bettered that of *Horace*, *odi Profanum vulgus & arceo*.

152. *Their own Religious Rites.]* See *Josephus* against *Appion*.

206. *This be our Families proud Rival Born.]* This Herod was *Grandson* to Herod the Great. *Vid. Lib. 2.*

250. *Unblemish'd Virtue and unspotted Fame.]* Ecclesiastical History tells us, she was a noble Roman, her Name *Procula*; afterwards Converted to the Christian Faith, and either a *Saint* or a *Martyr*.

287. Whether his double Spring, o'ercharg'd with Snow.] I believe there are indeed few great Rivers but have more than one Head, tho the complement of the Country generally fixes 'em at one place. Every one has heard of two Heads assign'd to the River Jordan, *Jor*, and *Dan*, like our *Tame* and *Iris*; whence both their Names. It mayn't be unpleasant to give, once for all, a Description of this noble River, the chief of all Palestine, and its said, some of the best Water in the World. The Pilgrim gives the best account of its Rite and Progress that I've yet seen, *Lib. 2. Cap. 15. Aune heure de Cæsarea, &c.* "An hours Journey from *Cæsarea Philippi*, at the Foot of Mount *Libanus* (*Fuller* tells us, 'tis one particular Mount, more pleasant than all the rest, call'd *Paneas*,) arise two Springs of Water, one about half an hours Journey from the other. That to the East is called *Jor*, and the other more Northerly *Dan*. They soon make two small Rivulets, which running separate about a League and half, meet at the bottom of the fore-mentioned Town, joyning at once their Names and Waters; and from thence taking the new Name of *Jordan*. Thence running by several Villages and Countrys, and separating the Lands of *Trachonitis*, *Iturea*, and *Galilee*, it falls into a Valley, where it makes a Lake about 2 Leagues in Circuit, called *Moron* or *Mora*, (*Merom*, in *Fuller*.) by *Josephus* the *Semachonite Lake*; thence verging towards the East, enters the Sea of *Galilee*, between *Capernaum* and *Chorazin*, and passing thence, is at last engulft in the *Dead Sea*. He goes on, "But the Turks have a Tradition that *Jordan* will not mingle his blessed waters with that stinking Puddle, but at their very fall into the Lake sink down into a Subterranean Abyss, and rise agen at *Mecca*, where *Mabomet* was buried, in Honour (doubtless) of that great Prophet, where they form themselves into a Lake, whose Waters have the same Taste and Fish with *Jordan*. And this wise story the good Pilgrim thinks 'tis worth the while to confute out of the little Scripture he had, full as gravely as *Alexander Ross* does the *Alchoran* when 'twas translated into English, for fear any of his Countrymen shou'd turn *Mussulmen* upon the reading it; tho for my part, if any of my Readers are inclined to my *Turkish Story of Jordan*, they are very welcom, since I shan't think it worth the while to use any Argument to confute it.

330. His Sword a strange Balsamic Power, &c.] This is founded on that Nation, that the Blood has of it self a sort of a *Balsamic Virtue* in't, which will close and heal all slight Green-wounds without other Medicine, if no other accident happens.

362. A Death for Slaves and Villains only us'd.] *Tacitus* calls it *Servile supplicium*, a Servile sort of a Punishment, not to be inflicted on any *Roman Citizen*: and therefore we find in History, that *S. Paul*, who was a *Roman*, had the Benefit of that Liberty, and was Beheaded, while *S. Peter*, a *Jew*, was Crucified.

423. Where Winds can carry, or where Waves can roll.] I think 'tis a Verse of *Mr. Waller's*.

424. Where the Ten Tribes, &c.] There's a great Dispute whither the *Ten Tribes* were carry'd, which perhaps will never be decided; as the *Jews* say of any great difficulty, till *Elias* come. *Esdras* says, they went over *Euphrates*, which was miraculously dry'd up for their Passage, and after a fair Walk for an year and an half, arrived at *Arzareth*, which some suppose to be *Tartary*; where also many of our *Moderns* think they have found 'em, there being a City named *Tabor* in that Country, as several of that Name in *Naphtali*; whence some of 'em were carried. Others tells us, that there are a sort of People among the *Tartars*, who run about the Fields, a certain day in the year, making great Lamentation, tho they themselves have forgot the reason, and repeating with violent and dismal Ejaculations these Words, *Jeru! Jeru! Salem! Jeru! Damas!* tho they don't understand 'em; retaining still the Names of those Places, tho they have lost the History. Others think the *Americans*, or at least some part of 'em, are the Postery of the *Ten Tribes*, which is rendered not altogether improbable, from several *Jewish Customs* found amongst 'em. And what if those *Tartarians*, of whom we have discoursed *Lib. 3.* conducted by Satan, from their own Country

over to *America*, should be some of those very *Jews*, whom the Enemy of Man and Ape of God, might take a pride in leading to his *Canaan*, almost exactly in the same manner that *Moses* led their Forefathers out of *Egypt*. *Acosta* has a strange Story that looks very much like this, from a Tradition of the *Americans*; "That their God *Vitziliputzli* commanded their Forefathers to leave the Place where they then liv'd, promising, if they'd follow him, a much more happy Country, by the *Destruction* of several Nations which possest it. Accordingly they departed, carrying this their Idol with 'em in an *Ark of Reeds*, which was supported by 4 of their Chief Priests, with whom he Discourseth in secret, and reveal'd to them all along the different Successes of their Journey, giving 'em Orders when to March and Halt, which they were not to do without his Order. Wherever they came, they Erected a *Tabernacle* for their God in the midst of their Camp, placing the *Ark* upon an Altar. When they were tired with their Journey, and resolved to proceed no farther, their God destroy'd many of 'em in a dreadful manner; continuing to Conduct 'em till he brought 'em to *Mexico*; thus he. I shall only add, that *Manasseb-Ben-Israel*, the modern *Jew*, tells us, "There were lately found encompassed with several high Mountains in *America*, a *White People*, with long *Beards*, whom he'd fain have the remainders of these Ten Tribes, and all *Natural Jews*.

449. *Thrust from a blasted Elders Trunk be spy'd.]* Some say 'twas a *Wild Fig-Tree*, but it's no great matter which of the two. *Surius* says, "That the *Jews* have now a Church-yard or Burying-place, on that very piece of Ground, about the middle whereof, Tradition tells 'em, this *Tree* formerly stood: and adds, "That the *Jews* formerly Built a House there, and all of that Nation destined to be Buried near it: As indeed they'd have reason, were that odd fancy of theirs true, that the General Judgment must be in the *Valley of Jebosopbar*, and that all their Bones must tumble thither through the Bowels of the Earth, if they don't provide better Carriage; for which Reason, many of the richest of them, are said to get their Dust carried to *Jerusalem*, to save the trouble of so long a Journey.

447. *Die Traitor die, be that resolv'd, but how?]* This Verse, and that below it, *Tbus, thus lets leap, &c.* any one may see are taken from *Virgil's*, *Sed moriamur ait*; and *Sic sic juvat ire sub umbras*. Concerning the latter of which, I can't help being of a different Judgment from a Person so Great, that it wou'd be immodest for me to name him, at the same time I own I dissent from him. I say, I can't but think, that *Hemistich* as like *Virgil* as, even his famous *Tu Marcellus eris*, for it seems to me as full and handsom a Pause for a desperate Mind, which had run it self out of Breath with raving, as cou'd possibly be thought on, and that render'd more lively, strong and beautiful, by the Ingemination.

510. *By these alone aloft i'th' Air he's stay'd.]* I know many are of Opinion, that there was a sort of a *Suppedaneum*, a *Stay* or *Footstool* on the *Cross*, as a Rest to the *Bodies* of *Malefactors*; but others, and I think the most, being of another Mind, I had liberty of chusing which I pleas'd, especially the former Opinion being grounded on a false Supposition, that without some such support as this, the Body cou'd not hang in the *Air*, but wou'd tear out the Wounds by which 'twas fasten'd, and be born down by its own weight: Whereas we are assured of the contrary, both by considering the strength of the *Muscles* in those Parts, and accidental Examples of such as falling fromon high, have been caught by the *Hand*, *Arm*, &c. by some *Tenter*, and remain'd a considerable time in that *Posture*; and by the manner of that horrible Punishment, at this time in use among the *Turks* and *Moors*, who throw *Condemn'd Persons* from an high *Tower* stuck full of *Hooks* and *Tenters*, which catching hold of the Body in its fall, retains it there, where the Wretches must hang till either the Wound kills 'em, or they are starved to Death. Now if the whole weight of a Man's Body (caught thus at disadvantage, and the fall besides,) can't tear itself off when thus gauch'd in the *Air*, how much less wou'd it do so when supported behind, and fastened so

so evenly and proportionably, by the most strong and *musculous* Parts thereof?

531. Yet one *some* Tracks of Modesty retains.] Tis thought by many that this was no hardened *Villain*, but newly enter'd in his Trade. There's one passage in the History of these *Thieves*, which carries some difficulty in't: 'Tis laid in S. Matthew and S. Mark, that the *Thieves*, in the *Plural Number*, revil'd our *Saviour*. But S. Luke gives the History as here related; *That one did it, and the other rebuk'd him*. Some say, that *both* did it at first, but one *Repented*, which is a *probable Solution*; but I think there's a better, that 'tis a common *Elliptical* way of Speaking, with the *Hebrews*. Thus *Saul* to *David*, 1 Sam. 18. 21. *Thou shalt this day be my Son-in-Law* in one of the two. We render it undoubtedly according to the true Sence; but 'tis in the Original, by, or in the *Two*, a plain Instance of *two us'd for one*; as in the present Case. So 'tis written in the Prophets, *one* of the Prophets, and 20 other Instances. The bad *Thief* then revil'd our *Saviour*, the good *Thief* pray'd to him, and no doubt was immediately happy with him. Tho I can't think that *Thief* was *good* enough to be himself pray'd to, and have a Temple Built to his *Name* and *Honour*; yet such a Temple, *Surius* says, was Erected by the Empress *Helen* in the *Holy Land*.

538. For on the Cross this Title.] The piece of *Wood* whereon the *Title* was written, was one part of the *Cross*, called in Greek *Tίταν*, from the *Latin Titulus*; as on the contrary, the writing itself containing the Persons real or supposed Crimes, the *Roman Authors* call by a *Greek Name Elogium*, tho as we take the Word now, it seems but an odd sort of an *Elogy*.

682. Tb amaz'd Astrologer look'd on in Vain.] This is a story sufficiently known, and commonly receiv'd and believ'd; and tho I've no need of its being *really* true, yet *Valeat quantum valere potest*.

723. The solid Pillars trembled.] See Lib. 7. at the beginning.

727. Rent ev'n the solid Rock—Down to the trembling Center.] Its said the *Rock* rent in General; therefore, as it shou'd seem more than one, *Walker* says, " That " of Mount *Calvary*, whereon our Lord suffered, cleft asunder some 2 or 3 *Foot*, at " the place where his *Cross* was fasten'd, quite from one side of the Hill to the " other, to be seen at this day, gaping about an *Hands breadth*, and the depth " of it not to be sounded. But the account the Pilgrim gives on't is very particular, and in these Words, " That what he saw of it was 6 *Foot* and 2 *Fingers* " in length, and about 2 *Foot* in breadth; adding, that it not only reach'd down " as far as the *Chappel of Adam*, which is in the hollow of the Rock, where he " tells us, *Adam's Scull* was found; (whence the Mount called *Calvary*, if you'll believe it, tho one wou'd wonder by what *Ear-mark* they knew his *Scull* from another.) He goes on, " It reaches not only thither, but lower, to the *Chappel of Invention* of the *the Cross*, and thence, as he thinks, even down to *Hell*; its " depth being unfathomable: thus he. And tho there is something of *Fable* mixt with what he, and other Popish Writers deliver, yet there may be something of Truth, tho the mischief is, 'tis discredited by such ill Company. And if this strange vast *Rift* in the solid *Rock*, be really true, as it appears to be by the Circumstances, methinks 'tis no contemptible corroborating Circumstance for the Truth of that part of the sacred History, and those dreadful Prodigies which the *Evangelists* mention.

767. Of those at trembling Sinai gave the Law.] Which was given by the Disposition of Angels. As S. Steph. Acts 7.

780. And almost leave their dread Commands undone.] *Vida*, from whom I took the Hint of this beautiful Digression, goes a great deal farther, and I think too far, saying of the Angels, *Opera imperfecta relinquunt*. Which I soften by the Word [*almost*].

781. Uriel before, forsook the sickly Sun.] I think that's his *Name*, whom *Milton* makes the *Angel* of the *Sun*; the *Name* being very proper, signifying, *The Light of God*: Which he might be, and yet that good *Fathers Fancy* very agreeable, who call'd the *Sun Umbra Dei*; the *Shadow of God*. I say he had before forsaken it, for an obvious (*Poetical*) Reason, because 't was *Eclips'd*.

803. Condens'd his noble Form to bulk and sight.] According to the Platonists Notion of the Condensation of the Angelical Vehicle, so as to make it visible; which seems to have been believed by most of the Fathers, who make Angels have a sort of Bodies, as indeed they must have when ever they appear, and are sensible not only to our Sight, but even to our grosser Touch; as when they laid hold on the Hand of Lot. Now Lucretius's Maxim will still hold, *Tangere enim & tangi fine corpore nulla potest res*; nothing can touch and be touch'd but Body: and perhaps this is the very Essence of Body, for Tangibility and Impenetrability seem to be one and the same. But after all, what can the Deist get by this, unless he cou'd prove, these Angels were all Body, or so much as that these Bodies were Permanent; whereas, by all we can discover of 'em from Scripture, they appear rather Asciditious and Airy: and this we are sure, that the Scripture never calls 'em Bodies, tho' it does Spirits, (which, whatever they are, can't be Bodies, unless black can be white;) and that, for the Comfort of every good Man, Ministering Spirits too, even since our Saviour sent forth to minister unto them who are heirs of Salvation. I Heb.14.

855. This Love is Crucify'd.] From that famous Ejaculation of the Father, *Ego qui induceras.*

875. Each of you singly worth a World and more.] The Blood of him who is Infinite, the Blood of God, as 'tis called in the Scripture, (which must get me off for that bold Thought a little lower, *The God is Dead.*) This Blood, I say, must have infinite Merits, and therefore extend beyond the value of any finite Being. The manner of whose Death see in the next 2 Lines.

884. He bow'd his Head, receive my Soul he cry'd
Dear Father in thine Arms, he bow'd his Head and dy'd.] Vida has done this incomparably well, and express almost as much in one Line as I have done in two; who thus at the end of his 5th Book, *Suprimumque animum, ponens caput, exhalavit.*

T H E

THE
ARGUMENT
OF THE
Tenth BOOK.

After a Discourse of the pleasure of seeing Virtue triumphant, notwithstanding standing all Misfortunes, and an Invocation of the Blessed SPIRITS Assistance, for the happy Conclusion of the Work, Joseph of Arimathæa is introduced going to Pilate and boldly begging the Body of our Saviour, which being granted, he repairs to the Cross and takes it thence, after a Souldier had pierced the Side with a Spear, Blood and Water flowing out of the Wound; then bears it to his Garden, and lays it in his own Sepulchre, accompanied by the Blessed Virgin and other Friends. The Triumphs among the Devils at the Death of our Saviour: Lucifer's Speech on that occasion, ordering all the Devils to repair to Earth again, and repossess their Oracles. While he's in the height of his Exultation, our Saviour enters Hell with a Guard of Angels, and all the Devils flying at his sight, and sinking into the Lake, carries with him to Paradise some of those Persons who were lost in the Universal Deluge. The Third Day, his Soul and Body being now again united, and he rising from the Grave, Mary Magdalen, and other Women, go to the Sepulchre to Embalm him, but find him to be gone; and receive an account of his Resurrection, from a Vision of Angels, directing 'em to go and acquaint his Disciples with the News. Mary Magdalen stays and sees our Saviour himself, who orders her on the same Message; on which S. Peter and S. John run to the Sepulchre, and find the Body to be gone; but returning, can not gain lief of the rest, till our Saviour himself appears amongst them; S. Thomas being then absent, and still incredulous. Soon after, two others, to whom our Lord discovered himself at Emmaus come in, and relate the whole Story; which

319 The Argument of the Ninth Book.

which S. Thomas not yet believing, Jesus himself appears, and shewing him his Wounds, fully convinces him—Ordering all the Disciples to meet him at Tabor in Galilee, who going thither for that end, he first appears to 'em as they were Fishing on the Sea of Tiberias, where he tries S. Peter's Faith, and foretells his Martyrdom. Thence meeting many of his Followers on Mount Tabor, he orders 'em all to Jerusalem, there to take his last Farewell: Where being arriv'd, he takes them out to Bethany; and after his last Discourse and Promise to be with them to the End of the World, the Heavenly Host appear, and Sing an Anthem, being part of the 24th Psalm, while our Saviour is Ascending; who, just as he disappears from the Disciples, orders two Angels back to Mount-Olivet, to comfort them with the Promise of his Return; who thereupon depart again with Joy to Jerusalem.

THE

THE
LIFE
OF
CHRIST:
A N
Heroic Poem.

BOOK X.

The RESURRECTION.



How refreshing is't, how dear a Sight,
When Virtue emerges out of Clouds and
Night!

To see her all her groveling Foes de-
spise,
To see the Tyrant fall, and Hero rise!

True Worth survives the Grave, rude Winds the Fruit
May blast, but 'tis immortal in the Root.
Beat on Affliction's Billows ! 'Tis in vain,
The Rock will still impregnable remain;
The Storm tho' fierce, will soon or late blow o'er,
10 And we with Shouts shall reach the happy Shore,
Where our great Captain is arriv'd before.

Kind Spirit, who from the dark *tumult'ous Wave*
 Didst raise a beauteous *World*, O hear and save!
Save and direct, direct our feeble *Bark*,
 As once thou didst the weary wand'ring *Ark*!
 Remove the *Clouds*, be all *serene* and fair
 Like thee, O gentle *Blast* of Heav'nly *Air*!
 Let this last *Voyage* no rough *storms* molest,
 Then, of our dear, long-wish'd-for *Port* possest,
 We'd gladly *Anchor* in eternal *Rest*. 20

And now *true Night* in the *disorder'd Skies*,
 Prepares, at her appointed *Hours*, to rise;
 But *wonders* that her *Task*'s perform'd before,
 Nay blacker *Veils* spread all the *Æther* o'er:
 Still high in *gloomy Air* the *Bodies* stood
 Expos'd, and Tortur'd on th' *unlucky Wood*;
 Tortur'd the *Two*, but from his spotless *Breast*,
 The *Thirds* bright *Soul* was fled to endles *Rest*:
 Nor longer cou'd the generous *Joseph* bear,
 To see his *Friends* sad mangled *Reliques* there; 30

Matt. 26.56. But while far off his *scatter'd Household* fled,
 Their *Faith* and *Courage* with their *Master Dead*:
 With *Nicodemus*, his old prudent *Friend*,
 Affraid no more, do's from the *Hill* descend,
 Where sad *Spectators* near the *Cross* they were,

Mark 15.43. Boldly to beg the *Body*, and Inter,
 With *silence*, in his own *new Sepulcher*: 35

Vid. Lib. I. ad fin. There, if his just *Request* successful prove,
 To pay the last due *Debt* of *Tears* and *Love*:
 Thus who *boast highest*, first the *Cause* forfike,
 Thus *Converts* oft the best of *Christians* make.
 With *Pious hast* they both to *Pilate* ran,
 To whom, *undaunted*, *Joseph* thus began.

Brave *Roman*, whom our *Nations Spite* and *Rage*,
 Now *first* did in an *unjust Act* engage:
 As noble *Pontius* wou'd be still thought free,
 And only *Passive* in their *Cruelty*;
 And bear to distant *Ages*, distant *Lands*
 His *Fame*, as *clean* and *spotless* as his *Hands*;
 T' his humble *Suppliants* let be restor'd,
 The breathless dear *Remains* of our lov'd *Lord*: 50

Nor

Nor will the *Priests* themselves, how'er they rave,
Urge on their *Hatred*, e'en beyond the *Grave*;
He's cold and *lifeless* now, their *Fear* is o'er,
Nor can he *them* or *Cesar* injure more:
Grant then we for his *Body* may return,
Due *Honours* pay, at his sad *Fun'r'al* mourn,
And sprinkle *Tears* and *Flow'r's* around his *Urn*.

The *Roman* thus—*Witness* each *sacred Pow'r*,

- 60 *Witness* the *common Jove* we all adore,
Father of Men and Gods; with how much *Joy*
I'd him *restore*, how griev'd did him *destroy*;
Restore you your *whole Friend*, whom publick *Spite*
And *Rage*, have robb'd of our *etherial Light*:
Take what *remains*, I gladly that *restore*,
And take my *Grief* that I can give no *more*.

Vid. Lib. 6.

Their wish'd Request obtain'd, they hast away,
And but to give the *Donor* thanks cou'd stay:
The *Hill* surmounted soon, *abrupt* appear'd

- 70 No more, nor more the *Guards* around they fear'd:
Arm'd Troops and *glitt'ring Helmets*, dreadful bright,
Projecting far away their dazzling *Light*:
“ Of *Murder'd Men* the low *lamenting Voice*,
“ Mixt with the *Murderers* confused *Noise*
They *heard*, yet onward went with *pious hast*,
Thro' *Couds unarm'd* or *arm'd* alike they past:
Till to the fatal *Scene* of *Death* arriv'd,
Where new *Barbarities* were still contriv'd;
Still new *Effects* of pop'lar *Rage* they found;

- 80 The mangled bleeding *Body's* on the *Ground*:
A *single Death's* too little, they'd invent,
Beyond the *Cross* it self, a *Punishment*:
The *Bodies* must *expos'd* no longer stay,
T' *inhallow* their approaching *Paschal Day*,
And damp their *festal Joys*; new *Arts* they try,
And with new *Torments* make 'em *more than Dye*:
With *pond'rous Staves* and *Sledges* crush'd their *Bones*,
Echoes the *Mountain* with their *Strokes* and *Groans*.

The half-dead *Wretches* supplicate in vain

- 90 For some kind *Stab* to ease their ling'ring *Pain*;
Jesus alone had his *meek Soul* resign'd,

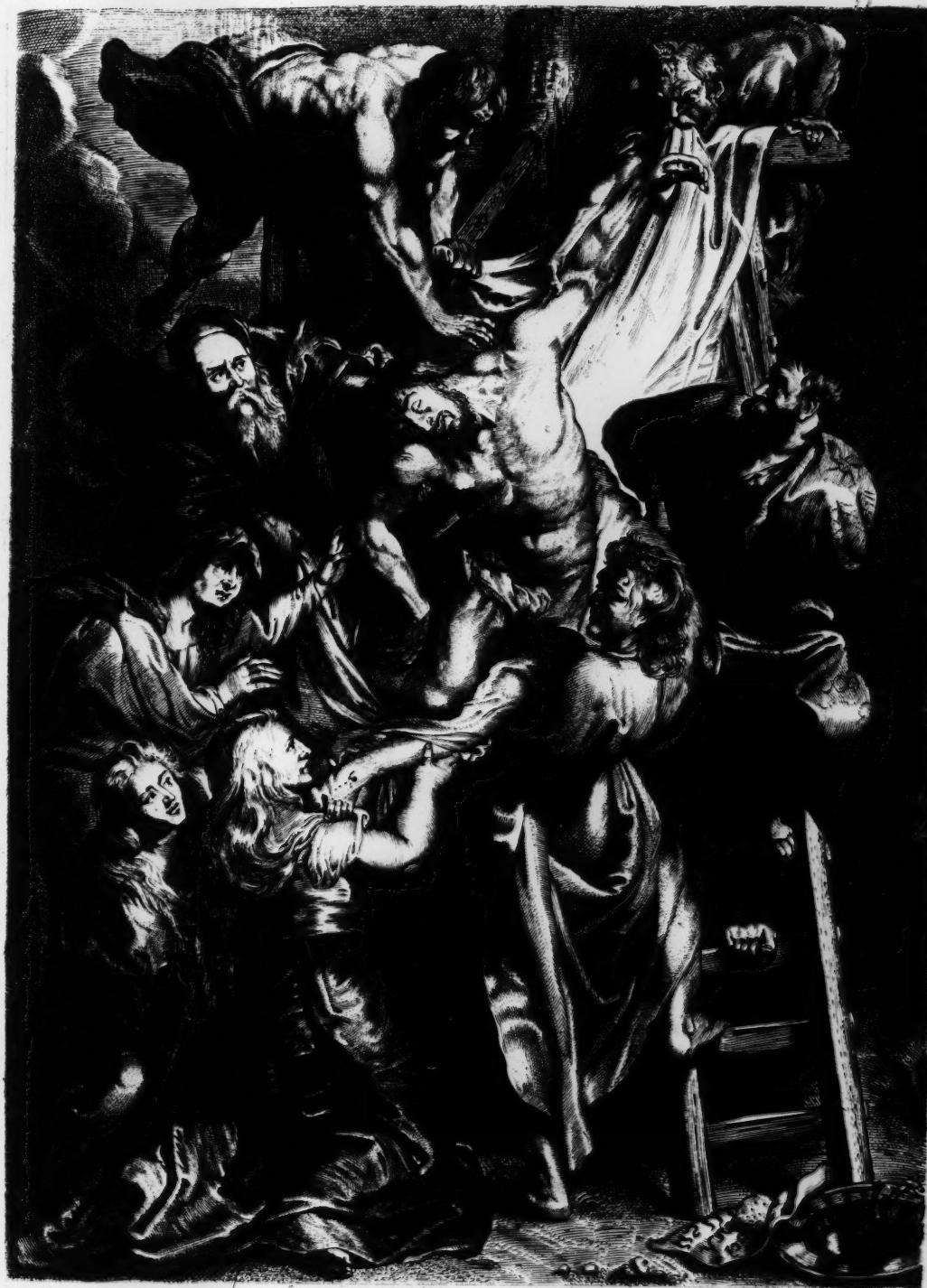
Mark 15.44. And spar'd their *Cruelty*; his *Head* reclin'd,
On his *torn Shoulders* lay, enrag'd they cry'd,
He had deceiv'd 'em, and too *mildly Dy'd*:
Enrag'd, they such a *disappointment* found;
They e'en the *senseless Carcass* gore and *wound*:
A *Soldier*, blind with *Fury*, snatch'd a *Spear*,
Which *Death* on its *sharp Point* in vain did *wear*,
And darts it at his *Side*, out springs a *flood*

John 19.34. Of purest *Limpid Water*, joyn'd with *Blood*; 100
Joyn'd, not confus'd, as thro' thin *Crystal* shine,
The sparkling *Drops* of *Gaza's noble Vine*:
True *Types* of those blest *Streams* which ever flow
From *Gods high Throne*, t' enrich the *World* below;
Th' inestimable *Sanctions* of our *Bliss*,
1 John 5.6. Those *Streams* which glad the *Churches Paradise* ;
8. That *Sacred Layer*, and that *Banquet* high,
Where those who *Bath* and *Feast* shall never *Die*.

While this *transacting*, *Joseph* thither came,
And strait ascends the *Tree*—(*Love* knows no *Shame*;) 110
Himself *ascends*, and from th' *accursed Wood*
Takes his *dead Friend*, cover'd with *Wounds and Blood*,
And to his own fair *Garden* sadly bore,
Where oft his lov'd *Disciples* met *before*;
Then, near the *Tomb* lay down their *precious Load*,
The wond'rrous *Reliques* of a suff'ring *God*.

Hither, bright *Heav'nly Youths*, O hither bring, *
The *Glories* of your own *eternal Spring*!
Of ev'ry *Flow'r* that in fair *Eden* grows,
The dying *Hero's funeral Pomp* compose, 120
Mix'd with *Engeddi's Spice*, and *Sharon's Rose*; *
And when you all your *Sweets* have round him *spread*,
Tho' ne'er till this *sad Hour*, a *Tear* you shed,
Weep, O *Immortals*! Weep! your *Lord* is *Dead*. {

Or if you still refuse your courteous *Aid*,
We'll ask no more, for see the *Heav'nly Maid*;
The *Virgin-Mother* can that *Office* do,
With as much *Grace* and *Purity* as you.
On the hard *Rock* behold her seated there!
Whilst all her sad *Companions* rend the *Air* 130
With loud *Laments*, the *Hills* repeat their *Cries*,



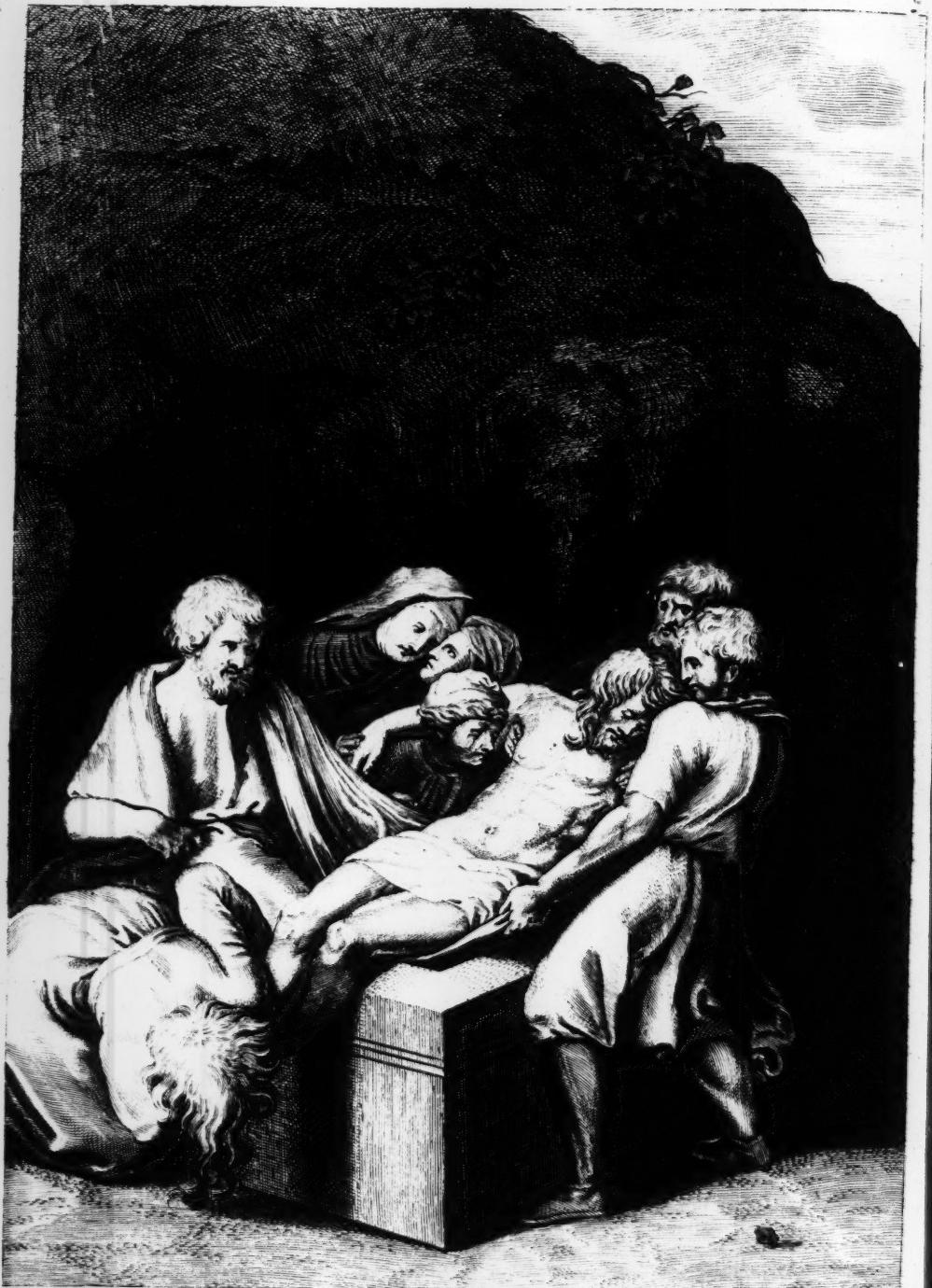
Book 10. pag: 324

Christ taken from the cross.

Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Luc: 23
Io: 19

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Book 10. pag: 325

Christ laid in the Sepulchre

Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Luc: 23
Io: 19

- She only silent, her exhausted Eyes,
Have not one precious Drop, one single Tear ; }
Her Grief so decent, shou'd she but appear
In Publick, all the World wou'd Mourning wear. *
- Silent, and still, as deepest Waters flow,
What Breast but hers cou'd hold the mighty Woe ?
She saw his Soul from his pale Body fled,
She saw her Hope, her Life, her Saviour dead ;
- 140 Her wond'rous Son, no Pangs at his first Breath, *
But ah ! they're more than doubl'd at his Death :
In her sad Arms, he all-a-Carcass lies,
Deaths heavy Iron Slumber seals his Eyes ;
His Eyes fast clos'd, altho' his Wounds gape wide,
Those Wounds which rend his Feet, his Hands, his Side ;
She Kisses both, while her Companions tear,
With loud Complaints, their Garments and their Hair ;
Scarce are they by the Men at length restrain'd,
Who not their own unruly Tears command :
- 150 To his pale Corps the last due Honours pay,
And in the Marble Vault lamenting lay ;
And dewy Night descending, leave the Tomb,
Conducting safely the great Mourner home.
Mean while the World a gen'ral Grief exprest,
All Natures Family in Mourning dreft :
Silent and sad, or in soft Sighs complain'd,
Nay Heav'n it self scarce undisturb'd remain'd :
In Hell alone was Joy and curst Delight,
Our Happiness their Woe, our Day their Night :
- 160 Scarce such wild general Revels there were known,
When their black Prince did the first Man dethrone, }
And almost made a second World their own :
The Pandemonium hills, the Iron Gate *
Is throng'd with many a Sooty Potentate :
Blasphemous Moloch, Satan, Belial, Baal,
And lustful Asmodai, part go, part crawl
On long Serpentine Folds, as erst they fell ; *
Now dreft in all the ugly Forms of Hell :
High in the midst, dire Lucifer ascends
- 170 His glowing Throne, a frightful Guard of Fiends
Flock round, the boldest Spirits who with him fell,

Gen. 3.
Milton's
Paradise lost.

And

And make a *Pomp* worthy the *Prince of Hell*:
 Some *Signs* of what he was he still retain'd,
 A few weak *Rays* of gloomy *Light* remain'd;
 Which a faint *glimm'ring* sort of *Twylight* made,
 I th' *ugly Horror* of th' *infernal Shade*:
 His *Pow'r* not less, tho' by high *Heav'n* confin'd,
 And strong eternal *Chains* the *Rebel* bind;
 Were he let *loose*, and no new *Thunder* hurl'd,
 He'd quickly into *Atoms* crush the *World*; 180
 As now he is, his haughty *Eyes* express
 The highest *Ill*, *Majestick Wickedness*;
Great without *Good*, as *Earthly Tyrants* are,
 Who *Hells black Brand*, not *Heav'n's bright Image wear*;
 Most *Servile*, yet *Imperious*, *Proud*, yet *Base*,
 A *wicked Joy* glares thro' his *dusky Face*;
Transports he do's amidst his *Torments* feel,
 And shows some *mighty mischiefs* on the *Wheel*:
 " Thus the *French Lucifer*, his dear *Allie*,
 " Who still maintains his *War* against the *Sky*, 190
 " Thus great appears, in *Blood* and *Murders* crown'd;
 " As many black *Destroyers* wait around
 " His *Pestilential Throne*, for *Orders* wait,
 " To scatter *Mischief* and *unerring Fate*.
 Thus he, thus *Hells proud King* in *Flames* array'd,
 Who having all his own *sad World* survey'd,
 He thus began —

Dominions, Thrones and Pow'rs!

Possessors once of half *Heav'n's Crystal Tow'rs*, }
 Which had *Fate* smil'd, long since had all been ours: } 200
 And *Fate*, not *Valour* crush'd us, for we're still
Unconquer'd in our own *Almighty Will*;
 What since against its *Tyranny* we've done,
 You know it, and we need not *Blush* to own;
 How we that *fordid Piece* of *dirty Clay*,
 Whom our more *high-born Minds* disdain'd t' obey; }
 For whom the *beauteous World* above was made, }
 A *Heav'n* to our *uncomfortable Shade*, }
 Have, by an *easie Stratagem*, betray'd: }

Rem. 5. 14. Did our hard Foe's wise *VWorkmanship* disgrace,
 And in one *Moment Murder'd* all their *Race*:

210

'Tis

- 'Tis true they *Mercy* found, tho' we had *none*,
Who scorn like *Man*, to kneel and lick his *Throne* ;
No — Since so bravely once we took the *Field*,
Now, for another *Hear'n* we wou'd not yield ;
Who, more than half his *World* e'er since possest,
He the poor *Jews*, and we had all the *rest* ;
More *Priests*, more *Oracles* ; nay even there,
In his lov'd *Land*, ours was the *largest share* ;
- 220 To us his own proud *Kings* for *Counsel* come,
And *Endor* speaks when *Sacred Shilo's* dumb.
'Tis true, his *dreaming Prophets* did foretel,
In many a mystick *Type* and *Oracle*,
The *ruines* of the *World* agen shou'd rise,
Th' eternal *Word* descending from the *Sky's*
In mortal *Form* — Ours was too mean and *base* ;
A *Curse* on him and all that *fordid Race* !
To drive us from our *Conquer'd Kingdoms*, where
We sally out, and taft the *lightsom Air*,
- 230 From these sad *Realms* ; nay tho' we cannot fear
A further *Blow*, pursue and chain us here : }
Revolving deep, I guest that *Age* was near ;
And when the late great *Hebrew Prophet* came,
Whose *Birth*, whose *Life*, whose *Miracles* and *Fame*
Have fill'd the *World*, from whom our *Legions* fled
At his dread *Word*, his *Word* which rais'd the *Dead* ;
Chas'd every stubborn *Pain*, and strong *Disease*,
Rebuk'd the *Winds*, and still'd the *raging Seas* ;
When he did thus to th' wond'ring *World* appear,
- 240 I for our *State* almost began to fear ;
To fear our *Empire* now was doom'd to fall ;
Him *Saviour*, him the *Jews Messiah* call,
And wou'd have *Crown'd* their *King* — Him first I try'd,
You know th' *Event*, with all the *Baits* of *Pride* ;
All that the *Earth*, of *Wealth* or *Pleasure*, yields,
Rich *Afric's* Sands, or *Europe's* fertile *Fields* ; See Lib. §:
Luxurious *Asia's* tempting *Charms* were shown, *
And all the hidden *Sweets* of *Worlds* unknown :
Whatever *Nature* made of *Fair* and *Good* ;
- 250 But all in vain, *Impregnable* he stood :
Not so his *Friend*, whom *Fear* or *Gold* o'erpow'rs

Judas.

At

At first *Assault* — (Th' *High Priest* before was ours) •
 The *Wretch* who late came here, like those above ;
 We *Traytors hate*, tho' we the *Treason love* —
 How e'er at length we're *safe*, our *Fear* is o'er ;
 The mighty *Prince* will *drive us* now no more !

I saw the *Heir of Heav'n expos'd on high*,
 The *Cross* his *Throne*, I saw th' *Immortal Die* ;
 For such his *Flatt'lers call'd him* — Now they *run*
 To *shelt'ring Shades*, and *fie*, like us, the *Sun* ; 260
 Tho' little need — *He fled himself from them*
 And angry *Heav'n* on our *Jerusalem*
 Look'd *Frowning down*; e'en let it now *Frown on*,
 What's past is *Fate*, the mighty *Work* is done ; }
 Our *Conquer'r* now may mourn his *Conquer'd Son*:
 On all the tott'ring *World* may *Vengeance take*,
 At which we'll *smile*, but can't what's past *unmake* ;
 That only is beyond his *boasted Pow'r*, }
 Too feeble to recall one *fleeting Hour*: }
 Losers may speak — Let the *Creation low'r*; } 270
 Let *Thunder rend the Poles*, the *Center shake*,
 And *snk us deeper in our dreadful Lake* ;
 Yet still we'll *Revel here*; let *Envy stay*
 Her eating *Cares*, and know no *Grief to day*!
 E'en She shall *smile*, her greatest *Foe* is *Dead* ;
 Let *basifl Error raise her Hydra-head*,
 She and my own dear *Discord*, lately fled }
 From the great *Prophet's Words* and *Heav'nly Air* !
 Let 'em with all their *snakey Train* prepare
 For *Earth agen*, and our new *Conquests tell* 280
 To every *holy Fane* and *Oracle* ;
 To all the *Dæmons* that in *Æther rove*,
 From *Delphos sacred Rock* to wile *Dodona's Grove*. *

Tell 'em — But there his *Speech abruptly ends* ;
Confus'd, he from his *Iron Throne* descends :
 For wide away thro' his own *darksom Cell*,
 He saw *strange Light*, he saw an *Heav'n in Hell* ;
 The *Walls*, the *Gates* are down, and *Death and Sin*, *
 Thro' the new *horrid Breach*, came *tumbling in* ;
 Their *Conquer'r* after who the *Blow* had given ; 290
 'Twas he *himself*, th' *Illustrious Heir of Heav'n*,

Jesus

Jesus the God —

'Twas he--- A Guard of warlike Angels stands

Around with kindled Thunders in their Hands:

Tho' more his Sight the Rebels did surprize,

He wears far fiercer Thunders in his Eyes :

Too well his Eyes, too well his Arm they knew,

They oft before had seen and felt 'em too:

First did their trembling King the Firm forsake,

300 And headlong he plunges in the broad Lake; *

Innumerable Regions after run,

New Hells they seek, the Lamb's fierce Wrath to shun;

At once they fall, and from the Rivage steep,

Strike thro' the Bosom of th' unbounded Deep;

I'th' rolling liquid Flame wide Circles make,

Soft murmurs the black boyling Brimstone Lake.

So when from the fair Banks of Silver Poe,

Far off, a Flight of trembling Mallards know,

The Royal Eagle their unequal Foe;

310 Darting like his own Thunder thro' the Air,

They, carri'd on the swifter Wings of Fear, *
Strike headlong thro' the Stream, and disappear.

The Fiends on Earth too felt the fatal Blow,

And quickly sympathize with those below;

And, as of old from Heav'n's high Wall they fall,

Now drop from each forsaken Oracle;

Thick as Autumnal Leaves the Valleys spread,

E'er shiv'ring Winter shows its palsy'd Head:

Lamenting Sounds are heard, they take their flight,

320 Wide-wandering in their own Eternal Night:

Thus does at last the Woman's Off-spring tread,

Triumphant, o'er the hissing Serpent's Head:

And thus Captivity he Captive led.

The guilty trembling Taylors puts to flight,

Exposing their dark Cells to hated Light; *

From the old greedy Lion wrests his Prey,

Which long condemn'd in those sad Mansions lay;

And with him back reduc'd to cheerful Day.

How welcom their Deliverer appears,

330 To the old Pris'ners of Two thousand Years, *

Who in the Universal Deluge fell,

U u

Thro'

Gen. 3.15.

Thro' gaping Earth's wide Ruins swept to Hell:
 The Graves first Fruits, a joyful Troop they rise,
 Regain the now almost forgotten Skies,
 And wait their Saviour into Paradise.

With him aye, Sweet Muse, to Earth return,
 Where his sad Death his Friends, mistaken, mourn ;
 His Death who cannot die, or if before,
 He his Clay-house forsook, can die no more :
 His Body now Spiritual and refin'd,
 A fit Companion for so pure a Mind ;
 Active and agile, prest and ready 't stands,
 As swift as Thought 't obey the Soul's commands ;
 Like that it moves, and in a moment flies,
 From East to West, from Earth to Paradise.*
 This knew not they, who yet lamenting were,
 And lost in stupid Sorrow and Despair ;
 Forgot the Promise of his sure return,
 And, without either Faith or Hope they mourn ;
 Sad was the Feast to them, no cheerful Ray
 It wore, as sad the Night that clos'd the Day :
 With kinder Omens the third Morn appears,
 The happy Morning doom'd to dry their Tears.
 "Kind Phosphor bring the Day, why this Delay,
 "Jesus is rising -- Phosphor bring the Day !

Hast his dull Steeds, for if he longer stay,
 Another Sun will rise, a Sun so bright,
 The World no more will need his weaker Light.
 Earlier than he fair Magdalena rose,
 And to the Tomb with Spice and Unguents goes,
 Him to embalm who no Corruption knew ;
 The same officious kindness thither drew
 Her weeping Friends, who tho' their Fear was strong,
 Their Love was more ; sad Tales the Way prolong,
 As cheerful shorten, tho' at last they come
 To th' steep Ascent, the Garden and the Tomb,
 Not far remov'd before, but a new Fear,
 And crowding anxious Thoughts surpriz'd 'em here :
 Not yet secure the doubtful Jews they heard,
 As Guilt is still suspicious, plac'd a Guard
 Around the Sepulchre, a Seal secur'd

340

350

360

370

The pond'rous Stone their mighty Foe immur'd
Nor think yet safe or deep enough he lies,
For they too heard, he the third Day wou'd rise,
Whose pow'rful Word had others rais'd ; nor yet,
Can they the wond'rous Lazarus forget,
Or Naim's twice-born Youth. --- Their Fear not vain,
Nor longer Hades cou'd his Soul retain :
A Conqueror thence he rose, where late he fell,

380 And drags in Triumphs after Death and Hell's vain boast,
He did, he came --- All Nature must obey
Its Sovereign Lord; he will'd the Stone away; *
Tho' all around officious Angels stay'd, Y ! esal ; nial oo
For Pomp, not Service there, nor needs their aid, dv mH
Jesus is risen, Triumphal Anthems sing : *
Thus from dead Winter mounts the sprightly Spring ; moY
Thus does the Sun from Night's black Shades return, b aT
And thus the single Bird wings from th' Arabian Urns *
Jesus is risen ; he'll the World restore,

390 Awake ye Dead ! dull Sinner's sleep no more ! T he Trium
In Pleasures soft Enchantments slumbering deep, Be yor
Or Sleep no more, or else for ever sleep ! m oA b nA
But tho' himself he's gone, his tender care still doth
Still left two bright Attendant Angels there, M rist and HIA
Those early pious Pilgrims to console, m red old log ?
Who with mistaken Tears his Loss condole : aid, dly b nA
Their trembling Feet no sooner had they set y ACH rH
Ith' Garden Walks, but they new Wonders met, as b'ntroT
The Earth too trembled where so late he lay, a log & nA

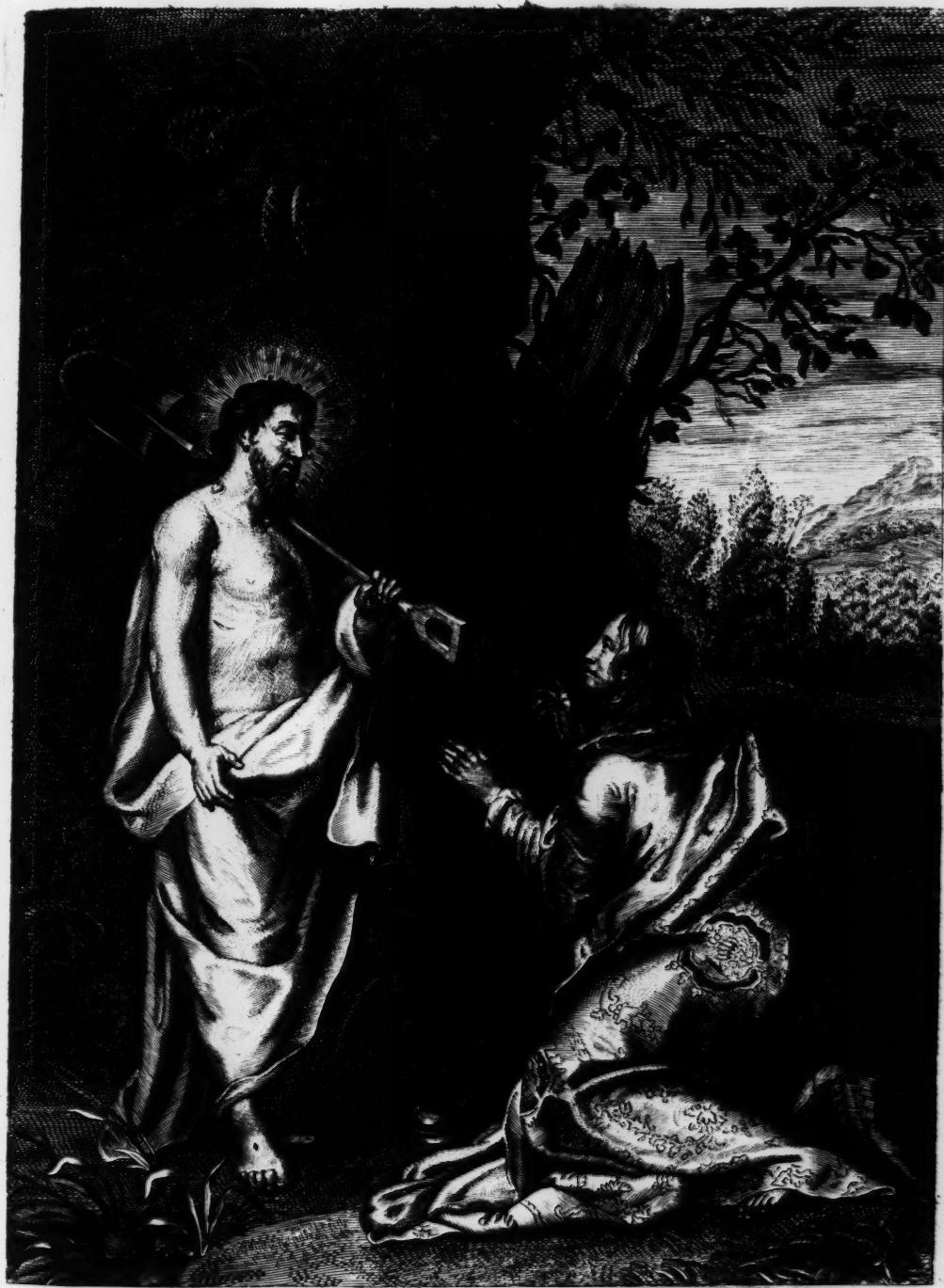
400 And Nature's self seem'd more affraid than they: Mat. 28. 1.
And lo ! the beauteous bashful Clouds divide, s n g dM
And rev'rently stand off on either side ; d b lly HIT
As at th' approach of Earthly Majesty, i good to , just sds
A living Lane is made till all the Pomp go by, a udi b nA
And lo ! a heavenly Youth does downward move, a look
The loveliest Form in all the Realms of Love; R rood off T vanci
From the Caves mouth he rolls the mighty Stone, j u M
From whence before our conq'ring Lord was gone, o am O
He rolls it, and triumphant fits theron :

410 The Roman Guards, nor were they us'd to fear, Mat. 28. 4.
Their Stations held, till the bright Form was near ; l l m oA

Fain, impious! wou'd resistance make, and fainting? or
 They would have drawn their Swords, but strove in vain,
 Against th' unfeeling Foe, in vain they rearred o'er yond' not
 Their useless Piles; suspended in the Air, like two old
 Their Hands, their Souls disarm'd they quickly found,
 They fall, their Armour clanks against the Ground.
 To the soft Sex more calmly did appear, regular rows
 Dress'd in a milder and less warlike Air, songs & music A
 The heav'nly Youth. You have no need to fear: 420
 We in your Cause engage with all our Pow'rs; He
 Luke 24. 5. I know you seek your suffering Lord and ours; given to us
 6, 7. Too late; alas! You seek him here, he said, is His Tomb
 Him who for ever lives among the Dead. 430
 Dry your vain Tears, nor longer him deplore,
 Your mighty Saviour lives to die no more!
 'Tis the third Day, he promis'd then to rise,
 Not could deceive — Look in and trust your Eyes! See
 See where he by your selves was laid, see there in a while
 The Linen, and the empty Sepulchre: 430
 Be you the first Apostles, quickly go, And on your Seats
 And to th' Eleven the happy Tiding show.

With Joy and mingled Fear they hast away,
 All but fair Magdalén, resolv'd to stay, light down to His
 If possible her much lov'd Lord to find, and to him shew
 And with his presence ease her anxious Mind;
 Her Mind, which struggling Thoughts like Earthquakes move,
 Tortur'd at once with Hope, and Doubt, and Love;
 An Angel's witness she cou'd scarce receive,
 'Twas too good News she thought, nor dar'd believe: 440
 Musing she fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground,
 Till wak'd by sudden Noise, and turning round,
 She saw, or thought she saw, the Gard'ner near,
 And thus abrupt with many a Sigh and Tear
 Accosts him: Sir, if you've born him hence,

John 10. 15. The poor Remains of murder'd Innocence
 My last just Tears and Sighs are yet unpaid,
 O tell, of Pity tell me where he's laid;
 Where I — The God himself no more cou'd bear,
 'Twas He himself; bright shone th' enlighten'd Air. 450
 Around his Sacred Head, the God she knew, And



Mat: 28
Mar: 16
Lk: 24.

Book 10, pag: 332.

After his Resurrection taken for
the Garden by Mary Magdalene.

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Mat: 28
Mar: 16
Luc: 24
Io: 23

Book 10, pag: 332.

The Resurrection.

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And at his Feet her self in *Transports* threw;
The crowding Joy's too vast to be exprest:
Master --- She crys, and spoke in *Looks* the rest;
He mild repels her with his *radiant Eyes*,
And adds-- There's yet no time for *Extasies*.
To his dear Brethren, still he held 'em dear,
Tho' poorly sunk in *Unbelief* and *Fear*,
He bids her strait the happy *Tidings* bear,

- 460 Then glides unseen away in *trackless Air*.
She came and told, th' *Apostles* ne'er the more
Believe, incredulous as she before;
Day-dreams, by sickly female Fancies made
They thought it all, or some *delusive Shade*,
And yet alarm'd with the repeated *News*,
Their Wonder pay where they their *Faith* refuse.
The lov'd Disciple did attention lend,
The most concern'd as he was most his *Friend*.
Cephas with him, who rais'd from his *late fall*,

- 470 In *Faith* and *Courage* now outstrips them all:
Thus broken *Bones*, by skilful *Artists* drest
And set agen, grow stronger than the rest;
This his *warm Zeal*, and that his *Friendship* bear
In a few *Moments* to the *Sepulchre*;
Entring surpriz'd, they nothing there cou'd find,
Nothing, besides the *Linnen* left behind,
The Spice with which the *Jews* embalm their *dead*,
And blood-stain'd *Napkin* from his *Sacred Head*.

John 19.49.
25, 5.

- 480 A work confessing, neither *Fear* nor *Hast*:
They saw believing, now no longer *mourn*
His *Death*, but joyful to the rest return;
Return with *speed*, but gain no *credit* there,
For all was fill'd with *Terror* and *Despair*;
Black *ullen Grief* hung o'er 'em, all was *Night*,
Without one smiling *Gleam* of *Hope* or *Light*:
Their *Sun* was *set*, can they too much deplore?
Was *set* in *Death's* dark *Shades* to *rise no more*. *

- 490 The *Doors* were *shut*, left the *malicious Jews*,
Shou'd them, as late they did their *Lord*, accuse
Of *Crimes* unknown, all *still* and *silent* were,

No

No Sounds but Sighs, which gently mov'd the Air ;
 No Light, but one weak Tapers glimm'ring Ray,
 And that too hid, lest that shou'd them betray.

When Loe ! the God himself, (mirac'lous Sight !)

The God himself, in his own Lambent light
 Adorn'd, ith' midst appears, his Shape, his Dress,

His more than mortal Meen, the God confess ;

Divinely did he look, divinely move,

His Voice divine, twas only Peace and Love ;

His wond'rous Voice, which Light and Life convey'd,

Like that first Word by which the World he made :

Thorough their secret Soul twas swiftly sent,
 And struck new Beams of Joy where e'er it went ;

Then mildly chides their Unbelief and Fear,

Such kind Reproofs who would not gladly hear ?

Shows 'em those glorious Wounds, the Nails and Spear }
 Had lately made, and further to compleat }

Luk. 24.43. Their Faith, of their poor Fare he deigns to eat :

Thus banish'd all their Sorrows, all their Tears ;

Once more salutes with Peace, and disappears.

Thomas as chanc'd was absent, whether Fear,

Or only Bus'ness, twas detain'd him there ;

How great his Loss the while, (" scarce less they lose

" Who kindly bid, ungratefully refuse

" To meet their Saviour at the Churches Feast)

In vain he is affur'd by all the rest

Of the glad Tidings ; him they entertain,

With the late Visions wond'rous Scenes in vain,

Him doubting Cephas chides, and does declare,

With Warmth and Zeal, what all cou'd witness there :

No more, he cries, he did, he did appear,

I saw him, with these Eyes I saw him here,

Here in this Place, where if my Sense is true,

He as distinctly spake, as I to you :

We saw, we heard him all--- You must forgive,

If what's incredible I can't believe ,

Says the weak Saint; but whilst he thus replies,

In rushes Cleophas, a glad Surprize }

Which seal'd his Lips, spoke loudly in his Eyes : }

His Feet awhile his Breath and Voice outran,

500

510

520

530

When

When both recover'd were, he thus began.

He lives, he lives --- Grief vanish! Cares away!

Our much lov'd Master lives--- This happy Day,

We saw him both --- He can confirm the same!

And his Companion shows who with him came;

Who did with Vows the Sacred Truths attest:

And thus, by all desir'd, relates the rest.

As tost 'twixt les'ning Hope and faithful Fear,

540 And weary grown with those sad Objects here,

Which but reviv'd our loss; we did forsake

This guilty Town, and a short Journey make

To neighb'ring Emmaus --- You know it all,

Seated beneath an easie Mountains fall;

When we almost had reach'd the Goal design'd,

Scarce half our little Journey now behind;

To Ba'al-Perazim come we thence descry,

To th' left the House of aged Zachary,

The Baptists happy Sire; no sooner seen,

550 But new tormenting Thoughts came stealing in:

What attestation this great Prophet gave

Our greater Lord by Jordans Sacred Wave;

How neither cou'd their shining Virtues save:

Both just and good, and Innocent in vain;

By Herod this, and that by Pilate slain.

With various Talk we thus beguil'd th' Ascent,

Meas'ring each step with Tears-- As on we went

An unknown Trav'ller join'd us, whom we guest,

Some Proselyte returning from the Feast;

560 At whose approach in vain we dry'd our Eyes,

Since faster still new stubborn Streams arise;

He law, and thus began --- If 'twere not rude,

A Stranger, in your private Thoughts t' intrude;

I'd ask from whence this Tide of Passion flows,

Which does, against your Will it self disclose,

Since Sorrow when divided, weaker grows?

Stranger indeed! my Sighing Friend replies,

Who have not heard the Cause, from all our Eyes

Was this just Tribute drawn --- And can it be?

570 Know you not yet our Elders Cruelty,

And our great Master's Fate? such Wonders shown,

Luke 24.12.

To

To what dark Corner is his Name unknown,
 In our *Jerusalem*? such none before
 No Man cou'd e'er perform --- We thought him *more* ;
 Thought him the wondrous promis'd Prince foretold,
 So oft in holy *Oracles* of old :
 The great *Messiah* he, the *Christ* of God,
 To bruise the Nations with his *Iron Rod* ;
 And if not *He*, sure *Israel* ne'r will find,
 A Prince more just, to nobler Deeds inclin'd ;
 More mild and good, and merciful and kind.
 But Ah ! by our false flatt'ring hopes misled,
 Too late we're undeceiv'd, and mourn him dead.
 Judge if we've Reason ! --- He'd no longer bear
 Our *Blasphemies*, but thus reprov'd, severe :

580

Mistaken Men ! your Minds immerst in *Night*, *
 Without one cheerful Beam of heavenly *Light* !
 And was not this by the *Divine foresight*
Known, and dispos'd for many *Ages* since ;
 Was not *Messiah* still a suff'ring Prince
Describ'd? Did not this *Truth* the *Prophets* tell,
 In many a mystic Type and *Oracle* ?
 That the *Eternal Father* did ordain,
 His Son to suffer first, and then to Reign ;
 Why else from faithful *Abraham's* Bosom, why
 Was his lov'd only *Isaac* drawn to die ?
 Why was he offer'd too on *Calvary* ? *

590

What meant the *Paschal Lamb*, and wherefore dies

Th' innocent *Herd*, a daily *Sacrifice* ?
 The *Brazen Serpent Moses* did prepare,
 Nail'd to the *Pole*, and lifted high 'ith' *Air* ;
 Which ease to every wounded *Wretch* did give,
 They turn their half-clos'd Eyes, and look and live.
 What that ? What many a mighty *Shadow* more,
 What all the *Wounds* the *Royal Prophet* bore ;
 What *Truths* dark-folded in the *Psalms* and *Law* ;
 What wond'rous *Visions* lofty *Ezay* saw,
 Th' Evangelizing *Prophet*, full and clear ;
 Scarce *Prophefies*, but *Histories* you hear,
 When he is read ; now *Jesse's* noble *Stem*,
 And then the Prince of Peace's *Diadem* ;

600

Num.21.8.

Psal.22.16.

Ibai. 53.

610

And

And Purple Royal Robes deciph'ring plain,
Not bought from Tyre, but dy'd in nobler Grain,
His own pure Blood, abus'd, condemn'd, betray'd,
For all Mankind a sinless Victim made ;
Thus see him there triumphing ! see him come
From Bozra's lofty Rock a bleeding Conqueror home !

Isai. 63. 1.

While thus he spake, Truth's warm and cheerful Ray
Glides thro' our ravish'd Souls, our Grief or Way

- 620 We now no longer mind, nor stooping Day,
Which e'er it does to th' under-World descend,
Conducts us to our little Journy's end :
He wou'd have further gone, we both intreat,
He'd not disdain our humble Country Seat
That Night to grace, and our poor Fare to eat :
He mildly grants, we enter'd and refresh'd
Our weary Limbs with grateful Food and Rest :
Such Cates as our small Village did afford,
Were spread upon the Hospitable Board ;
630 We seated too, he blest and brake the Bread,
When lo, the envious Cloud o'th' sudden fled,
Discov'ring well-known Glories round his Head :
Jesus ! 'twas He --- Our lost lamented Lord :
Thrown at his Feet, we trembled and ador'd :
For our officious Kindness he'd not stay,
But glides unseen in secret Shades away.

- You happy Souls ! who feed on Angels Fare,
No wonder if you meet your Master there :
Let Prodigals and Swine on Husks be fed,
640 Jesus will still be known in breaking Bread.

But all in vain they these new Wonders tell,
The Didymean still's an Infidel :
Argues and asks --- Why yet he never stay'd,
But always vanish'd like a fleeting Shade ?
No, he's resolv'd --- Nothing shall him persuade,
But Demonstration evident and clear :
Unless, says he, my self I saw him here ;
Saw with these Eyes those Wounds of which he dy'd,
And with these Hands touch'd e'en his Hand and Side ;
650 I still shall think you but your selves deceive
Or me, and neither can nor will believe :

He said, --- They wondring, once agen behold
 The Room all delug'd with Ethereal Gold:
 Clear Waves of Glory gild th' illumin'd Air,
 A Flood of Lambent Light, and Jesus there:
 His Sacred Wounds the Source from whence it flow'd,
 Prodigal now of Light, as once of Blood.
 All kneel'd, adoring, --- Thomas only stands,

John.20.27 Till forth he gently reach'd his wounded Hands; 660
 And shows the Nails rude Prints, which yet abide
 In glorious Scars; shows him his mangled Side:
 Lets him e'en all his own bold wish receive,
 And mildly asks him, if he'll yet believe?
 Low at his Feet himself he throws t' adore--
 My Lord! My God! nor had he room for more,
 He ravish'd, crys, -- him gently Jesus rais'd,
 And blest, tho' more their nobler Faith he prais'd.
 Who to the Churches witness credit give,
 Without their Sences grosser Aid believe,
 Nor shall that want: he bids 'em all repair
 With Speed to Galilee, and meet him there.
 Matth.28.7 On Tabor's holy Mount, where once before, * 670
 The blest above did their blest Lord adore:
 Gives him his Sacred Word agen t' appear,
 Strengthen their Faith, and show new Wonders here.

In Peace and Joy they from the Feast return
 To meet their Lord, whom now no more they mourn,
 Nor idly wait, no more by Wonders fed;
 With honest Pain they earn their welcom Bread. *
 As chanc'd upon a dark and silent Night,
 Good Peter his Companions did invite
 The heedless Fish in Flaxen-Toils to take,
 Royal Tiberias! on thy neigbb'ring Lake:

John 21.3. They go, to fruitless Pain themselves expose,
 Till the next melancholy Morn arose;
 Whose Light did on the sounding Shore disclose
 A Person of a Stature, Face and Dress
 Unknown-- He hales, and asks 'em what success
 The Night had brought? They Sighing, None reply'd; 680
 Be ruled by me then, Mates, for once, he cry'd,
 And try the Right, for that's the luckier Side!

Where,

690

Where, if I not *mistake*, a *Shoal* remain,
Which soon will richly recompence your Pain :
His kind *Advice* they follow *strait*, and caught,
As once before, a *vast*, a *wondrous Draught* ;
Not their united *Strength* cou'd lift it o'er,
Compell'd to *drag* their num'rous *Prey* ashore ;
When now their *Net* with much ado, they'd *tow'd*,
Their little *Bark* half *sunk* beneath the *Load*,

- 700 Nearer the *Land* ; the lov'd *Disciple* cries
'Tis *He*, 'tis *He* --- So *sharp* are *Friendships Eyes* :
'Tis our lov'd *Lord* -- Th' *Alarm* good *Peter* takes,
And *cross* the *Waves* a *wond'rous Voyage* makes ;
The *liquid Marble solid Footsteps* gave,
He *runs*, nor *dips his Feet* beneath the *Wave*. *
- He first arrives upon the *Oozy shore*,
And humbly does his *well-known Lord* adore :
He *first*, the other *Ten* not far behind,
Who ready on the *Sand* a *Banquet* find ;

- 710 By some *officious Angel* there 'twas laid,
To show their *Master* did not need their *Aid* ;
Stretch'd on the *Beach* they here themselves refresh,
With *Joy* they eat, and the kind *Giver* bless.

And now when their *mirac'lous Feast* was o'er,
Refresh'd by *that*, but by their *Master* more,
They *gaz'd*, for *Fear* their *Eyes* shou'd them *deceive*,
And *Joy* wou'd hardly let 'em yet believe.
Chiefly good *Cephas*, who so oft deny'd
That *Lord*, for whom we wou'd have oftner dy'd :

- 720 Whose honest *Zeal* so far his *Faith* outran ;
To whom, *severely mild*, the *God* began ;
The *God* yet *veil'd* i'th' *bumble Form of Man* :

Thou whose *warm Zeal* cou'd *Death's* worst shape out-
And without *sinking* tread the *slipp'ry Wave* ; (brave,
Say as thou woud'st thy *Heart* to *Heav'n* approve,
If more than *these* thou dost thy *Master* love ?

John 21.15.

To whom he thus —

Nor dare I, who so little *Love* have shown,
Or *question* *theirs*, or once *commend* my own ;

- 830 But how I *love*, let me no *Witness* be,
For *Lord* ! thou know'st, and I *appeal* to *Thee* !

Then Feed my Lambs ! our Saviour strait reply'd,
 In Pastures green by some still Water's side :
 The self-same Question was repeated o'er,
 And had the self-same Answer as before ;
 Nor must these two without a Third suffice,
 For thrice he must be try'd, who thrice denies :
 Who tortur'd with ingenuous Grief and Pain
 Thus to be question'd, thus returns again.

O why, thou who so well dost all things know, 740
 Must I a Task so cruel undergo ?

How much I love, let me no Witness be,
 For, Lord, thou know'st, and I appeal to Thee !
 Then feed my Lambs ! our Saviour strait reply'd,
 In Pastures green, by some still Water's side :
 Now, while thou may'st, defend the sacred Fold,
 For Time apace rolls on, and thou grow'st old :
 Some Lustres since thy Youth was firm and strong,
 And thou thy self all Vigorous and Young ;
 Then free as Air, thy self alone coud'st bind,
 And Men as soon might track the wand'ring Wind : 750
 But when old Age with palfy'd steps draws near,
 And warns thee thou must stay no longer here ;
 Then the rude Soldier shall with churlish Bands,
 Secure thy wither'd Arms and trembling Hands,
 And thee unto that fatal Place convey,
 Whence struggling Nature fain wou'd shrink away :
 I warn thee well, nor unprovided be,
 But when I call, prepare to follow me !

He said, nor longer on the Shore wou'd stay,
 But to fair Tabor's Mountain leads the way : *

There to a num'rous Troop of Friends appears,
 Confirms their Faith, and dissipates their Fears :
Instructs in his bless'd Law each wav'ring Mind,
 And warns of all the Dangers yet behind ;
Assures of constant Aid against their Foes,
Assures once more, e'er he t' his Father goes,
 He'll visit them ; e'er him high Heav'n receive,
 Till the last Day, then take his final Leave.
 With Peace dismiss't, their steps they backward bend, 770
 And at fair Solyma their Lord attend ;

For

For his approach their pious Minds prepare,
With ardent Wishes, holy Hymns and Pray'r :
While this bleſſ'd Work the Infant Church employs,
He comes, and with him all his Train of Joys ;
Then, with his little Troop of happy Friends,
Forsakes the Town, the neigb'ring Hill ascends,
The lovely Bethany ! for ever leaves
Thee, sweet Gethſemane ! from both receives

- 780 Still new Supplies to fill his humble Train ;
Till from the Top they saw the distant Plain,
O'er whose smooth Bosom murmur ring Kidron ran ;
When thus the Saviour of the World began.

My Father calls, and I must shortly go,-
Farewel, you dear Companions of my Woe !
Me Heav'n must till the last Great Day receive,
Peace is the Legacy I with you leave :
-- Be that the Mark of mine ! by that alone
My little Flock shall from the World be known :

- 790 Gales as Doves, but wise as Serpents too ;
As my great Father me, so send I you :
All Pow'r in Heav'n and Earth his Word secures
To his lov'd suff'ring Son -- The same be yours : * Matth. 1.
To Censure those who my soft Yoke refuse,
And both in Earth and Heav'n to bind and loose !
Go then to what e'er distant Corners hurl'd,
Go in my Name and Profelyte the VWorld ! * Matth. 16.
Mine and my Father's Name, for we are One,
And that bleſſ'd Spirit's from him and from the Son 15.

- 800 Eternally proceeding ; boldly go,
As far as Land is fix'd, or Waters flow ;
Till utmost East your Lord their Saviour style, See Lib. 7.
Till utmost West, "e'en Albion's stubborn Isle ; *
Where still new VWorlds shall wait you yet conceal'd,
In Times revolving Race to be reveal'd :
Those who your Words believe, and mine obey,
Let Sacred Water wash their Sins away ;
Those happy Souls who thus for Heav'n prepare,
Shall, when I come Triumphant, enter there ;
810 While those who Mercy scorn, ah hapless Race !
For whom I dy'd in vain, and purchas'd Grace

From

From my *forgiving Father*; those must go,
 The choice their *own*, to endless *VWorlds* of *VVoe* :
 Nor will I you without *Credentials* send,
Angels shall *guard*, and *Miracles* attend ;
 Which shall the *stubborn VWorld* so far surprize,
 They must *believe*, if they'll *believe* their *Eyes* :
 For when the blessed *Paraclete* shall fall, *

And with *high Pow'r* from *Heav'n* inspire you all ;
 (Nor, if at *fam'd Jerusalem* you stay

820

And wait his *Pleasure*, will he long delay :)

What *Signs*, what mighty *VWonders* shall you do ?

How much shall you your *selves* be *chang'd* from you ?

All *Tongues*, and more than *all*, at *Babel* known, *

Shall then be *yours*, familiar as your *own* :

You shall the *Thoughts* of many *Hearts* reveal ?

Your *Touch*, your *Word*, your very *Shade* shall heal ?

Those *Fiends* late *driv'n* from some *false Oracle*,

Yet *here*, shall *envy* those who *lower fell*,

And from your *Words* seek *shelter* e'en in *Hell*.

{

830

Nor only *They themselves* shall *conquer'd* find,

But every *Ill* with which they *plague* *Mankind* :

Th' auxiliary Mischiefs they employ,

To make e'en *Nature* *Nature's* self *destroy* :

Blue Poisons harmless thro' your *Veins* shall flow,

Vipers and *Aps* innoxious *VWorms* shall grow ;

In *Teeth* or *Sting*, no dreadful *Venom* found,

E'en he whose *Eyes* shoot *Death* so proudly *crown'd* ; *

Tam'd by your *Touch*, *disarm'd*, shall *brush* the *Ground*,

Nor of your *Safety* when I'm gone, *despair*,

{

840

I'll still be with you, for I'm *every where* :

Be with you to protect, sustain, defend,

Till this *fragile VWorld*, but not my *kindness* end ;

Till each *reviving Dust* forsakes its *Urn*,

And in the *Clouds* you see your *Lord* return.

He said, when lo ! a trembling *Purple Light*,

The *Olive-bearing Mountains* proudest height

Began to gild, and as it farther spread,

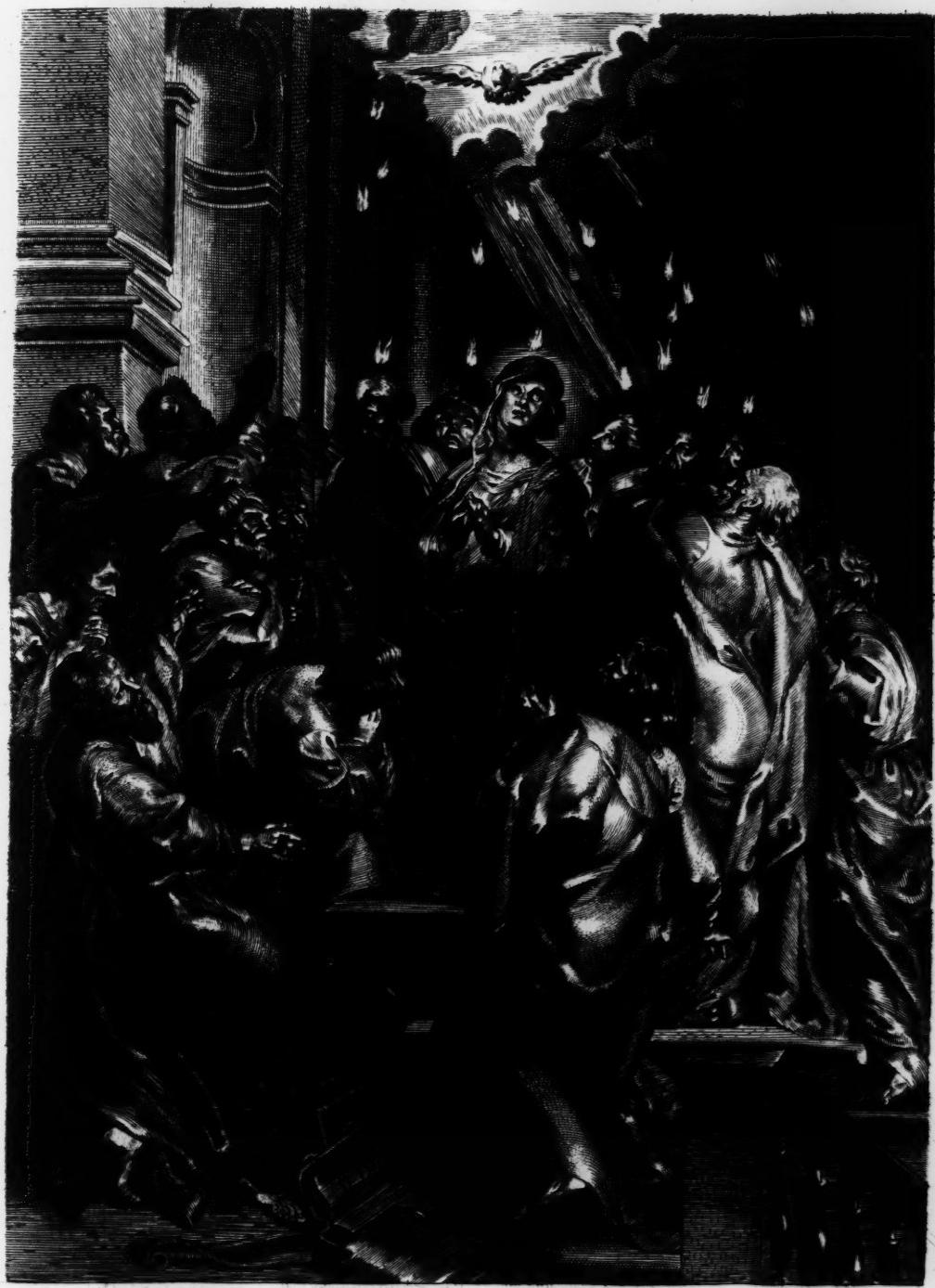
Each *lofty Cedar* bends his *leafy Head* ;

Each humble *Palm* below too seem'd to fear,

And all confess'd something *Divine* was near :

450

Soft



Book 10 pag: 342. The Holy Ghost descending on y^e Disciple
at the Day of Pentecost.

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B20



Book 10. pag: 343

The Ascension.

Mar 16
Luc 24

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies —
With Scars of Honour in his cheek
And Triumph in his Eyes.

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Soft Music's heard from a far distant Cloud
Descending slow, still more distinct and loud,
As by Degrees it still approach'd more nigh;
Then warlike Trumpets echo round the Sky,
Triumphal Notes and Sounds of Victory ;
Mixt with the melting Harp, and these among
Was plainly heard some Noble Festal Song :
Alternatively thus they sung and play'd,

860 The Words a King, the Tune an Angel made.

The Angels below.

P Repare ! Prepare you glitt'ring Orbs above !
At decent distance roll away !
Let onely purest Ether stay !
Let envious Clouds remove !
All the bright Guards his Way prepare !
Sweep with your Purple Wings the Air !
The King of Glory's entring there !

Psalm 24, 7,
8, 10.
Lift up your
Heads, O ye
Gates, and
be ye lift up,
ye Everlast-
ing Doors,
and the King
of Glory shall
come in.

The Angels above.

S AY you ! for surely you must know,
Say you who keep perpetual Guard below,
What God, what Hero is't you bring ;
What wond'rrous King ?

Who is this
King of
Glory ?

T IS He who lately Triumph'd o'er the Grave ;
Who drags the King of Pride along,
With ease the stronger binds the Strong,
And Death and Hell his Slave !
Whom all the heav'nly Warriors sing,
Their Trophies to his Footstool bring ;
The Conq'ring God, the wond'rrous King !

It is the
Lord, strong
and mighty,
even the
Lord migh-
ty in Battle.

The Lord of
Hosts, he is
the King of
Glory.

While thus they Hymning wait, he mounts alone, *

880 Nor needs their Pow'r, he's greater of his own ;
All impious Doubts for ever to prevent,

Ascending

*Ascending slow, and stopping as he went ;
Till, when he our dull Earth's attraction leaves,
Him there, for State, a radiant Cloud receives :
Swifter than Thought did his bright Chariot move,
And bore him to th' expecting Crowd above :
Innumerable Hosts their Leader wait,
Drawn out before Heav'n's Adamantine Gate ;
From East to West their glitt'ring Squadrons shine,
And cross the Gulph compos'd a glorious Line :*

890

*He comes --- At his approach a Shout is giv'n,
A Shout which shook th' Eternal Walls of Heav'n :
Not all the Pomp of this Triumphal Show,
How much, much more than we poor Mortals know,*

890

*Made him forget those Friends he left below ;
With Joy and Wonder rapt he left 'em there,
They kneel, and after gaze in trackless Air :
But e'er the Everlasting Gates divide,
And Him from them, not them from Him deny'd ;*

900

*In Glory plac'd by his great Father's Side,
One Look he gave, which wonted Love exprest,
And sends two Angels down to tell the rest :
Tell 'em their Lord who did to Heav'n ascend,
Commands they should their fruitless gazing end ;
Nor gaze in vain, nor Him as vainly mourn,
Whom in the Clouds they'd see agen return
To judge the trembling World, nor judge alone,
They all th' Assessors on his mighty Throne :
When the last Fire to Atoms shou'd disperse,
This beauteous Poem of the Universe ;*

910

Which heav'nly Art far lovelier will restore,
When Death and Time it self shall be no more.*

Act I. II.

THE END.

NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK X.

133. Should she but appear—*In Public, all the World wou'd Mourning wear.]*
Something like that Thought of Mr. Cowley's:

Ab charming Maid! let not ill Fortune see
The Lavery that thy Sorrow wears,
Or know the Beauty of thy tears,
Last she shou'd come and Dress herself as thee.

139. No Pangs at his mirac'lous Birth.] So 'twas generally conceiv'd and believ'd, by most of the Antients, which is enough to vindicate the Propriety of the Expression.

163. The Pandæmonium fills.] Every one that has read *Milton* may remember 'tis his *Word*.

167. In long Serpentine Folds.] See *Milton's admirable Description of the Devils turning into Serpents*, in his *Paradise Lost*: This, and much that follows; supposing his *Notions* there.

247. Luxurious Asia's tempting Charms have shown.] The Liberty of Concubinage; the Pleasantnes, and Riches, and Manners of those Countrys, sufficiently warrant the Epithet I here give the *Asiatics*.

283. From Delphos's sacred Rock to Wise Dodona's Grove.] *Delpbos*, says the Scholiast upon *Homer*, was first called the *Parnassian Grove*, then *Pytho*, afterwards *Delphis*. *Strabo* says, the City was called *Delpbos*, the Temple *Pytho*, and the Priest *Pythia*; tho *Ptolomy* and *Erasmus*, make *Pythia* and *Delpbos* two Cities distinct from each other: *Dionysius* seems to make *Delpbos* the proper Name of the Serpent *Pytho*, whom *Apollo* kill'd in the neighbouring Country. V. 442. οὐ Δεῖχνοτος—Δελφῶν, &c. Where is the Spire, or Train of the Dragon *Delphis*? *Homer* calls this City Πυσσάνα περίπολος, Stony or Rocky *Pytho*; and accordingly, 'tis here stil'd *Delpbos* sacred Rock. For *Dodona's Grove*, as famous for Oracles of Old, as a Book since writ by that Name, has been thought for Prophesies, it was so called from the Country wherein it was seated. Its Name, learned Men generally agree, to be derived from *Dodanum*, the Fourth Son of *Javan*; (whence the *Iāwes*;) as he of *Japhet*, the Greek *Iāmītōs*. Here was the City of *Dodone*, and the Temple of *Jupiter Dodonæus*, plac'd, its probable, in that famous Grove of the same Name; tho some lessen this *Grove* into a single *Oak*: So the Poet, εἰ δύος υψηλούσιος ἄδει, &c. to require an answer from the *Oak* of *Jupiter*. In this

Tree, or Trees, where it seems hung a parcel of Brazen Vessels, or sort of Bells, which made a noise when mov'd by the Wind; and perhaps this was all the Vocality of that famous Oracle; tho we are not to question, but the Attendants on the Temple, very well understood that Language.

300. *And headlong he plunges in the broad Lake.]* I know not whether I had need inform my Reader, that I chuse to make the Cadency of this Verse thus abrupt, to express my Sense the more lively; as I've done Lib 3. in that, *On Sanges tumultuous agen we rise.* In imitation of many such in Virgil; and that of Cowley among others, in which he himself instances;

Down a steep Precipice, deep, adown he casts 'em all.

330. *To the old Pris'ners of 2000 Years — Who in the Universal Deluge fell, &c.]* This is according to the Notion of many of the Antients, that the dark Place in 1 S. Peter 3. 20. *Concerning the Spirits in Prison who were disobedient in the days of Noah, &c.* relates to thole who were lost in the Universal Deluge; and that some of these our Saviour brought back with him, after an actual Descent into Hell; having there spoiled Principalities and Powers. Many of our own Divines have been thus far of this Opinion, that they thought Christ did actually Descend into Hell, tho now I think most are of another mind, and believe, with great probability, that only a Descent into the Grave, or the State of the Dead, which the famous controverted Hades signifies, was thereby intended. However since our Church leaves this undecided in her Article de Descensu, I am, I think, at liberty to take that Sense which I look on as most Poetical. But however, 'tis easie to shew, that even that Notion of those, *Lost in the Deluge, &c.* is far enough from Popery. The Papists place all good Men here before our Saviour's Death, which afterwards they changed into a Purgatory. I only place bad Men there formerly. They require a Divine Faith; whereas I'll be content with a Poetical. Nor can I think I am any more oblig'd to make good the actual Reality and Truth of that Notion, than for what follows in the next Verse; *Tbro' gaping Earths wide Ruins sweep'd to Hell.* Which alludes to the Hypothesis asserted in Mr. Burnet's ingenious Theory.

382. *He will'd the Stone away.]* I'm sure, the Papists can never prove he came through it, tho he might remove it for a moment, and let it return to its place, as soon as he had quitted the Sepulchre. He raised himself; *Surrexit, non suscitatus est*, as one of the Fathers; and this by his own power. *Destroy this Temple*, says he, *and I will raise it again:* Therefore he must be God, or else, as one of the greatest Men in the World observes, "He had not been so much as a modest Man;" because he would have arrogated to himself what did not really belong to him: "or had express'd himself in such a manner, as he knew would be, and was, taken in such a Sense by those who heard him, as that they must conclude him God. As for the Angels rolling away the Stone, 'twas for the sake of the Women, not for him, who cou'd not want Power to remove that, when he had before, by his own Power, been raised from the Dead.

388. *And thus the single Bird wings from th' Arabian Urn.]* This is Vida's Simile of the Phoenix, which he thus prosecutes very beautifully in his sixth Book.

*Talis ubi turpe irrepit senium, unicus ales
Congessitq; sibi ramis felicibus altum
Summo in colle regum, posuitque in morte senectam;
Continuò novus exoritur, nitidusq; juventa
Effulget cristi, & versicoloribus alis:
Innumeræ circum Volucres mirantur euntem;
Ille suos adit Aethiopas, Indosq; revisit.*

415. *Their useless Piles suspended in the Air.]* Piles were a sort of heavy Darts, or Javelins, us'd by the Romans.

417. They

417. *They fall, their Armour clanks against the Ground.]* I think 'tis Cowley's Verse, in the Fall of *Nabash* when kill'd by *Jonathan*.

488. *Was set in Deaths dark shades to rise no more.]* So it seems they all thought, for 'twas a long time ere they believ'd the *Resurrection*, tho' they had repeated and credible *Testimonies* of it from Eye-witnesses; much less can we suppose they did so when it depended on *Faith* only.

586. *Mistaken Men, your minds immerst in Night.]* O Fools and slow of Heart, &c. Our Saviour calls 'em.

597. *Why was he offer'd too, near Calvary.]* Old Tradition says, as has been already observ'd, that *Adam's Scull or Head*, was found about this Mountain, whence some derive its Hebrew Name *Golgota*; and in Latin *Calvary*: Nay *Surius* is so certain of it, that he gives it as at least highly probable, that our Saviour's Blood, when upon the *Cross*, descending by the *Cleft* which the Earthquake caus'd, did run down and wash this very *Scull of Adam*, as it lay below, near the bottom of the Mountain. A little more probable it is, that it derives its Name from its shape, being a round bare *Rock*, at distance appearing like a *Scull*; or at least, from the many unburied *Sculls* and *Bones*, there found; this being the place of Publick Execution. Now 'tis certain, *Isaac* was Offered near *Calvary*, for that it self is one of the *Mountains* in the Land of *Moriah*; and 'twas upon one of these where he was Offered: and perhaps our Saviour was promised of Old, to come, or appear, in that very place. For whereas we render the *Jehova Fire*, in Gen.22. 14. *In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.* It will bear another Sence; *In the mount shall the Lord be seen.* This Mount, either Mount *Moriah* itself, on which, part of the City and Temple was Built, (*Vid. Joseph.*) and where our *Lord*, the true *Jehova*, so frequently appeared; or perhaps on Mount *Calvary* itself, where this great *Antitype* of *Isaac* was offered.

679. *With honest Pains they earn their welcom Bread.]* The Apostles were not yet sent abroad to Convert the World, as they were after the *Descent* of the Holy Ghost; and so kept to their old Employs: But when they left thole, to undertake more eminently the *Cure of Souls*, heavy enough of it self without any additional weight, then we don't find S. Peter a *Fishing* any more, unles, as our Saviour said, to catch men: And S. Paul tells the *Corinthians*, *That the Lord himself had ordained, that those who preach'd the Gospel, should live of the Gospel.* By which Lord, I suppose, is meant our Saviour, in those Words of his, *The workman is worthy of his hire.*

705. *He runs, nor dips his Feet beneath the Wave.]* The meaning of this place I think is not clear in History, whether S. Peter walk'd upon the *Waves*, as once before, or only waded to *Land*; the former Sence was more noble, for that reason I chose it. As for his walking without dipping his Feet, I'm safer in my *History* than *Virgil* in his *Hyperbole*, that I mean of *Camilla*.

Illa vel intactæ segetis, &c.

*Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret aquore Plantas.*

761. *But to fair Tabor's Mountain leads the way.]* *Vid. S. Matt. 28. 16.* where 'tis said, *The Apostles went to a mountain whicb be had appointed*; and this probably was either *Tabor*, or that of the *Beatitudes*, because somewhere in *Galilee*, and near the *Lake*.

793. *The same be yours.]* So says our Saviour; *All power is given to me in Heaven and Earth.* And again, *As the Father hath sent me, so send I you.* Not the same Power in Degree, but the same sort of Spiritual Power, that of binding and loosing; *Whatsoever ye shall bind on Earth, shall be bound in Heaven, &c.* That is, God himself ratifies those *Censures* and *Absolutions*, which his Church rightfully disposes; this Power not being given so much as to the *Seventy*, much less to all Christians, but to the *Eleven* only. *28 S. Matt. 16. The Eleven Disciples went away into Galilee, and Jesus spake unto them saying, All power is given me, &c.*

797. *Go in my Name, and proselyte the World.*] I think the Word *proselyte* comes nearer the μαθίστων in the Original, than that by which we translate it. Now the Custom of making *Proselytes* among the Jews, all know, was to admit whole Families together, not make the *Father* an *Israelite*, and leave the *Child* an *Heathen*.

803. *Ev'n Albion's stubborn Isle.*] Mr Cowley's Thought and Words, at the End of *David's Vision*.

818. *For when the Holy Paraclete shall fall.*] The sence of the Word οὐχιστός, is disputed among the Learned. Some think it means an *Advocate*, others a *Counsellor, &c.* And it may very well mean both: However what e'er is intended by it, the *Word* I use will reach it.

824. *All Tongues, and more than all at Babel known.*] The Philologists have with good succels, prov'd the gradual *Degeneracy* of one *Language* into another, from the *Pbenician*, down to *Latin*, *Greek*, and all, or most of the present *European Languages*.

838. *E'en be whose Eyes shot Death, so proudly Crown'd.*] The *Basilisk*, which, as some of the Naturalists, moves erect, and has something not unlike a *Crown* on its Head; which I take from that of St. *Mark* 16.18. ἄρτος ἀρπάν. You shall take up, touch, or handle *Serpents*; as was actually perform'd in the Case of St. *Paul* at *Malta*, *Act*s 28. 5.

879. *While thus they Hymning wait, be mounts alone.*] The Readers must not expect I shou'd take any more Notice of our Saviours *Footsteps*, which the Papists say he left in the *solid Rock* at his *Ascension*, than they find in the *Evangelists* themselves; in none of whom the least *Track* of 'em is to be discovered: But those who have put out another Edition of the *Gospel*, with many *Additions*, and as they think, *Amendments*, will tell you, "That there's a Chappel built over the very place of the *Ascension*, whose top is open to Heaven, since, as much as they build at *Days* is thrown down at *Nights*, on purpose that all the pious Pilgrims who see this opening may think of our Lords *Ascent*: And that within the Gate of this Church, on the right hand, where our Saviours sacred *Footsteps* are to be seen imprinted in the living *Rock*, as 't had been in soft *Wax*: That one of these *Footsteps* the *Turks* had taken up, and carried away to their chief *Mosque*, where 'tis to this day at the foot of their *Mufty's Chair*, honoured with their *Lamps*, sprinkled every day with sweet *Waters*, and adorn'd with pretty *Flowers*. Thus *Surim* as he pretends from unfailing Catholick *Tradition*; of all which the Reader is at liberty to believe if he pleases as little as I do.

911. *Which Heav'ly Art far lovelier will restore.*] Whether or no this ἀναγέννησις, *redintegration* or *renovation* of the *World*, shall be really performed in that sence wherein I suppose it, as I've said in other Cases, does not much affect me in relation to my *Poem*, since 'tis at least probable: For all know that *this*, and the *Doctrines* depending upon it, had the consent of most of the ancient *Fathers*; and I believe 'twill be difficult to find any who opposed it before *Dionysius*, who was not of the best Antiquity; this being the Judgment not only of old *Papias*, who might be as *Wise* as he was *Good* for all *Eusebius*, but indeed of *Irenaeus*, *Justin Martyr*, *Tertullian*, and I believe all others for the two or three first Centuries: Nay it appears from *S. Jerom* himself, that 'twas in his time generally and almost universally receiv'd, because he acknowledges he should bring a great *Clamor* on himself by speaking against it. That there may be such a *renovation*, is also the avow'd Judgment of two very ingenious Men at present in our Church; One the famous *Theorist*, the other *Mr. Norris*, on the Sermon upon the *Mount*, and that *Beatitude*, "Blessed are the *meek* for they shall inherit the Earth: Which he takes, as *Mr. Walker* also does, "for that new *Heaven*, and new *Earth*, spoke of in 21st. of the *Apocal*. Now this they do, and Print in *Prose*, as the Learned *Mr. Mede* has done at large before 'em; much more then may I in *Verse* assume the same liberty. Nor can I pass the ἀναγέννησις μετανοῶν "the *Restitution* of all things, mention'd by *St. Peter*, *Act*s 3.21. Which, says he, God has promised by all his holy Prophets since the *World* began; which seems not to refer to the *Times* of Christianity only

only, in the state wherein it now is, since this *Restitution* or *Renovation* is not to be "until Jesus Christ was sent again from Heaven, who before had been preach'd unto 'em. When the *Times* of *Refreshing* should come, which are all spoken of as *Future*, and which twou'd find very harsh to restrain to the *Destruction* of the *Jewish Temple, City, Policy and Nation*, which seems but an odd sort of a Refreshment. Besides, this is not only to be a *Renovation* of *good Men*, but of all the World, *all things*: Behold I make *all things new*, says our Saviour, and a *new Heaven* and *new Earth* is promised, which in the *Hebrew Phrase*, is equivalent to a *new system* of *all VISIBLES*, and 'tis said, *Rom. 8*. Not only *we our selves the Christians* and good Men, "But the whole Creation groaneth for this *happy Change*, "where the *expectation* of the *Creature* is sufficiently distinguished from the *mankind* "feastation of the Son of God. Further, it seems to me, that by the *new Heaven* and *new Earth* so often mention'd in all the holy Prophets, can't be meant the *state* of the Church triumphant in Glory; for 'tis not said "Men shall be taken "up to God, but the *Tabernacle* of God shall be with *Men*; not the *Jerusalem* "shall be carried up to Heaven, but *Jerusalem* shall descend down from *Heaven*. Nor seems it to relate to the *Church Militant* here upon Earth, in any *past*, or the *present Age*, since the Church has scarce ever yet come up to that *Glory* there describ'd, tho' we shou'd take it in a *metaphorical Sense*; granting but any manner of *Proportion* between that and what's signify'd by it. Nor can I imagine that *Satan* can ever yet, with any *Propriety*, be said to have been *bound a Thousand Years*, or *One* either; since, after *Heathen Idolatry* ceas'd, he was still as hard at *Work*, and perhaps more pertinaciously, to the *Church* I mean, in hammering out *Schisms*, and *Heresies*, and *Papery*, and *Mahometanism* than ever he was before. Besides, this is describ'd, as not to come to pass till after *Babylon* is fallen, who seems now to sit as a *Queen* and rejoices that her *deadly Wound* is *healed*: From all which, I see not well how the conclusion can be avoided; That this *happy State* is *yet to come*; This dear desirable State of *Piety, Friendship, and Spiritual, Heavenly Pleasures*, even on this *Earth*, whereon *Virtue* has so long been *miserable*. However thus far we are certain, that *Christ shall reign till he has put all his Enemies under his Feet*, tho' in what *manner* does not I think so much concern us; nor is that any *fundamental Article of Faith, &c.* Yet in general, I'm sure every good Christian will joyn with me in our Saviours own Words, "Thy Kingdom come! Nor will refuse to use those of our Church; "That the Kingdom of Gods dear Son may *come quickly*, and that "all his Enemies being made his *Footstool*, he, who is Lord of Lords, and King "of Kings, may reign to all the Ends of the Earth!

*Make hast my Beloved! and be thou like to a Roe or a young Hart
upon the Mountains of Spices!*

Veni cito, Domine Jesu. Amen.

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